

Got drank by the paint, dro by the pound
It's 2002, and it still go down
Headed back to the Kappa, still 4's and adapters
It's the Mr. Slim Thug, the flow pro rapper
I got a caramel model, shaped like a coke bottle
On I 4-5, mashing on a Coupe throttle
We gon shut the wall down, I said it and I meant it
Best believe them Boyz In Blue, gon represent it
Never tripping off the laws, we gon move the crowd
When we come through swanging, with the beat up loud
Ah this year baby, I'm the Boss-Boss
I got candy and chrome, on everything I floss
Still wrecking with the house, it ain't no love loss
Me and Watts getting money, while these haters fall off
Sitting on the sideline, they should of stayed down
Ain't shit changed but the times, is back in 9-9
Still getting what's mine, I'm still on the grind
Making big dollar signs, on I'm still unsigned
You can't knock us, number one requested from the boppers
Only rapper in Houston, riding on don't-stopper's

I'm headed to the Kappa, on 4 swangas and adapters
Watch me ball up and down the C-Wall
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I'm the hating no slapper, and the flow pro rapper
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