

Neighborhood Supa Stars

Slim Thug

Neighborhood supa stars

It's them boys with the candy sprayed on their cars

Bitch you might not know me, but in my hood I'm famous
I fuck the baddest bitches and hang with all the gangsters
My SLABs is the meanest, my jewelery is the best
You think I get close, freak, cause everyday I'm fresh
And everybody know me, from young to the old
Everywhere I go, they're like "Thugga, boy, you cold"
They love to see me hit the club and ball out of control
Pop the bottle after bottle til I fall out on the floor
Surrounded by dro clouds, they be like "No smokin"
I laugh at their bitch ass like "Ho, stop jokin"
Keep some candy on them rims, that's pokin
And everytime I hit the board I leave that ho broken
Thug Boss, bitch

I'm a legend in my neighborhood
Plus I'm connected and respected of in every hood
Chrome on chrome, twenty racks under my
You see my name in that bitch, so get that understood
I'm an outer space star, bitch I'm up in Mars
And if you wanna talk money, I got all type of cards
Just know I meant it, if I said it, nobody in my family got cre
dit
And if you got a million, I bet it
Nigga, pockets on fredit, broken niggas talkin loud
In the club, but that bitch you
My jewelery too loud, my cars from overseas
You tryin to book a show, that gon cost a couple ki's
Cause, bitch, I'm Yo Gotti

Yeah, long money til I flatline
We tryin to spend some cash, hit me on my batline
I swear rappin 'bout my last grind
Got me on a money marathon with no halftime
When we hit the club, we walk
You can come inside with us, if your ass fly
Get cash, I cash ride
I'm beatin all the competition by landslide
Neighborhood supa star in my swag high
Take a nigga bitch, put him on stand by
And if he ever ask me hold my head high
I'ma take a stand and tell a god damn lie