

# Neighbourhood Supa Stars

Slim Thug

Neighborhood super stars

It's them boys with the candy sprayed on them 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 jewelry is the best  
You think I get close free, because everyday I'm fresh  
And everybody know me, from young to the old  
Everywhere I go, they like "Thugga, boy, you cold"  
They love to see me hit the club and ball out of control  
Pop bottle after bottle till I fall out on the floor  
Surrounded by dro clouds, they be like "No smoking"  
I laugh at they bitch ass like "Ho, stop joking"  
Keep some candy on them rims, that's poking  
And every time 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 off in every hood  
Chrome on chrome, twenty racks under my Cutlass hood  
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 want to talk money, I got all type of cars  
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 Freddy, broke niggas on syrup talking loud  
In the club, but them bitches don't hear them  
My jewelry too loud, my cars from overseas  
You trying to book a show, that gone cost a couple ki's  
Because bitch, I'm Yo Gotti

Yeah, long money till I flat line  
We trying to spend some cash, hit me on my bat line  
I swear rapping about my last grind  
Got me on a money marathon with no halftime  
When we hit the club, we walk past lines  
And you can come inside with us, if your ass fly  
Getting cash, I cash ride  
Beating all the competition by landslide  
Neighborhood super star in my swag high  
Take a nigga bitch, put him on standby  
And if a plaintiff ever ask me hold my hand high  
I'ma take the stand and tell a goddamn lie