

Wide Frame

Slim Thug

Wide frame, everything visual
Yeah it's getting critical, Yeah it's getting critical
Wide frame, yo' we going digital
Your boy's going digital, yeah it's getting critical

I hope life never satisfies, garage full but fuck it
I'm on another ride
Too many chains, but fuck it, I want another piece
My bitch bad, but fuck it I still want other freaks
It's dim in here they don't know me, I'm a hustler
'round the world just like Tony
Can't clone me, one and only, never ever been phony
Ride by my lonely
Name's Slim but I'm not bony
I'm a heavyweight when it comes to getting cash
Still in first, you in last, why you talking bad?

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Your boy's going digital, yeah it's getting critical
So tell me what's your purpose?
My time is precious
Know haters always lurking
Tryna disturb me
I just keep on swervin'
You know I'm servin'
Servin' 'em, servin' 'em

Cashed out on that red, time to re-up
Talk shit, tell promoters that my fee up
Check the scoreboard you will see that we up
In real life them fake niggas can't see us
Jesus, you see all these damn pieces
How the hell they ball that hard with no features?
Hold the fame baby, been balling you in them bleachers
I'm sticking to your soul like preachers
All overseas got stamps and visas
To kick it with these fine senoritas
On blue beaches, eating pizzas
Yeah... a low wave from the Northside
Had to bawse up and roll like a boss ride

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