

The Boss Hog Barbarians

"\$teady \$mobbin'"

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[Celph Titled]

Yo Flex, we gon' save you the time

{*EXPLOSION*}

[J-Zone]

{*laughing at the start*} Oh-hohoho

So you a thug now huh, with a job up in Kinkos

You tough as Bob Saget doin pirouettes in pink clothes

Hoes don't wanna fuck with me, cause they say I'm ugly

See my dog fur mink and now they in love with me

Zone on the mound, first pitch in the game

With a high RBI for Rockin Beats that's Insane

Got crazy dick, the broads I shellack 'em

That's the only C.D. that I got that went platinum

I'm jokin, not a Romeo, but oddly when I'm 60

I'll be eatin jello, runnin through hoes like Bill Cosby

Hyrdraulic wheelchair, poppin down Merrick

Gold fronts in my dentures, about 52 karats

Bitch dissed my car, laughin at the protege

I gotta commit a hoe-micide, and on her side the hoe will lay

All of that tough talk, you FAKIN

You look like Mr. Belvedere BITCH, bakin cookies in the apron

She laughed at my high socks (you're so retarded)

But wanted to marry me when she seen my cock

(Damn it's HUGE) so fuck kickin game

Tacky as Peter Falk when he crackin a case

No I'm not a gentleman, nope that's a slap in the face, huh

You think you hot shit? I'll take a dump at your house in the summer

Still you're pungeant, now you facin yourself

You knew you would fall soon, so I laced the beat

Celph beat your monkey ass, now you bracin yourself hoe

[Chorus: Boss Hog Barbarians - sung]

I don't know what you heard befo'

but them Boss Hog boys, they some pimps fo' sho'

And ain't no stoppin, cause we smobbin on all of these
hoes
(Yeah hoe, steady smobbin you know?)
I don't know what you heard befo'
but them Boss Hog boys, they some pimps fo' sho'
And ain't no stoppin, cause we smobbin on all of these
hoes
(Yeah hoe, steady smobbin, I know)

"Look here!"

[Celph Titled]

They say I lost part of my mind, I'm missin a few
marbles
So bitch give me brains, we ain't kissin if you gargle
Call you anything other than hoe, don't answer
I'm for real, my pimp hat won't fit in my clothes hamper
Youse on the job haulin garbage on the overpass
I'm cruisin by in a semi full of hoes, haulin ass
On the ave you broke as fuck thinkin you could diss me
On the grind I'm like bear fur, I stay on my grizzly
I'm gettin business calls all day, my phone is off the
hook
I got a platinum Motorola dog my phone is off the hook
Makin tracks since a child look how choppy the flow got
With a beat machine that look like, Robby the Robot
My band rolls with me and we vicious on the warpath
Flutes or blow guns, trombones and horn stabs
Won't take a hoe to Arby's just to get the roast beef
Throw her in the van and she ain't callin the police
Crack her in the mouth with the back of the chrome
heat
You ain't know a bitch suck dick better with no teeth?
Thought you knew but Boss Hogs runnin this rap shit
for real
A gun and a mask with no demo and still shoppin a
deal
Def Jam won't sign me, they just hatin and shit
Sony won't sign me cause they think I'm a Satanist
And Atlantic told me that I wouldn't make 'em no
cheddar
But Jive called me back, they need another child
molestor

[Chorus]

[Zone] Aiyyo Hog (yeah) one question
[Zone] How come they hooks don't sound like ours?
[C.T.] I don't know, I'm just smobbin
[Zone] Fo' sho'

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