

Welcome 2 Brooklyn (feat. Maino)

M.O.P.

Slim Thugga, Muthafucka! Now welcome to the city of game, piece of chains and swangs
Pop trunk and bang, yeah I'm still here mayne
Born and raised on the stead block, braids no dreadlocks
Married to the hood me and Sunnywood way block
Niggas way my home, I'm an outside venterain
Reppin' H-Town, smoking sippin' on some medicine
That ain't nobody better than the boss when I flow
It's Slim Thugga Muthafuckas, still breaking boys off
Hmm, got plenty cheese, plenty carrots and you looking
like some carrotrus
And it's looking like you haters and you fakes is immatating us
Shadied up, bradied up and I bet that trunk you bladed up
Bet you still crawling on 4's, so they ain't fainting us
In the hood I'm a grinder, wood on the winer
TV VCR lay back with'cha momma
You ain't never seen a grinder that grind the way I grind, huh
Top off the drop still listen to TommaStill, still wrecking boys off
Hmm, candy painted with the lows you can hate but that's the way we ball
Still wrecking boys off
Hmm, getting money's what I'm bout, I'm a get it while he's in his judge talk
Still wrecking boys off
Hmm, gotta do it for the north, got to do it for my hustler's in the south
Still wrecking boys off, boys off
Sill wrecking boys off
And when I do it I'm a do it like a boss
Still wrecking boys off MIKE JONES!
I still representing H-Town the city of the candy
They see me with a lotta, huh, but they don't understand it
They said they never see ya boy, how you gettin' this grind on?
Hannavilly take ya piggy I gettin' my shine on
I sold two million records now my paper on swoll
Now the mayor of the city, top down when I roll
H-Town, home of the candy paint
Home of the 84's and 4's in the? Yeah, it's the city that's slowed, the city that's throwed
The city where them boys get they candy painted lows
The city where they build big killa and stay blowed
Hustlin' ass D-boys got the game sold
Where they sip that drank (sip that drank) and drip that paint (drip that paint)
And drop that top (drop that top) and grip that grain (hold up)
6-10-I-10-59-45 in the belt

This clutch city where we play what we dealt
 Welcome my H-Town Hmm, got plenty cheese, plenty carrots and you looking like some carrotrus
 And it's looking like you haters and you fakes is immatating us
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 Top off the drop still listen to Tomma This town's my home it's where I do my dirt
 Where the gangsta's? smoke water? we drank stains on the shirt
 We ride swangin' chop blazed just to break boys off
 From South Park to South West how we wave to that nouf
 I'm talking tenth wheel and Carvadale and Greens Point Two
 From Denport Harvard to West Airport all the way to Channelview
 We steady bangin' on this screw, it's choppin' like Kung-Fu
 Hit me on the 8-3-2, Paul Wall what it do Ha
 Nomtombout?
 Purple so muddy I can barely even drive
 A blow it down trees like a catter goin by
 Southside of H-Town that on the sunny side
 I walk these? all blind, nomtombout?
 Yung Redd, take ya out the future
 Stars imitate swear to God work the?
 Robert Davis, Fat Pat, this for you
 Come on the Big Hogg got some roof
 Mayne! Hmm, got plenty cheese, plenty carrots and you looking like some carrotrus
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 Top off the drop still listen to Tomma [Lil Keke:]
 H-O to the U.S., T.O. till the end
 God bless me with the million dollar Benz
 See the grind money gangstas with the hand in the air
 That Sunnyside in South Park I was raised out there
 This is H-Town (H-Town), screwed up and slowed down
 It's all love homie, keep rolling up the whole pound
 Pull up in the monster just look at him hiding
 Don Ke hard of the south, slab riding H.O.U.S.T.O.N., T.E.X.A.S.
 We goin get it and come back with it until we take our last breath
 From the city where I steady on drop the top
 Z-Ro the Crooked, my ghetto ass is good at any hood, any block they got
 The white cup is for the codiene and the cigarello is for the gush

If you want it we got it cause that's not a problem we don't push
We used to be the dirty south, now we so dirty we sippy
So homie you must be touching it, roll if you don't feel me (you don't feel me)Hmm, got plenty cheese, plenty
carrots and you looking like some carrotrus
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Top off the drop still listen to TommaWelcome to H-Town, this Third Ward talking
Coming down the slab like the fo's crip walking
Together we stand, divided we fall, yeah
North and the south together we ball
Fuck that, nigga it's a H-Town thang
Let me see ya touch the sky if ya feeling me mayne
It's Boss Hogg Kyleon, Micked and Mike D
The drank man daddy, you know where to find meState to state dawg, I got a jock and a kid
Six back and out the drive away, dropping the weed
Y'all know we do it big, like a...
Got stackes full of cash where I keep the mnoey heated
Fresh to def homie, how I came in the doe
Prada shades on, smelling like a swanger or dro
Put'cha H'es up, represent'cha city bro
Counting money, iced out, like a million videoHmm, got plenty cheese, plenty carrots and you looking like
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Top off the drop still listen to TommaSouthwest put'cha dubs up, let's go!
Now welcome to the place I love, place I was, raised to be a G
It's striaght hanging the thugs, and my music slowin', throw my H'es up
Southwest why I know the real dudes and move birdies
I go to school early, baby blue moon jersey
Riding around, southwest side of my towns
Still Reppin' My Block, How Ya Liken Me Now
It's from Sharpstown, Braeswood to Alilee, black and west stack
Paper together we stay deep it's allCheyah!
King Of The Streets and I'm rolling round, you still ridin fo's
Boys better chill for this throw-away that they couldn't closed
I ridin' slab but I'm tippin it like a platinum rose
Soon as I make the doors presidential when they decide to close (real talk)

They want the Don to tell the haters that I got it locked (got it locked)
I shoot em up the west so whenever all the way to the top (dows up)
I'm so hood it be the Truth, definition of me
Ain't no way ya speakers bout the H, without mentioning me
We the truth, nigga!Hmm, got plenty cheese, plenty carrots and you looking like some carrotrus
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Top off the drop still listen to TommaYeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!
Ayyo from H-Town, southwest stop drop and roll
If I chunk the dub up, the whole hood rock n roll
Braeswood, Woolfair, Clull creek, Spice Lane
West Bellville, Fort Worth Airport, Sandpiper, stack change
I'm so H-Town there's no dean in my blood
And I'm a shout it out with the meanest of thugs
And you ain't never gotta ask if there's lean in my cup
I'm a triple O.G., S.U.C. nigga whatNaw I can owe lot of chickens, not a miles away
For the last fifteen years, I been reppin' my state
I knew the real DJ Screw sip grape by the case
Eight's over ice straight Prada of the H
Southside, I never was so big socialize
With Bun you can talk, I fuck with the boss
Like Thug and Prince Civy or Rome or Wrice
This game a pie I want it all so give me a sliceHmm, got plenty cheese, plenty carrots and you looking like
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Songwriters

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