

# 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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