

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