

# Bout Dis Shit

Soulja Slim

[Soulja Slim]

Let me lock this muthafucka down, ya understand what I'm sayin', nigga  
Fuck wrong wit you

[Chorus: x2]

I talk dis shit cause I'm bout dis shit  
Ain't noway I can run, noway out dis shit  
I breathe dis shit cause it's all up in the air  
Before my casket drop put my pistol up in there

[Soulja Slim]

I talk dis shit & I stomp my feet  
Cause I'm a street nigga from the U-P-T  
I keep my heat & don't squash no beef  
They say I wouldn't see 20 but now I'm 23  
Bout to be 24 wit a brand new Escalade  
An a Deville park in my front driveway  
My girl push the pedal to the flo' in a 2G Tahoe  
When we floss we ride slow & blow behind tinted windows  
Laughin' at these niggas frontin' up in the luxury rentals  
They screamin' soulja dis & the screamin' soulja dat  
But Soulja don't play no games I'll put yo head on a flat  
Ain't to much changed about me still the same from way back  
89' goin' into 90' had the game down pat  
Momma couldn't find me, ya baby boy flippin' crack  
Flippin' dimes, flippin' twenty's tryna come up  
Got me a duece five for the jackers runnin' up  
Ready to bust & drop my nuts, don't give a fuck

[Chorus]

[Soulja Slim]

I smoke to much til' I be bout to fall out  
Fuckin' wit Snoop Dogg off in the Dogg House  
Since I balls outta control, balls outta control  
Dem laws outta control, dem laws outta control  
They actin' like ridin' on chrome is a crime,  
That's why I play the factory, so the won't be hackin' me  
Had enough of ridin' in a 2G hot, wit a glock an a beamer on top  
Wit a vest on, T-shirt made teflon  
Fellin' like Spice-1, "wouldn't look to pretty wit my chest gone"  
Cause nigga don't play in the city of choppers  
Most niggas get they shit split behind money & poppers  
Wit air max on, prop top, & nigga boxers  
You niggas better get yall fuckin' mind right

[Chorus]

[Soulja Slim]

Straight like dat, for the fuckin' 2G ya nigga  
These niggas get in this muthafuckin' studio & be, man I  
Say brah these niggas got me so fuckin' mad wit 'em brah  
I ain't liein' brah ya understand what I'm sayin'  
But I ain't gonna hate 'em though ya understand what I'm sayin' ya dig  
But guess what it's real over here, I say it's real over here  
No Limit 4 Life the shit don't stop ya understand what I'm sayin'  
An the glock stay cocked ya understand, nigga know what's happ'n wit me

A nigga betta kill see what I'm sayin' that's what a nigga betta do  
Ya understand what I'm sayin'  
Straight like dat 2-0-1 this is my year, nigga