

Return Of The Boss

Slim Thug

Somebody's burning close to the ground
I ain't gon panic, I've been here before
But I ain't gon lay down, naw naw you sucker
I ain't gon lay down,
It's the return, of the young boss
None other than the young Slim Thugger, bout to break them boys off
Spread the word I got plex
I'm destroying these hating niggaz, who got next
I'm bout to clear the set like Lil' Wayne, for disrespecting my game
Your one second of fame, killed your whole career mayn
You niggaz oughtta be ashamed, talking down on me
But you're cutthroat, that's why you turned around on me
Phony homies, you haters ain't got shit on me
You haters went left on me, so I left you by your lonely
I did that, and never took a second look back
You haters can't go, when the key be off track
But fuck that, I had to separate myself
And ever since I did that, I've been making my wealth
Feel bad for your health, if you ain't on my team
Y'all ain't packing what it's gon take, to make this green

I wish y'all realize, what it takes to make this do'
There's no motherfucking way that I, can show you how we roll
I wish y'all realize, what it takes to make this green
Moves I'm making with my team, so simple as it seems

That's gangsta for ya, gangsta for ya..

Get your money nigga, don't be a dummy nigga
Stop hating and watching me, get your own figgas
From me to you, while we making these c.d.'s
It's gon help your record sales, more than it help me
They gon bang mine regardless, you niggaz is garbage
But y'all buy this shit too, so you see the hardest
He got 21 niggaz, featured on his shit
It's all Mr. Slim Thug, spitting out these hits
I'm The Boss, enough said bobbing boys head
From the brick to the stead, Slim Thug go FED
I'm done bread my nigga, I was raised to get paid
And green sheets of paper, was made to get made
All day everyday, I stay about it
If I ain't a real hustler, then how the fuck a nigga got it, ha
Ricky Lake fake nigga, kill all that talking
And get your mama out the hood, and stand tall when you walking

When you suckers gon realize
That ain't nobody crooked where I'm at man
I earned all this here, grind for this shit
It ain't easy as it look baby
You gotta have skills, and you gotta have hustle
You know I'm saying, you niggaz lacking both
So shit, I suggest y'all just get a
Motherfucking job or something, Slim Thugger
Bossman, get off my piece nigga, ha