

# Associates (Featuring Z-Ro & J-Dawg)

## Slim Thug

Ain't no such things as friends only associates  
So if you run up on me I'm pulling my gun out of my holster bitch  
I don't like watching my back so when I bust I'm a unload the clip  
But I'd rather expect you just give me the respect I'm suppose to get  
Gangsta shit All my niggas is gone my damn bitch done cut  
I got sum shit on my dome  
Did they love me or what?  
I'm one deep with my chrome like I ain't giving a fuck  
If I got to do this alone fuck it that's wassup  
They say it's lonely at the top an you  
Gon' see who your real friends  
No more fo doors I'm riding a coop benz  
Keepin' it moving ain't focused on shit but not losing  
If you don't fuck with me don't fuck with me  
It's not confusing  
And when you speak on my name watch the words your choosing  
You soundin' like a hater to me it's so amusing  
Instead of moving on trying to do your own thang  
You recruiting for the we hate Slim Thug gang  
But ain't shit change here mayne  
I'm still the same  
Life good up out the hood shit I can't complain  
These niggas say they down, but they just pretend  
I'm ridin' solo to the end  
Fuck friends Ain't no such things as friends only associates  
So if you run up on me I'm pulling my gun out of my holster bitch  
I don't like watching my back so when I bust I'm a unload the clip  
But I'd rather expect you just give me the respect I'm suppose to get  
Gangsta shit Sometimes I wonder if god forgot about me  
And would my people miss me if they had to do without me  
'Cause anything ain't no love  
A nigga you think is yo homie is runnin' up in yo girl every time you leave her lonely  
Each and every time I leave my house all three of my guns is on me  
Ain't none of you niggas is goin' to  
Be kicking or punching on me  
And I learned my lesson about callin' my homies when I need 'em  
Out of eleven one and a half  
Shows up and the rest I still ain't seen 'em  
One deep till I'm on my back

Ya'll fellas out might be on my sack  
I'll shoot a muthafucker  
If a muthafucker jump out of line then I'm a put 'em back in line  
2006 beretta, gloc 40 with hollows in mind  
It's amazing how something so small can flip yo bitch ass anytime  
I'm an og original gangster mayne organized general  
Army ready to drop off chemicals  
64 545 criminals  
But it's business

Whenever I'm seen with a crowd that I'm not feeling  
Enter the conversation and paper in my pocket I'm not feeling  
Ain't no such things as friends only associates  
So if you run up on me I'm pulling my gun out of my holster bitch  
I don't like watching my back so when I bust I'm a unload the clip  
But I'd rather expect you just give me the respect I'm suppose to get  
Gangsta shit I done seen a whole lot in these 26 years  
Never thought I had peers that was undercover queers  
Tell these snitches in my circle awhile back I would've murked yuh  
I vouch for me an mine  
'Til the gavel drop down  
An judge gave my time since I hogged up  
The ripper  
The last time I heard from my niggas  
Still in denial in the beggin' of my sentence  
Two months turned to years and them years  
Turned to bitches  
Sittin' in my cell doin' sets of push ups  
No money no mail that's okay that's wassup  
Momma made a man but these streets raised  
A soldier  
Where they kill a real nigga make a mo daycloder  
I never fold up  
I'm a do my time bitch  
I'm a make parole hoe  
Get out and shine trick  
You fuck niggas better stay out my way  
I already wanna blow off yo face  
For violating the code nigga  
Ain't no such things as friends only associates  
So if you run up on me I'm pulling my gun out of my holster bitch  
I don't like watching my back so when I bust I'm a unload the clip  
But I'd rather expect you just give me the respect I'm suppose to get  
Gangsta shit

Songwriters

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