

O.C.D.

Slim Thug

Swag, bitch I'm fresh about the bag
Every time you see me I be fresh about the tag
I keep a dough 50, keep them hoes on, yeah,
That's right, I keep a fly ride to keep them saying it's the shit
Stay clean I'm a ocd nigga, don't get it twisted
Cause I kick it, I'm a g nigga
Say you fly, you ain't g6 nigga, that's me nigga
Build a stack, and the shoe 2g's nigga
See nigga, my swag got your budget
And you ain't gotta like it, but your bitch sure love it
It's nothing, it's nothing, it's nothing when you hustling
I sat ocd, so stay the fuck away from me

It's for the stacks, dubs for the women
All on deck, g is I'm living
I'm a street nigga, with a lot of green
Stupid with a bunch of gwap, that mean I got swag
Bitch we turned up, these niggas cut down
Oh that's your man yo, he's just a buzz now
I'm a street nigga, with a lot of green
Stupid with a bunch of gwap, that mean I got swag

Real nigga, one hundred, 99 they adding up
Chase the paper I'm speed nigga,
Looking back when I pass you up
Now pass the cups, I'm leaning
2 zips I'm dreaming, with a bad bitch
Your last bitch, she mine now cause I cashed yeah
I'm talking money, you're talking slow, they all ears
I'm talking more, your pockets they speechless
What the fuck are you talking for?
Fresh like a hotdog plastic, stuck on the ground like...
Pedal to the floor, I'm mashing
And that red coupe look like ammo
Street nigga not know sesame, money making my recipe
Garlic weed and that french toast, making bread my specialty
All I do is count like Dracula, get more, get more, stack it up
Money make a freaky
Reverse, reverse, back it up,
She wine fine my neck, my fist like Colorado
Rocky nigga, I'm Stallone
Serve my my cologne nigga
Run that bitch like they do
Money my main your ex bitch
Running that like boo

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Grim that fly, bitch you know I'm that guy
Candy tripping with my whip look like it just got baptized

Beating at the truck, you niggas see me when I pass by
I'm super tight, don't ask why Gucci belt on my bitches saying I'm pretty
Fat ass and them titties, got her coming out her Bitches be coming and bitch
es be going,
They loving the way that a nigga be flowing
I'm spitting the game and it's getting them open
I put my peninsula up in her ocean
bitch I'm swanging in your lane
Mad because they screaming Nelly and not your name
My money growing on We somewhere naked I know things

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