

Boss Ac

"Whatcha Know"

Visit "[Whatcha Know](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(featuring Slim Thug, Chris Ward & Sir Daily)

(*talking*)

Slim Thugger uh, Boss Hogg Outlawz
We be the Boyz N Blue nigga, we be the Boyz N Blue

[Slim Thug]

Mic check 1-2, 1-2
Residing the Boss, of the Boyz N Blue
Young Slim T, H-U to the G
Bout to get this shit jumping, like it's 'pose to be
I keep the dro close to me, stays in the party mode
And get thoed, when the hand of Bacardi hold
We like the kind, that blow pound for pound
Rolling town to town, Boss Hogg with the top down
Surround sound, got the streets on hit
And all the bopping hoes, on dick
And all the hating niggaz sick, cause we blew up quick
Same boys that we grew up with, trying to get the shit
That Slim get, cause Slim's the shit
And so is his click, and so is his chick
We blast off fast, shot from cross the bricks
So when you see me rolling, in my drop top Caddy
Throw your peace sign, and say hey pimp daddy

[Hook - 2x]

What you know about, them Dirty South Hoggs
What you know about, them young Outlawz
What you know about, my gangsta crew ha
What you know about, them Boyz N Blue nigga

[Chris Ward]

Off top bitch, you know who
C. Ward Mobstyle, and with them Boyz N Blue
It's the yellow bone puller, from the Yellowstone Boule'
You know me, and what I stay gon full of
Blazing and dazing, off that purple dank
Sometimes leaning and codeine'ing, off that purple
drank
I'm bout to introduce you, to the syrup and soda
Cause y'all know how we do, we put our syrup in soda

Your girl controller, smell this fresh herb I rolled up
When you smoke you choke, and your eyes look swoll
up
They call me Chris Ward, I know you heard the name
It's common like catching a Colombian, with a bird of
caine
I'm hot, so hot I could burn a flame
You ought to listen to me Watts, now you could learn
some thangs
When I'm perving mayn, I swerve through lanes
Blessing the ghettos, with my gutter herb and slang
It's M.O.B. style, I need not go no further mayn
Why rain on em, when I could form a hurricane nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Sir Daily]

Now I'm a young money maker, down low cake baker
Break a hoe like a pimp, cause I'm not your savior
Paint wet like a sailor, when I'm flipping in gator
Turn the page on you haters, never trusting you traitors
All these hoes trying to date us, see we richer with
vapor
Young nigga getting money, never missing my paper
Snakes dwelling in my yard, laying low and waiting
I'ma break off the breaker, cause I know they hating
Throwing bows till I fold, ain't no escaping
Show's over do's closed, I'm a pro at breaking
These tracks, how you think I got these stacks
Hustle on the block, moving my cheese packs
Busting at the cops, fool I squeeze gats
Thugging till I'm out, like Roxenette
I'm busting on your mouth, if you stop green backs
It's rugged down South, so we crawl clean Lacs

[Hook - 4x]

Visit [Boss Ac](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.