

# Houston (feat. Paul Wall & Z-Ro)

## Slim Thug

[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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