

Associates

Slim Thug

Ain't no such things as friends, only associates
So if you run up on me I'm pulling my gun out of my holster, bitch
I don't like watching my back so when I bust I'm a unload the clip
But I'd rather expect you just give me the respect I'm suppose to get
Gangsta shit

All my niggas is gone, my damn bitch done cut
I got sum shit on my dome an then they love me or what
I'm one deep with my chrome like I ain't giving a fuck
If I got to do this alone fuck it, that's wassup
They say it's lonely at the top and you gon' see who your real friends
No more fo doors, I'm riding a coop Benz
Keepin' it moving ain't focused on shit but not losing
If you don't fuck with me, don't fuck with me it's not confusing
And when you speak on my name watch the words your choosing
You soundin' like a hater to me, it's so amusing
Instead of moving on trying to do your own thang
You recruiting for the we hate Slim Thug gang
But ain't shit change here mayne, I'm still the same
Life good up out the hood shit I can't complain
These niggas say they down but they just pretend
I'm ridin' solo to the end, fuck friends

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Sometimes I wonder if God forgot about me
And would my people miss me if they had to do without me
'Cause anything ain't no love
A nigga you think is your homie is runnin' up in your girl
Every time you leave her lonely
Each and every time I leave my house all three of my guns is on me
Ain't none of you niggas is goin' to be kicking or punching on me
And I learned my lesson about callin' my homies when I need 'em
Out of eleven one and a half shows up and the rest I still ain't seen 'em
One deep till I'm on my back, y'all fellas out might be on my sack

I'll shoot a muthafucker if a muthafucker jump out of line
Then I'm a put 'em back in line

2006 Beretta, gloc 40 with hollows in mind
It's amazing how something so small can flip your bitch ass anytime
I'm an OG original gangster mayne, organized general
Army ready to drop off chemicals 64-545 criminals, but it's business
Whenever I'm seen with a crowd that I'm not feeling
Enter the conversation and paper in my pocket I'm not feeling
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Stand up yeah, I done seen a whole lot in these 26 years
Never thought I had peers that was undercover queers
Tell these snitches in my circle awhile back I would've murked ya
I vouch for me an mine till the gavel drop down
And judge gave my time since I hogged up
The ripper, the last time I heard from my niggas
Still in denial in the begginin' of my sentence
Two months turned to years and them years turned to bitches
Sittin' in my cell doin' sets of push ups
No money, no mail that's okay, that's wassup
Momma made a man but these streets raised a soldier
Where they kill a real nigga make 'em all damn colder
I never fold up, I'm a do my time, bitch
I'm a make parole hoe, get out and shine trick
You fuck niggas better stay out my way
I already wanna blow off your face for violating the code, nigga
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