[Chris Ward] You better learn, what you can learn Get your hustle on, nigga earn what you can earn I don't give a fuck, nigga that's my concern I got gun powder that'll burn through your sherms, burn through your perms Burn through your braids, burn through your fades Burn through your hair crease, burn through your waves Burn through your fly Unisex, Gucci shades Burn through your swisher sweets, filled with purple haze Burn through your chest, and your flesh for days Turn and chop you niggaz up, like 20 inch Blades (sh-sh-sh-sh), just like Blades nigga uh You see I'm back, like I'm homesick Like the motherfucking booth, was my home trick And it's like I, never been up out of the house That's why when I spit, it's nothing but real shit coming up out of m y mouth I can't help it nope, not at all I'm just a real nigga, you are not at all I'm in a Porshe Kayan, the color of Kayan But the seats the same color, as the beach as dry sand C-Wigga, the G-R-A-V-E digger You know me nigga, you know me nigga My click's thick, we are too deep We are too street, in Benzes with two seats Strapped with two heats We old school veterans, you niggaz ain't nothing but blue feet Like Jolly Ranchers, whatever the flavor is M-m-m, you bitch ass niggaz is too sweet

[Slim Thug]

You can break up the shit, hit the block and get grands This here pure co-can, straight from the dope man You want a hit get close, so I can give you a dose I got the best work, on the Dirty South coast I'm Slim Thug, the same dude at the club On spinners 4-4 inches, wider than Dubs Everybody show me love, when I step in And respect the set, a nigga repping I pack a strap, but I don't even need a weapon If I don't like ya, I just beat ya with the left hand I keep a dime chick with me, all the time The baddest chick that you see, yep she's mine I garuntee I done hit it, if she cute and fine And that's in or out, the Texas state line When the Boss hit the do', be easy You now hearing Slim Thug, and C-Weezy bitch