

# Take Over

Slim Thug

Boss Hogg, we running this rap shit  
Slim Thugger, I'm running this rap shit  
Sir Daily, we running this rap shit  
Lil' Doodie, we running this rap shit  
E.S.G., we running this rap shit  
Rayface, we running this rap shit

The take over, this the hater makeover  
If you got plex with Slim, I suggest you stay sober  
No time for slip up's, no room for mistakes  
I go to war with you cakes, talking bout I'm fake  
Y'all the ones telling lies, bitch apologize  
We was all cool, until I started to rise  
That's when the hate came in your eyes, I remember it clear  
Back in 9-9, yep I think that was the year  
I pulled up to the studio, in a drop on swangs  
Instead of looking happy, y'all looked like y'all was in pain  
Ever since then, thangs ain't never been the same  
You haters fell off, and I guess I'm to blame  
What a shame, back then I could tell you niggas was hoes  
Y'all use to get paid, fifty dollars a show  
While I was getting the G's, I told you get your money too  
The reply was Watts, don't need us like he need you  
Which was true, cause soon as I left y'all went left  
Tried to do y'all own thing, and follow my footsteps  
Only problem is, y'all needed me to make it  
I know it's hard to take it, but it's the truth face it

Boss Hogg, we running this rap shit  
My nigga Troy, we running this rap shit  
Big Cheddar, we running this rap shit  
My nigga Corn, we running this rap shit  
My nigga Chi, we running this rap shit  
Jude Fiend, we running this rap shit  
D.P., we running this rap shit

Verse two, little sorry hoe back to you  
I think I finally understand, why you do what you do  
When people come up to me, they ask about you  
And when they come up to you, they ask about me too  
When they ask you how I'm doing, what's your reply  
Do you tell em how I'm balling, and how Slim is still fly  
They see you looking dirty, they see me looking clean  
They say you ain't accomplish shit, they see me living my dream  
That gotta hurt, but for you I'm feeling no sorrow  
I just hope this make you get on, your game tomorrow  
Remember when I took you to pick up, those c.d.'s and shit  
You went behind my back you dick, and hit my lick  
I can't forgive or forget, I remember it all  
You use to like to see me fall, and hate to see me ball  
But y'all, Northstar don't want it Thug  
Big Pic and A.D., they don't want it with Thug, ha

Grey Day, we running this rap shit  
C-Note, we running this rap shit  
Mill Ticket, we running this rap shit  
Real Deal, we running this rap shit

My nigga Pop, we running this rap shit  
My nigga Juquay, we running this rap shit  
Sleep Dog, you still running this rap shit

Big Pic Big Ballin, you talking backwards life  
Big Pic big broke, that sound mo' right  
First of all on the cash blast, you can't compete  
You already beat, shit look at your piece  
Eric told me how much your dumb ass, paid for that  
When you saw that bullshit, you should of gave it back  
You better invest in some crack, cause your rap game weak  
I can't wait for your album drop, and flop in the streets  
And what in the fuck Cluck, you just begging for a break  
You say you don't rap for free, that's why you ain't on my tape  
Nigga please, your weak ass couldn't pay me  
To talk slow on a flow, on the Boss c.d  
By now you should know, better than to run your mouth  
Remember in Garden City, when Chris knocked your ass out  
For bumping your gums, I guess your ass is still dumb  
You happy, I said your name trash ass bum