

## **E.s.g. & Slim Thug "Watch Out!"**

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(feat. H.A.W.K.)

[Chorus]

Watch out Boss Hogg is coming through  
We holding it down (hold it down baby)  
And everybody that's running they mouth  
We gon shut y'all down, shut y'all down  
All my thugs and my g's who paid they dues  
This year we gon shine  
And everybody that's on the grind  
Keep money on your mind, on your mind

[H.A.W.K.]

I shut em down, cut em down, quick to throw my weight  
around  
To yellow bone or sugar brown, Boss Hogg we holding  
on  
We getting our glow on, and so on and so on  
If niggas talking down, that's something you can blow  
on  
And this song's to let you know, be real about your do'  
Keep your mind on pay roll, and I guarantee you'll get  
mo'  
Watch how quick you be rich, I strongly suggest  
Get your paper and invest, and don't settle for second  
best

[E.S.G.]

Southside official, Screwed Up Click original  
You went down to 99, you not a percent artificial  
Playa hating me detrimental, better watch what you say  
This dream team bout green, BB King on my two way  
Telling me, E.S.G. let me do a story on your life  
To show the world how u emerge, to splurge your ice  
Slim and H.A.W.K. on the right, with Key and Mike we  
assassin  
Fat checks we cash em, shut em down to mash em, huh

[Chorus]

[Slim Thug]

Watch out, here come them hogs, in them big L dogs

You wanna see somebody ball, follow us to the mall  
I need my money tall, when I talk I walk  
It's Slim Thug, E.S.G., and my dog Big H.A.W.K.  
Living laid in the shade, all dues been paid  
To tell the truth we got it made, something hateras can't  
fade  
Riding thick like a parade, shutting all blocks down  
Bout to show the whole world, how that H-Town clown

[H.A.W.K.]

Make way, for the H-A-W-K  
You can bet your last dolla, I got something to say  
I'm not caring like Donna, with mo' hits than Madonna  
I got niggas out here, trying peep my persona  
Ask your baby mama, bout Slim and E  
She got fucked by them, then got fucked by me  
This the big three, G-R-I-N-D  
I-N-G, all about the currency, what

[Chorus]

[E.S.G.]

B's for Boss Ballas, best believe we bout bread  
O's for off the chain, when we swang we turn heads  
The double S is for the Southside, on my SS Impala  
Ah fuck it, this year it's staying stacking dollas  
Saranada enemies, g's in my facinity  
The H is for you hoes, with homosexual tendencies  
The O's for ounce of do-do, and optimo nigga  
The double G for ghetto gold, getting green and go-  
getter

[Slim Thug]

Some hard hitters bout our figgas, out that Texas  
nigga  
We pull triggas on fake niggas, bullshittas and quittas  
We shut em down, top bound, turning smiles to frowns  
Going round for round, from each town to town  
The new pitcher on the mound, is the Mr. Slim Thug  
The young boss out the North, that sell like drugs  
Show me love, cause this year Boss Hogg gon shine  
We on a million dolla grind in our times, watch out

[Chorus x2]

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