

# Houston (feat. Paul Wall & Z-Ro)

## Slim Thug

[Verse 1 - Slim Thug]

Texas tatted on my arm, got Houston on my back  
'Cause I love the city I'm from, hands up if you feel that  
I ball hard like a Texan, every Sunday catch me wreckin'  
?, code name Boss because you can't catch him  
And they catch them bops like Dre do  
Ball hard like I play too, run that back like Jay do  
Bet a couple? and we play you  
We came to win, can't take a loss  
Ain't shit 'bout that H South,  
Team strong we'll break 'em off, lay 'em down then rake 'em out  
Car roof like?, when the sun's out I drop the top  
H-Town we shinin' red white and blue in that lot  
See you boys in the playoffs, bet you this year we on top  
And if you from that H like me, you already know what I'm talkin' 'bout

[Hook]

I'm from Houston, Texas home of the Texans [x3]

Texas Tatted on my arm, Houston on my back

I'm from Houston, Texas home of the Texans [x3]

Texas Tatted on my arm, Houston on my back [Verse 2 - Paul Wall]

I'm from that HOU TEX, non-believers get put to the death  
Then hard times, we get put to the test, but dedication turn the last to the best  
Stop complainin' just a little bit less and start to quest on the road to success  
We got now and we got next, say it loud with some bass in your chest  
Haters hate but now they on jock like Joseph and Queen the corners on lock  
I come through the line like Brian Kush and then I can't be blocked like JJ Watt  
Now we on top, no more middle, like Super Mario I'm a hard hitter  
Can't be stopped, don't be bitter, never give up 'cause I'm a go getter  
In the groupie and I wade through you, she like Torro and the whole crew  
In battle red or liberty white out, I might come out in the deep still blue  
I thought boys knew, don't be surprised, tell them boys about Texas pride  
We ride for each other when we on the otherside and if you aint?

[Hook][Verse 3 - Chamillionaire]

Hold up

If you ain't from Texas, you didn't get the message  
Let me give you boys a quick lesson then  
I swore to God to be fresh to death, I didn't die so time to get fresh again  
You know the H what I'm reppin' and it's like 35% Mexican  
And that's so ironic (why?)  
Every cup is like 35% beverage and 65% medicine  
Plenty? for thick specimens  
A million fine and bad yela's and that's like 22% lesbian

And in my zone what you steppin' in, then I bet my fist is gone check a chin  
'Cause that trill in Bun, and that trill is Pimp, and that trill is somethin' y'all never been  
Hit your woman and let her in to my vehicle that I never tint  
That brain got to be official baby, no artificial intelligence  
I'm runnin in it like Andre, if y'all ain't from Houston I ain't convinced  
'Cause y'all touch down in our city once and been rappin' like you are ever since[Hook]

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