

## Green Stuff

Slim Thug

We got that green stuff, Big Tite  
Lil Flip the Leprechaun, Slim Thug the Boss Hogg  
Fin to put it all in y'all face

I got too much money, too much cash  
I bought a new Lac and put it on chrome, without touching my stash  
Like Lil Flip I can do that, Excursion candy blue that  
22 that, pounds of dro I done blew that  
You should of knew that, the Slim Thug gon shine  
My ear rings cost a dime, I read Rolex Times  
I'm top of the line, you can tell when I open my mouth  
I bet nobody got mo' princess cut teeth, than the Boss  
Open your mouth up you lost, I'm blinding these boys  
I'm joining rocks in your blocks, in candy blue toys  
Talking noise, cause I ain't old enough to drank  
But I got mo' cash to last, than your daddy in the bank  
I'm top rank, Slim Thug gon talk the talk  
Walk the walk, we can bet ball for ball  
We some paid young G's, with too much cash  
Too much flow and do', talking too much trash ha

Too much money, too much cash  
All y'all haters, can kiss our ass  
We got too much money, too much cash  
All y'all haters, can kiss our ass

Too much money is what I got, like Scarface I rap a lot  
S-Type Jag straight off the lot, believe me dog I'm really hot  
I'm swanging 4's and thinking thoed, banging hoes and changing clothes  
Smoking dro and doing shows, paper stack can never fold  
I bought the car and I bought the house, I represent the Dirty South  
Got more syrup than Waffle House, run through hoes like Marshall Faulk

I talk the talk and walk the walk, cause nigga I'm a G  
Lil Flip is who I be, I know your gal know me  
Cause I wear a Roley, that look like a snowman  
And I push a Jag, you just gotta see it man  
I'm sitting on Dubs, kinda like a blank tape  
You see them rocks in my teeth, ain't none of em fake  
Give me a break, you think I'm lying or something  
I'm at the mall with your hoe, and she buying me something  
I'm a young pimp, with a whole lot of cash  
And y'all haters, y'all can kiss our ass

I got too much M-O-N-E-Y  
Anything I S-E-E, I B-U-Y  
Pull a Bentley off the lot, and ran that thang in the wall  
We throw Crys in the air laugh, and watch it fall  
Watch me ball, as the Dub spin like a top  
I got crunk when I stopped, and made my pop trunk wop  
Girls bop, automatic cause I'm top of the line  
I cut my beep past six, and I raise the top of your spine  
I'ma shine, Sucka Free, Boss Hogg in a row  
You can catch me fresh and braided, or rugged and fro  
You see the Spre's on the car, I bet you my people like the rock  
When girls see Tite, Flip and Slim they say... pulling cameras out  
Damn I'm hot, when I hit the club I'm bound to line to the bar

And for the first hundred people, I'm insuring they car  
Attracting your star, cause nigga my piece attracting your car  
We got too much green, and that's real by far