

# **Boss Hogg Outlawz**

## **"Boss Hogg Outlawz"**

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(featuring Sir Daily, Kyleon, Chris Ward & Slim Thug)

[Intro: Slim Thug]

Working my wood, through my city  
Breaking boys off, every night and day  
And I never got, one minute of sleep  
Cause I ball and say fuck, what them haters say  
The wood wheels, keep on turning  
And them ball bats, keep on burning  
Cause we rolling (rolling), rolling yeah (rolling)  
Rolling through the city

(\*talking\*)

Ha-ha-ha-ha, that shit was hot G  
In one baby, let's use it, uh-uh  
Yeah-yeah, uh-uh, yeah-yeah, uh  
Boss Hogg Outlaw niggaz

[Hook]

G-A-N-G-S-T-A, B-O-S-S H-O-G-G  
O-U-T-L-A-W-Z, Boss Hogg Outlaw gangstas

[Slim Thug]

It's him Slim, T-H-U-G  
But it's true it's me, on your mother's T.V  
On your brother's c.d., on your sister's wall  
The same dude, that your big sister call  
All day all night, but she not my type  
Unless she the type, to up it in one night  
I tend to get impatient, can't stand waiting  
Chicks be hating, so I quit dating  
I stay skating, 22 inch shoes  
The Boyz N Blue, giving boys the blues  
Your toys is cool, but Blue Boyz come through  
And make you and all, your boy toys old new  
Who want drama, Sir get the Hummer  
We bout to bang up the block, like a drummer  
For 2 double O-4, it's the Boss Hogg summer  
First place in the race, and we'll walk for the number go

[Hook - 2x]

[Kyleon]

K to the Yizzi, L to the izzE  
Switch lanes in a Lac, the made it 3's get me dizzy  
I'm low, in a Lexus 4's Spre-O  
You steady passing by saying, watching how slow he  
go  
Everytime I'm in the whip, you see the Rolly glow  
I'm on dubs and skidding my tires, like Polly-O  
Ba-da, like Cube Mack or WC  
I'm sitting large on a foreign, just like my dubs be  
My car packed shorty, just like the club be  
I'm sitting low to the ground, just like the bugs be  
My baby mama fuck a G, she learning to love a G  
Celebrity, chicks be waiting in line to hug a G  
On X and Bubbly, fame is to my soul  
My body be shaking and shivering, my shoes are cold  
We letting them dogs out, I'm talking Lex and vogues  
That spit wide body low, to them attached the 4's

[Hook - 2x]

[Sir Daily]

It's the grain butter lover, lane and gutter hugger  
Swinging wide frame, showing banging burning rubber  
Spinning 20 inches, paint change another color  
Hating niggaz utter, Sir Daily a mo'fucker  
I'm shutting down the spot, close the curtain show's  
over  
We bout to drop it, try to stop and pull me over  
But I keep mashing, speeding through the intersection  
Hiding from the laws, like an illegal Mexican  
See the ice rocks, wrist chain and watch  
Blue Boyz hop out, we entertain the lot  
You see the screens glowing, paint wet and shining  
Wanna know how I done it, I got that from grinding  
Young money maker, flashing my jewels  
Break the laws at all cause, with a bad attitude  
Doing what I do, flipping the script  
We ball till we fall, nigga get you some grip cause uh

[Hook - 4x]

Yeah-yeah, uh-uh, yeah-yeah, uh  
Boss Hogg Outlaw niggaz

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