Boss Hogg Outlawz

Boss Hogg Outlawz & Slim Thug

(featuring Sir Daily, Kyleon, Chris Ward & Slim Thug)[Intro: Slim Thug]
Working my wood, through my city
Breaking boys off, every night and day
And I never got, one minute of sleep
Cause I ball and say fuck, what them haters say
The wood wheels, keep on turning
And them ball bats, keep on burning
Cause we rolling (rolling), rolling yeah (rolling)
Rolling through the city(*talking*)
Ha-ha-ha-ha, that shit was hot G
In one baby, let's use it, uh-uh
Yeah-yeah, uh-uh, yeah-yeah, uh
Boss Hogg Outlaw niggaz
[Hook]
G-A-N-G-S-T-A, B-O-S-S H-O-G-G
O-U-T-L-A-W-Z, Boss Hogg Outlaw gangstas[Slim Thug]
It's him Slim, T-H-U-G
But it's true it's me, on your mother's T.V
On your brother's c.d., on your sister's wall
The same dude, that your big sister call
All day all night, but she not my type
Unless she the type, to up it in one night
I tend to get impatient, can't stand waiting
Chicks be hating, so I quit dating
I stay skating, 22 inch shoes
The Boyz N Blue, giving boys the blues
Your toys is cool, but Blue Boyz come through
And make you and all, your boy toys old new
Who want drama, Sir get the Hummer
We bout to bang up the block, like a drummer
For 2 double O-4, it's the Boss Hogg summer
First place in the race, and we'll walk for the number go
[Hook - 2x][Kyleon]
K to the Yizzi, L to the izzE
Switch lanes in a Lac, the made it 3's get me dizzy
I'm low, in a Lexus 4's Spre-O
You steady passing by saying, watching how slow he go
Everytime I'm in the whip, you see the Rolly glow
I'm on dubs and skidding my tires, like Polly-O
Ba-da, like Cube Mack or WC
I'm sitting large on a foreign, just like my dubs be
My car packed shorty, just like the club be

I'm sitting low to the ground, just like the bugs be
My baby mama fuck a G, she learning to love a G
Celebrity, chicks be waiting in line to hug a G
On X and Bubbly, fame is to my soul
My body be shaking and shivering, my shoes are cold
We letting them dogs out, I'm talking Lex and vogues
That spit wide body low, to them attached the 4's[Hook - 2x][Sir Daily]
It's the grain butter lover, lane and gutter hugger
Swinging wide frame, showing banging burning rubber
Spinning 20 inches, paint change another color
Hating niggaz utter, Sir Daily a mo'fucker
I'm shutting down the spot, close the curtain show's over
We bout to drop it, try to stop and pull me over
But I keep mashing, speeding through the intersection
Hiding from the laws, like an illegal Mexican
See the ice rocks, wrist chain and watch
Blue Boyz hop out, we entertain the lot
You see the screens glowing, paint wet and shining
Wanna know how I done it, I got that from grinding
Young money maker, flashing my jewels
Break the laws at all cause, with a bad attitude
Doing what I do, flipping the script
We ball till we fall, nigga get you some grip cause uh[Hook - 4x]Yeah-yeah, uh-uh, yeah-yeah, uh
Boss Hogg Outlaw niggaz

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