

# I'm Back

## Slim Thug

I do this for tha block, I do this for the hood  
I do this for tha streets 'cause the streets keep me good  
I do it for tha hustlas, I do it for tha thugs  
I do it for the Gs 'cause tha Gs show me love I came in tha game seventeen, real loud  
Only thang on my mind, make my momma proud  
Started rockin' crowds, gettin' dope from shows  
And as tha fame rolls then came the hoes Then came tha clothes, then came the cars  
Next thang I know, I'm a ghetto supastar  
So here come tha haters, travelin' by tha packs  
But neva mind them 'cause a, bitch, I'm back I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud  
And fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
They say that's how it is when ya live like a boss You see, I been on my grind for some time  
And tha streets thought a nigga fell off  
(Hell no, nigga)  
But if I decide not to rhyme, no more rhymes  
I'm a still be well off 'cause, bitch, I'm back A born boss, got nothin' to lose  
Still shinin' in the game, got nothin' to prove  
Got rich independent, didn't need no deal  
Had paper before I signed, didn't need no meals Got hustles on tha side, I ain't got to rap  
And if all else fails, I still got tha trap  
I don't, with you rappers, y'all fake to me  
I don't, with you niggas, y'all snakes to me I don't care 'bout fame fuck bein' a star  
Let dem take all the pictures, just gimme his car  
Then gimme his house and his watch and chain  
On tha bank account, credit cards jot my name But I guess one come with tha other  
So here I go, I'm a writin' rap hustla  
I'm too blessed to complain about that  
So where I gotta sign? Take ya pictures  
'Cause, bitch, I'm back I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud  
And fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
They say that's how it is when ya live like a boss You see, I been on my grind for some time  
And tha streets thought a nigga fell off  
(Hell no, nigga)  
But if I decide not to rhyme, no more rhymes  
I'm a still be well off 'cause, bitch, I'm back They say tha truth will hit, so fuck it  
I'm a go an' keep a hundred for tha public  
I dropped already platinum but it only sold gold

And niggas lookin' at me like I sold my soul 'Cause I'm rappin' with D and not mista Lee  
But when ya on ya grind, sometimes ya can't see  
Before Mike came and Paul was signed  
I was at interscope tryin' to find ma mind Still tippin' wasn't toppin', three kings just dropped  
And I'm a underground artist tryin' to get on top  
So I listened to my label, playin' to break [Incomprehensible]  
And learned a whole lotta game from that Just stay true, my nigga and do you?  
And, what another, tryin' to tell you to do  
Continue to spit facts, you can bump in them lacs  
And oh, yeah, this a Lee track  
Bitch, I'm back I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud  
And fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
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