

I'm Back (feat. Devin the Dude)

Slim Thug

I do this fo tha block (block), I do this fo the hood (hood),
I do this fo tha streets cause the streets keep me good (keep me good), I do it for tha hustlas
(hustlas), I do it for tha thugs (thugs), I do it for the Gs cause tha Gs show me luv (show me
luv), I came in tha game 17 real loud, only thang on my mind make my momma proud, started
rockin crowds, gettin dope from shows and as tha fame rolls then came the hoes, then came tha
clothes, then came the cars, next thang I kno I'm a ghetto supastar, so here come tha haters
travelin by tha packs, but neva mind them cause aaaaaa Bitch I'm Back! I pour up a cup, fill the
swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts (let's get high), Mo' money mo'
problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a boss (like a boss), ya see I been on my
grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell off (hell nah nigga), but if I decide not to
rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off

Cause Bitch I'm Back!

A born boss got nuthin to lose, still shinin in the game got nuthin to prove

Got rich independent didn't need no deal

Had paper before I signed, didn't need no meals

Got hustles on tha side, I ain't got to rap

And if all else fails I still got tha trap

I don't fuck with u rappers ya'll fake to me

I don't fuck with u niggas ya'll snakes to me

I don't care bout fame fuck bein a star

Let dem take all the pictures just gimme his car

Then gimme his house, and his watch and chain

On tha bank account, credit cards jot my name

But I guess one come with tha other

So here I go I'm a writin rap hustla

I'm too blessed to complain bout that

So where I gotta sign, take ya pictures

Cause Bitch I'm Back!

I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gatha my thoughts (let's get
high), Mo' money mo' problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a boss (like a boss),
ya see I been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell off (hell nah nigga),
but if I decide not to rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off

Cause Bitch I'm Back! They say tha truth will hit so fuck it

I'm a go an keep 100 fo tha public

I dropped already platinum, but it only sold gold

And niggas lookin at me like I sold my soul

Cause I'm rappin with D and not mista Lee

But when ya on ya grind sometimes ya can't see

Before mike came and paul was signed

I was at interscope tryin to find ma mind

Still Tippin wasn't toppin, 3 kings just dropped

And I'm a underground artist tryin to get on top

So I listened to my label, playin tha?
And learned a whole lotta game from that
Just stay true my nigga and do u
And fuck what another tryin to tell u to do
Continue to spit facts u can bump in them lacs
And o yeah this a dre track

Bitch I'm Back! I pour up a cup, fill the swissa with cud, and fire it up so I can gatha my
thoughts (let's get high), Mo' money mo' problems they say that's how it is when ya live like a
boss (like a boss), ya see I been on my grind fo some time and tha streets thought a nigga fell
off (hell nah nigga), but if I decide not to rhyme no more rhymes, I'm a still be well off
Cause Bitch I'm Back!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>