Trash

The Studio Sound Ensemble

(*gun shots*)
(*talking*)
Fuck Northstar, you old bitch ass, midget ass nigga
Get off my motherfucking dick, fuck Big Ballin
You old bootlegging, old weak ass, trash ass, hoe ass niggas
[Hook](y'all) you niggas fell off (niggas)
My niggas run the North (are)
You can't fuck with the Boss
(trash) here come another loss
[Slim Thug]Brace yourself, for the main event from the Boss
Every hater that cross the Boss, gon get crossed out
Another loss on they record, them broke niggas insane
Y'all need to get together, and be the We Hate Slim Thug gang
Talking down on my name, so I'm punishing fools
I understand why y'all hating, y'all got nothing to lose
I got a lot to lose but fuck it, I won't lose my respect
The more I start getting checks, the more they start having plex
They do this shit to sell records, everybody telling me
They might get a lil money, but not more than me
Like Roy Jones and Hopkins, ain't no 60-40 deal
I'm getting 90 they get 10, and gotta split it still
That mean these niggas still broke, Street Fame still won't get sold
They the definition of weak, not the definition of thoed
And to that other big bitch, by the name of Big Pic
He certified garbage, you can't fuck with me trick
(ready, aim, fire), I'm bout make these haters retire
Get a job at Mcdonalds, dick suckers for hire
Boss Hogg and PIE, we running these streets
Got beef, my heat'll have you run in the streets
Calling police saying laws, come get them Outlaws
They left me in the desert, in nothing but my draws
Bitch we raw, whether you believe it or not
Come in my face with that plex, and you won't leave back out
[Hook]
(*talking*)
Old bitch ass nigga, you gon have to graduate
A couple of mo' classes to fuck with me, ha
[Hook][Slim Thug]Correct me if I'm wrong, anywhere in this song
The same nigga who stole your cash, is who's c.d. you on

What happened to I made them niggas, and they stole from me
You never was acting, nigga you is funny
I peeped your gay ways, way back in the days
Hiding in Austin you cried, and wouldn't rap on stage
All your fans was like man, this lil nigga a bitch
When he can't get his way, he quick to pitch a fit
I'ma do this I'ma do that, well what's stopping you Yo
I saw you and Young Cappo, at the corner sto'
On you niggas corner, while I was talking to 50/50
If you wanted me so bad, why the fuck you ain't get me
Y'all look dead in my face, saw me in broad day
When I got behind you niggas car, you went the other way
Talking bout you gon hurt me, what your hurter broke
Last time I saw Big Pic, that bitch spoke
And North lying, trying to blame everything on chop
Bitch I know you bootlegging, let the lies stop
You don't sell enough c.d.'s, to buy you a car
Help Lil' Yo bootleg, so he can get a Northstar
You hollin' bring it to the ring, like you can knock me out
While you standing straight up, I'll stick my dick in your mouth
Midget ass nigga, comb your nappy ass hair
You shop in the boys section, wear cartoon underwear
Don't make me tie your dirty ass up, and give you a bath
You looking like a lil dope fiend, out on the Ave
Talking bout I'm trying to plea barging, with your O.G
Bullshit bitch, your O.G. is me
Call me O.G. Slim Thug, bitch ass nigga
I might be young, but bitch I'm a rich ass nigga
And I'ma keep dogging your hoe ass, till you apologize
And squash all this shit, like the rest of you guys, hoe

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/