

Take Over

Slim Thug

Boss Hogg, we running this rap shit
Slim Thugger, I'm running this rap shit
Sir Daily, we running this rap shit
Lil' Doodie, we running this rap shit
E.S.G., we running this rap shit
Rayface, we running this rap shit

The take over, this the hater makeover
If you got plex with Slim, I suggest you stay sober
No time for slip up's, no room for mistakes
I go to war with you cakes, talking bout I'm fake
Y'all the ones telling lies, bitch apologize
We was all cool, until I started to rise
That's when the hate came in your eyes, I remember it clear
Back in 9-9, yep I think that was the year
I pulled up to the studio, in a drop on swangs
Instead of looking happy, y'all looked like y'all was in pain
Ever since then, thangs ain't never been the same
You haters fell off, and I guess I'm to blame
What a shame, back then I could tell you niggas was hoes
Y'all use to get paid, fifty dollars a show
While I was getting the G's, I told you get your money too
The reply was Watts, don't need us like he need you
Which was true, cause soon as I left y'all went left
Tried to do y'all own thing, and follow my footsteps
Only problem is, y'all needed me to make it
I know it's hard to take it, but it's the truth face it

Boss Hogg, we running this rap shit
My nigga Troy, we running this rap shit
Big Cheddar, we running this rap shit
My nigga Corn, we running this rap shit
My nigga Chi, we running this rap shit
Jude Fiend, we running this rap shit
D.P., we running this rap shit

Verse two, little sorry hoe back to you
I think I finally understand, why you do what you do
When people come up to me, they ask about you
And when they come up to you, they ask about me too
When they ask you how I'm doing, what's your reply
Do you tell em how I'm balling, and how Slim is still fly
They see you looking dirty, they see me looking clean
They say you ain't accomplish shit, they see me living my dream
That gotta hurt, but for you I'm feeling no sorrow
I just hope this make you get on, your game tomorrow
Remember when I took you to pick up, those c.d.'s and shit
You went behind my back you dick, and hit my lick
I can't forgive or forget, I remember it all
You use to like to see me fall, and hate to see me ball
But y'all, Northstar don't want it Thug
Big Pic and A.D., they don't want it with Thug, ha

Grey Day, we running this rap shit
C-Note, we running this rap shit
Mill Ticket, we running this rap shit
Real Deal, we running this rap shit

My nigga Pop, we running this rap shit
My nigga Juquay, we running this rap shit
Sleep Dog, you still running this rap shit

Big Pic Big Ballin, you talking backwards life
Big Pic big broke, that sound mo' right
First of all on the cash blast, you can't compete
You already beat, shit look at your piece
Eric told me how much your dumb ass, paid for that
When you saw that bullshit, you should of gave it back
You better invest in some crack, cause your rap game weak
I can't wait for your album drop, and flop in the streets
And what in the fuck Cluck, you just begging for a break
You say you don't rap for free, that's why you ain't on my tape
Nigga please, your weak ass couldn't pay me
To talk slow on a flow, on the Boss c.d
By now you should know, better than to run your mouth
Remember in Garden City, when Chris knocked your ass out
For bumping your gums, I guess your ass is still dumb
You happy, I said your name trash ass bum