

Houston (feat. City)

Slim Thug

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1 Slim Thug]

Texas tatted on my arm, got Houston on my back
Cause I love the city I'm from, hands up if you feel that
I ball hard like a Texan, every Sunday catch me wreckin
?, code name Foster because you cant catch him
And they catch them bops like Dre do
Ball hard like I play too, run that back like Jay do
Better come prepared when we play you
We came to win, cant take a loss

Aint shit bout that H South,

Team strong well break em off, lay em down then rake em out

Car roof like Reliant, when the suns out I drop the top

H-Town we shinin, red white and blue in that lot

See you boys in the playoffs, bet you this year we on top

And if you from that H like me, you already know what Im talkin bout[Hook]

Im from Houston, Texas home of the Texans [x3]

Texas Tatted on my arm, Houston on my back

Im from Houston, Texas home of the Texans [x3]

Texas Tatted on my arm, Houston on my back[Verse 2 Paul Wall]

Im from that HOU TEX, non-believers get put to the death

Then hard times, we get put to the test, but dedication turn the last to the best

Stop complainin just a little bit less and start to quest on the road to success

We got now and we got next, say it loud with some bass in your chest

Haters hate but now they on jock like Joseph and Quin the corners on lock

I come through the line like Brian Cushing and then I cant be blocked like JJ Watt

Now we on top, no more middle, like Super Mario I'm a hard hitter

Cant be stopped, dont be bitter, never give up cause Im a go getter

In the groupie and I wade through you, she like Toro and the whole crew

In battle red or liberty white out, I might come out in the deep steel blue

I thought boys knew, dont be surprised, tell them boys about Texans pride

We ride for each other when we on the otherside and if you aint down dont step aside[Hook][Verse 3
Chamillionaire]

Hold up
If you aint from Texas, you didnt get the message
Let me give you boys a quick lesson then
I swore to God to be fresh to death, I didnt die so time to get fresh again
You know the H what Im reppin in and its like 35% Mexican
And thats so ironic (why?)
Every cup is like 35% beverage and 65% medicine
Plenty ? for thick specimens
A million fine and bad yelas and thats like 22% lesbian
And in my zone what you steppin in, then I bet my fist is gone check a chin
Cause that trill in Bun, and that trill is Pimp, and that trill is somethin yall never been
Hit your woman and let her in to my vehicle that I never tint
That brain got to be official baby, no artificial intelligence
Im runnin in it like Andre, if yall aint from Houston I aint convinced
Cause y'all touchdown in our city once and been rappin like you are ever since[Hook]

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