The Interview

K-Stone

What's good everybody?
It's your girl Alana D
Chillin' with my boy the boy Slim Thug
He's from Texas
Now son you've been doin' it real big for awhile
But please, tell us what's the secret to your success?
I'm a bonafide hustla used to have to bust
Bricks down in half in order to see the cash
That's in the past niggas outta see the stash
Went straight to the Bentley skilled, the S-class
I was a star before I signed autographs
This the beginning, y'all ain't seen my last
When I call myself a hustla, I ain't talking about moving rocks
I'm talkin' 'bout them 9's and them ask and them glocks
When y'all was on the corner out there runnin' from them cops
I was out there sellin' all them local crack spots
Boyz in blue and we creep deep, motherfuckin' police
We make the rules in the streets nigga
I feel you
I feel you
Let me talk to you about the all styles in Texas
Now many seem to think cause you got that Texas style
That's gonna limit your success, but believe
Tell me how you feelin' about that
I'm an H-town nigga so fuck y'all niggas
Got a fo'-fo' thatta buck y'all niggas
[Incomprehensible]Stay out my way 'cause nigga I'm not for play
Ya niggas say you G's that must mean you niggas gay
He's from H-town but he don't stay where I stay
I'm from the land of the killers, he don't lay where I lay
So get it right motherfuckers
Don't try to put me in the same shoes with some suckers
There's a real thick line between rhymers and some hustlas
Them niggas ain't no gangstas, them niggas is some bustas
Okay talk to 'em
Now You know
I see you right here with all these diamonds, all these chains
You drivin' around in Bentley's
But I don't ever see you with any security

Please, what's the word on that
Pistol grip pump in my lap at all times
They be checkin' other fools, but they ain't checkin' mine
You run up tryin' you gon' be lyin' down dyin'
When you hear that clock clock sound comin' out of the iron
I ain't no fuckin' punk, I suggest you niggas chill
'Cause if I pop this trunk, then somebody gon' get killed
This ain't no rap act, my nigga I'm really real
Go on run your ass up, and watch me stop you with the steel
Niggas must be on peel, 'cause it's evident they
Think the boss went soft 'cause I got a record deal
I do this rap shit 'cause makin' hits pay my bills
And I could give a fuck what other suckers feel for real
That's what's up
That's what's up
Aight yo, keep doin' your thing, I'm sayin'
We lookin' out for you brother
You got anything else in the works
What can we expect from you in the future?
Boys in blue, comin' soon

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