

## **Boss Ac**

### **"Boyz-N-Blue"**

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(featuring Sir Daily, Kyleon & Slim Thug)

[Hook]

Boyz-N-Blue, straight at you  
Now tell me, what are you gonna do - 2x  
When we come at you

Uh, uh, uh..

[Sir Daily]

I break the microphone with ease, it's a gift to me  
I treat the track like a pigeon, just pimp the beat  
Daily sounds banging loud, like a symphony  
You fake niggaz trying to mack, it's just sense to me  
I'ma keep it on the real, bout this Hogging life  
Everyday we chasing scrill, trying to ball for life  
Keep the money on my mind, number one all time  
Other dummies gonna wine, when we come out shining  
It's plain and simple, I'ma get this do'  
Kick a nigga in his face, like I kick his do'  
Spit a nigga in the face, like I spit this flow  
Daily riding solo, known for spending his do'  
I'ma hit this hoe, then change locations  
Cause I'm hungry for the green, so I stay's impatient  
Green light on the mic, I'ma change the nation  
Sir Daily on the mic, so don't change the station

[Hook]

[Kyleon]

Killa nice with his hands, like Vince Dasene  
Keep a semi with a light, that's named Prince Hakim  
Get more respect than a king, and a prince you seen  
I heard you nice with the mic, gotta convince my team  
I wreck every beat I'm on, cause it's my duty mayn  
Make a hit and don't say shit, like Putie Tang  
I can hit a chick and don't pay shit, it's big pimping  
Rock and handcuffing or saving a trick, you big sissy  
So pay me what you owe me, on the block  
I put this part up to your Cavaliers, I'm like Kobe with  
the glock

Or Obi-One-Kinobi, with the glock  
Cause I put the beam to your head, and rob you niggaz  
blind  
When you blink, and your bread in  
Have you niggaz hollering, and scream  
When you scared in, a hospital bed  
And you dream that you dead, but you're not  
Get you shot glock, shot when it's popped  
Then it's cocked and unlocked, from the top

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

It's grind time, I'm feeling like this is my prime  
I got a lot of shit on my mind, when I put it down  
I'm trying to put seven circles, behind my dolla signs  
And push a drop top, that's hand designed  
With a B on the behind, floss like a boss  
Valet park it, run up my penthouse  
I'm hungry, tired of being Starving Marvin  
Had to hit Interscope, and tell Jimmy let's bargain  
The Dirty South Arching, belong to us  
It's us Boyz-N-Blue, leaving boys in dust  
In God we trust, cause he down with us  
My whole team supreme, hot boys sped up  
Slim Thugger, the Slim Thug that I am  
So gangsta, cause that's how my brain was  
programmed  
It's the Boss, niggaz best respect my fam  
Or catch bullets in they flesh, till my Tech 9 jam

[Hook]

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