

E.s.g. & Slim Thug "I'm The Boss"

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[talking]

Hope my mic on out there, ha
Cause if its on, y'all gon feel it
Know I'm talkin bout
E.S.G. and Slim Thug, we the boss hogg outlaws
Ha, we out here grinding, putting in work, ha
Traveling state to state, doing shows
Putting it down, and I'll be damned
If we don't be the ones that get paid for it nigga, ha

[Chorus]

We use to get paid selling zones for them
And then we started making rap songs for them
But how come we ain't rolling on chrome like them
See I know (what's up) that's something's wrong

This year baby see I'm the boss, boss
(they told me take my chain off, let my body defrost)

This year baby I'm the boss, boss
(they told me take my chain off, let my body defrost)

[E.S.G.]

P-I-M-Pology, ain't no record label
Pimping me, feel me
E.S.G. drop ki, like I drop a c.d.
Boss Hogg Documentary, DVD
Ten G's to feast, Slim and E we the baddest
Boss Hogg L dog, like the dukes of hazard
Playa hatas wanna ride, on chrome like them
I guess they like the Gucci shades, with the stones in
them
You wanna see E flow, you can see E flow
Just pay, eat the dough cause he the C.E.O.
Gotta settle the score, you so called Freestyle King
Better be about your green, little Freestyle Queen
Wanna be up on my team, we got mo mail
Yo shit hardly to scale, as Southwest Wholesale
Get off my co-tail, play your cards right, you know that
we aces
Platinum stars, platinum cars, toting platinum
briefcases

[Chorus]

[Slim Thug]

P-I-M-Pology, ain't no record label
Pimping me, the Slim T
I had to get my mind right, before I get my grind right
Making sure I shine bright, when I'm in the spotlight
I grab the mic and take flight, displaying my skills
I took a shortcut to make mills, I pay my own bills
I'm the Boss C.E.O., making sho my do' ain't low
I refuse to be in store, and still be living po'
Um no not me, you think I ain't watch me
You boys can't stop me, Sugarland's where you'll spot
me
Living like I hit the lottery, can't hide my stash
I want a hundred percent cash, everytime I mash
S-Class in the grass, bought a S-type Jag
Platinum Bentley Azure, with the matching gray rag
Let my Gucci jeans sag, Slim Thug don't play
I'm making C.E.O. pay, when its my pay day

[Chorus]

[Slim Thug]

I'm the boss, when I'm flossing my boss like a boss
My house decked out like a boss, cause I'm the boss
I paid the cost, full pay, its all work no play
I'ma let the a.k. spray, if you hata in my way
Everyday like my birthday, you think I ain't got dough
You can catch me at the Matches, pouring mo' on the
flo', hoe

[E.S.G.]

Kick it with us, you hear two crooks flows
You come to my house, you see some ten foot doors
Church stained windows, optimoes of endo
Winter time no Pinto, just hard top Bentlos
Two doggs, we cash flowed they can't stand the boss
We hopping over hata like Randy Moss huh

[Chorus]

You ain't pimping me no mo' (no mo')
I ain't gonna be your hoe (hell nah)
I need my money when I'm spitting, let me get that
Come up short with my scratch, I ain't with that, huh
[x2]

Nigga I'm throwed...

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