

I'm Back

Slim Thug

I do this fo tha block (block), I do this fo the hood (hood),
I do this fo tha streets cause the streets keep me good (keep me good), I do
it for tha hustlas (hustlas),
I do it for tha thugs (thugs), I do it for the Gs cause tha Gs show me luv (
show me luv),
I came in tha game 17 real loud, only thang on my mind make my momma proud,
started rockin crowds,
gettin dope from shows and as tha fame rolls then came the hoes, then came t
ha clothes, then came the cars,
next thang I kno I'm a ghetto supastar, so here come tha haters travelin by
tha packs, but neva mind them cause aaaaaa Bitch I'm Back!

I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gatha my
thoughts (let's get high),
Mo' money mo' problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a boss (l
ike a boss),
ya see I been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell
off (hell nah nigga),
but if I decide not to rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off
Cause Bitch I'm Back!

A born boss got nuthin to lose, still shinin in the game got nuthin to prove
Got rich independent didn't need no deal
Had paper before I signed, didn't need no meals
Got hustles on tha side, I ain't got to rap
And if all else fails I still got tha trap
I don't fuck with u rappers ya'll fake to me
I don't fuck with u niggas ya'll snakes to me
I don't care bout fame fuck bein a star
Let dem take all the pictures just gimme his car
Then gimme his house, and his watch and chain
On tha bank account, credit cards jot my name
But I guess one come with tha other
So here I go I'm a writin rap hustla
I'm too blessed to complain bout that
So where I gotta sign, take ya pictures
Cause Bitch I'm Back!

I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gatha my
thoughts (let's get high),
Mo' money mo' problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a boss (l
ike a boss),
ya see I been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell
off (hell nah nigga),
but if I decide not to rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off
Cause Bitch I'm Back!

They say tha truth will hit so fuck it
I'm a go an keep 100 fo tha public
I dropped already platinum, but it only sold gold
And niggas lookin at me like I sold my soul
Cause I'm rappin with D and not mista Lee
But when ya on ya grind sometimes ya can't see
Before mike came and paul was signed
I was at interscope tryin to find ma mind
Still Tippin wasn't toppin, 3 kings just dropped
And I'm a underground artist tryin to get on top

So I listened to my label, playin tha?
And learned a whole lotta game from that
Just stay true my nigga and do u
And fuck what another tryin to tell u to do
Continue to spit facts u can bump in them lacs
And o yeah this a dre track
Bitch I'm Back!

I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gatha my
thoughts (let's get high),
Mo' money mo' problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a boss (l
ike a boss),
ya see I been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell
off (hell nah nigga),
but if I decide not to rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off
Cause Bitch I'm Back!