

The Bossman

Slim Thug

Slim Thugger, The Bossman, ha
I'm bout to start open hands smacking these punks
Around mayn, what's wrong with Big Pic
Come to the Boss, ha, they must don't know who I am
Listen, let me tell you

Introducing from Houston, Slim Thug the Boss
Champion with no loss, known for running his mouth
I break em off, back back track for track
Try to attack, come on I pack the Mack
I shut em down, turn them clown smiles to frowns
The quick to get down, when the Boss come around
They don't want it, let me demolish all my opponents
They want the Boss crown, but uh Slim Thug own it
I'm changing the game, doing this underground thang
Ever since I represent this, it ain't been the same
First I pull up on swangs, trunk pop and top drop
And next year on 20's, lil' later non-stopping
On them Sprewells, I hear a lot of cats rap about it
But I'm the only rapper in H-Town, that got it
I speak the truth, everytime I touch the booth
And I ain't drop a solo yet, cause I ain't hurt the loot, hatas

Getting this money baby, know I'm saying
A lot of people against me, cause they see a young
Playa getting his shine on, getting his grind on
Know I'm saying, doing what he wanna do
But that go with the territory, you know I'm saying
Young Hogg getting money, Boss Hogg Outlaws

Getting paper, that's why I'm the main subject of these hatas
They hate to see me riding Harley's, sitting on Gators
And ask y'all jewelry man, who holding the crown
Y'all can get a record deal, I still be holding it down
Blow dro pounds, nothing but the best for the Boss
21 years old, in a six bedroom house
Hustle-holic, CEO shots I call it
If you name it I crawl it, if I want it I bought it
I put it in they face, punks should of stayed in they place
They done pissed off the Boss, so I'm making em pay
Lil' Mario is trash, Big Pic is trash
A.D., J-Dawg, Young Capo is trash
Lil' Pluck is trash, Northstar is trash
Big Ballin is trash, all thanks from the past
Haters never been the same, since I left the House
Make way for the heavyweight, undisputed Boss

People gon talk down, you know I'm saying
It's all about how you handle it
Talk all day, see how I'm rolling, ain't too many
Playas out there, doing what I do
Y'all might not wanna give me my respect
But I'ma take it at all times, feel me

I'm feeling like I'm wasting my time, wasting my rhymes
Getting crunk with these punks, that ain't making a dime
But they got out of line, when they spoke my name

They showed they was real haters, when they spoke my name
They must of smoked they brain, thinking they can touch me
I know I ain't the best rapper, but they can't touch me
I won't go to Jay-Z, and try to hate for fame
And I'm like him to them, so I expect the same
Lil' Yo you a Robin, you can't be Batman
So sit on the sideline, and just follow my plans
I make the rules, break em and I break you fool
Call Slim Thug out, and get ready to lose
I've been in your shoes, and didn't like the way they fit
So I got my mind right, and went got what I get
Them dolla signs, focus on yours not mine
Y'all can't touch the Boss, Slim Thug bottom line

Really, I do this here for the cash man
I ain't expect this, there's a couple mo' hundred
Thousand in my pocket, you know I'm saying
They get out of line, I answer that
Boys thought they can call me out, and get away with it
Got another thing coming, I'm a man not a woman, for real