

## **Slim Thug & Killa Kyleon**

### **"La La La Flow"**

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Chorus (Killa)

Kyleon be smokin that La La La  
Slim T be smokin that La La La  
Boss Hogg We be smokin that La La La  
Rayface be smokin that La La La come on  
Excuse me hoe, we in the dough  
We bought to blow, off the floor  
We thought you should know  
Boss Hogg's in the house tonight  
(Aye! Killa...)

[Killa Kyleon]

Kyleon got muscle like a G-T-O  
I'm platinum you gold plates like CP3-O  
Not only Slim, but cats in C-P-3 know  
You rappin blind folded can't see mo' hoe  
Rappin ass actors, just like X up in Exit Wounds  
Fuck Makin A Band, I need a seat, right next to Loon  
I'ma Texas tycoon like that cat toe down  
You're just another hype man like that cat slow down  
Plus Ima Boy N Blue and mah clicks the shit  
Why you can't get no air-play like a Dixie Chick  
Soft ass nigga, sweeter than a pixie stick  
I pump three in ya ass, like Nick the Quick  
Why I stick the chick? You just go lick the chick  
And hit the block wit rocks then I hit the lick  
I'm a Boss Hogg nigga I ain't switched the click  
When I spit this hit? I'm finna dismiss ya click  
(Its Kyleon!)

Chorus (Slim T.)

Slim T be smokin that La La La  
Killa Kyle be smokin that La La La  
Rayface be smokin that La La La  
Its the Boss bitch sing our lullaby  
Come on, excuse me miss, but I'm the shit  
You should come, home wit me  
And possibly...Hold up  
Skip all the music let's get high tonight!

[Slim Thug]

Mommy, I ain't into all that judgin shit  
Its alright to give it up the first night quick  
Cause just like, I like pussy you should like dick  
And I ain't lookin for no love so gon' let me hit  
I'm tryin to have a good time, tryin to find a new dime  
And you the nicest one in ya crew so Im  
Tryin to put you shot gun in mah Beamer  
I know you wanna be seen on the scene wit a famous  
rap singer  
And I don't know you don't smoke but gon'hit the dope  
Puff puff bitch 'til the dope make you choke  
We gon' have a good time, whats yours is mines  
And whats, mines is mine so let me hit it from behind  
Imagine that like R.Kelly havin me up in ya belly  
Befo I'm done you'll be done so ain't shit you can tell  
me  
Dont tell me: All you thought that I could do was rap  
Dont tell me: You ain't expect the sex to be all that  
Well suprise, yes I'm blessed when I'm up in the thighs  
I go slow you hear moans I go fast you hear cries  
Whicheva her, prefer, I keep boo satisfied  
So gon' hop on Ill take you for a ride Lets Ride

[Chorus: Slim T]  
Slim T be smokin that La La La  
Killa Kyle be smokin that La La La  
Rayface be smokin that La La La  
Its the Boss bitch sing our lullaby  
Come on, excuse me miss, but I'm the shit  
You should come, home wit me  
And basically...Hold up  
Skip all the music let's get high tonight!

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