

## **Boss Ac**

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(featuring Slim Thug, Kyleon, Chris Ward & Dre Day)

[Slim Thug]

Close your lips and open your ears, for a change  
You just might, learn some thangs  
I don't understand your plan, let me get this right  
You broke, but you grinding all day and night  
You on the block pushing caine, with Jordan's and a chain  
I know, everybody wanna have nice thangs  
But mayn, you must think the dope game is a game  
Fuck around and have yourself, catching a chain  
Better stash you some cash, for a rainy day mayn  
Cause only God knows, what tomorrow bring  
Better listen, I'm trying to stop a lot of sorrow and pain  
Cause falling on your ass, is a horrible thang  
You better listen, I talk too shit too raw explain  
Better learn from the mistakes, of the Outlaw gang  
I been there done that, fought that won that  
Lost that and got it right back, you better listen

[Hook - 2x]

Quit being hard headed (yeah I hear you mayn)  
Open your ears and just listen (yeah I hear you mayn)  
Get off your ass and do something (yeah I hear you mayn)

[Kyleon]

It's more than one way out here, to get that do'  
It don't take a rocket scientist, to get that bro  
You can get that fast, get that slow  
Hit licks with that grass, with that blow  
Or with that pads, spit that flow  
Or gamble with it, try to get back mo'  
Uh-uh not me, I refuse to lose  
You either got it or you don't, and I refuse to choose  
And candy blue's I cruise, cause if I snooze I lose  
And if I get out there bad, I just use my tools  
My mind and muscle, that helps me grind and hustle  
If it wasn't for this rap, I'd try to find a hustle  
Why niggaz sitting on they behind, steady trying to

hustle

24/7-3/65, my time to hustle

I'd be a dealer out here, I got dimes and shuffles

Kyleon, is what really defines the hustle, just listen

mayn

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

You need to quit talking so much, for a minute and  
hush

Stop trying to throw down boy, why you in such a rush

You play the game, as if you got a royal flush

But if you don't cool off, you just might get touched

I grind against the grain, and your brain like a crush

Cause for me to get mine, is a plus and a must

But listen, hustling ain't for everybody

Especially if you ain't got the heart, and you's a scary  
body

Oh but I know, you don't hear me boy

It's gon take som'ing bad to happen, for you to feel me  
boy

But I'm so sick and tired, of teaching and preaching

You ain't even meet me half way, it's like I'm the only  
one that's reaching

While you keep leaching, you gon find yourself  
smashed

Pumped up, wrecked and crashed

You must of forgot my nigga, your future's my past

You oughtta listen, 'fore you wind up on your ass

[Hook - 2x]

[Sir Daily]

On how, I got this cash

I sold zones bled mics, moved rocks and hash

I click pro long, had to get on these blocks and mash

You want your do' long, try to hit these blocks and  
mash

Be careful though, you got niggaz that watch your  
stash

And the second you slip get off his hip, gon pop your  
ass

Get a connect cop a Tech, take your prize in the dash

We balling now, hit the lot put your ride on glass

You hard headed not heated, when you ride on glass

Left it at home, but you need it when you ride on glass

Knocked off your feet you looking weak, your boys  
slide on past

Had a high class bitch, now you collide with trash

Now you the hoodrat plumber, pushing hoodrat lil'

mama

Laid up with the slut, and caught the high five from her  
Now you lying like a plumber, sick broke and in drama  
Should of listened

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