

## Slime Shit

Young Thug

Slat!

Aye, get out your motherfuckin seat to this one, you know?

Slat! Slat! Slat!

Hundred rounds in a Tahoe  
Nigga, lighting up your tacos, hey  
Give him surgery, no lipo  
Down, man, that bitch will pull you down  
Pull up to a nigga town  
I'm prepared to take 'em down, nigga

Hey, this that slime shit, hey  
YSL shit, hey  
Killin' 12 shit, hey  
Fuck a jail shit, hey  
Drinking activis, hey  
On that snail shit, hey  
Cookin' white brick, hey, hey  
Bricks and bales shit, hey, hey  
Bitch, I'm super rich  
Bitch, I'm stupid rich  
I-I go ape shit, call that Ludacris, hey, hey  
I'm not new to this, hey, I'm so true to this, hey  
I done put a whole slime on a hunnid, bitch, hey, hey

Slime Boogey, slime or get slimed  
These niggas be bitches, a lot of them snitchin'  
A lot of them droppin' a dime  
I come to the the point in my life  
That I just want one of my wives  
I think that I want that new Spider  
We rich so I know that it's light  
I'm so too legit, on some Hammer shit  
Diamonds dancin', bitch  
YSL, VVS  
In the V.I.P and I got that pistol on my hip  
You prayin' that you live  
I'm prayin' that I hit  
Hey, this that slime shit  
Need a slime bitch  
Compromise shit, down to ride shit  
Fuck them police, in a high speed  
Let her out on Bleveland  
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Got banana clips for all these niggas actin' monkey  
These niggas savages in these streets  
They need hooked on phonics  
Got ten trap spots, they bunkin, all of 'em doin' numbers  
They just be talking, I swear these lil fuck niggas don't want it  
I'm grindin' up my money and I'm still in the trenches  
Workin calculators, when we fuck with weight we count them digits  
Got bergalo and troupe, they with me (for real, they thugs)  
Bang a neighborhood, 60's, Tiny Locs, they official '  
I get, I get it, I get it, however, I get it, I get it on my own  
These percocets, they got me so high I swear I'm in my own damn zone  
Thousand dollars on cologne  
All these extras, I bought me a home  
And it's big like a dome  
Hold, up country boy callin' my phone (man I just saw them)

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This that slime shit  
This that mars shit  
This that 100,000 dollars in a jar shit  
Down to die about this rap shit cause it's too much money  
They say we gettin' money  
Now these niggas actin' funny  
And they all fake, like some bitch titties  
Tell they bitch another lie cause we ain't fuckin' wit 'em  
And they groupie niggas and they ho type  
Fuck the judge, YSL, this that mob life

We got these bankrolls on us  
We have flavor  
Now I ain't goin back and forth with ya'll  
Hello? Yeah, I'mma bet me a 100,000  
All motherfuckin hundreds  
Shit, yeah