

Boss Hogg Outlawz

"Boyz N' Blue Flow 2"

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(*talking*)

Jiggy check, Boyz N' Blue
Exclusive shit freestyle, I'm C. Wigga
Ya know ay, you wanna see my what
Uh yeah uh say, look out

[Chris Ward]

I ain't got a grill lil' ma, I got some chains
I got a mill lil' ma, but I got some change
I'm so fresh, so motherfucking clean
Make the scene, look like it done goggled some
Listerine
This all the time, everytime with me
They call me C dot W-A-R-D
You see I'm some'ing like a playa, some'ing like G
And I bet some'ing on some'ing, you ain't nothing like
me
I wreck the flow, whenever I feel like
I go hard, just like I'm a steel pipe
I bring the pain, bring the game
I changed the game, I changed the frame
I pull up in that wide frame, dropping the top
If I'm not I'm in a old school, hopping the hop
Making it jump making it drop, making it flip
Making it flop, making them 84's wop
Making them vogues hop, up and down the boulevard
It's that nigga still dranked out, and I'm full of 'Nod
With PJ, Sir Daily and Slim Thee
Killa Kyleon, is right behind we
In the, CTS
My nigga D-1 behind him, in that new DTS we fresh

(*talking*)

Like that nigga, Outlaw Season
We flyer, than a motherfucker
It's your nigga, Sir Daily baby

[Sir Daily]

Hop in on the flow, and I wreck the beat
Come through looking good, and I'm on a sweet
And a cold cup, and you know it's muddy

Northside Houston Texas, yup them my buddies
Them my dogs, in them what L-dogs
Coming through the parking lot, working wood log
Top drop top tossing, the trunk pop
Everything looking good, rims don't stop
Grill looking icy, chain is too
Coming through the damn lane, leaving it blue
On them swangs too, maybe 24's
Got plenty money, got plenty hoes
Pass em round through the click, let my boys fuck
I ain't even tripping, plenty noise in my truck
Got bang got ice grill, ice chain
Pockets looking swolled, Daily got's to do my thang
On the flow, I'ma just do the what thang
I ain't even tripping, might have to move the caine
In the trap, I'ma break the rap
Nigga talk shit, I'ma pull a strap
Click-clack, like my nigga Slim Thugga
I'ma burn rubber, 24 inch cutters
Never stutter, I got's to go long
Break the microphone, my voice going strong
I ain't tripping, big drank sipping
Lane to lane switching, I'm grain gripping
Off the dome, got's to go long
PJ backdo' me, I'm off the microphone

[PJ]

It's P, to the motherfucking J
Catch me in the kitchen, and I'm cooking up the yay
It's that work, it's that boy Purt
When I pull up in some'ing good, I got's to hurt
Yes I'm dripping candy, boys don't understand me
Might ride down Little York, banging Brandy
Banging some'ing hard, no I don't bar
It's the PJ, and I'm far from a fraud
Boss Hogg Outlawz, Boyz N' Blue click
Got's to come through, in a what type whip
That's the what car, sipping on bar
In my what hood, I'm a ghetto superstar
Hogging shining, diamonds be blinding
When I'm coming through, yes I keep my hoes minding
Yes I got hoes, might ride 4's
Got's to come through, keep the crease in my clothes
Roc-A-Wear pants, Roc-A-Wear shirt
Catch me in my hood, and I'm putting in work
I might sell X, I might sell drank
Might cash a check, go 'head to the bank
Cash what the profit, no I can't stop it
Might hit a switch, hell yeah I'ma drop it
Drop it on a slab, giving boys dab
Back in the game, Purt use to call cabs

Now I'm riding chrome, out the Acres Home
Hop on the mic, gon get my flow on
Going off the dome, yes I go long
It's that PJ, hollin' at that damn whoadie out the Stone
Them my damn dogs, out the motherfucking click
Boss Hogg Outlawz, yeah we getting rich
I ain't playing, no fucking games
Catch you what talking down, going for your brain
I'ma what aim, I'ma aim the glock
Bust me a shot, now your ass out
Bring the yellow tape, the track got raped
It's the PJ, I know these boys gon hate
I know they talking down, but I'ma what shine
I'ma come through, get the shit up off my mind
Stack my feddy, yes I'm ready
I ain't even tripping, on the flow I'm deadly
I can what wreck, I can what preach
I ain't even tripping, yeah pull out the sweep
That's the streetsweeper, late night creeper
Back in the game, use to have the damn beeper

[Kyleon]

Use to have the beeper, flows like either I'm hot
Get out of line, boys finna get shot
With the glock, that's my damn nina
It's the boy Kyleon, I stay's mo' cleaner
Evesal on my ass, might be in white T
Looking at my feet, I see the Air Force Ones fucking
Nike
Means they like me, but I'm not a Franchise Boy
Killa Kyleon, I'm the real deal McCoy
Holla at my boy, that's the damn whoadie
Looking at the time, I see platinum eyes Roley
Holla at the Eat Em boys, out the Acres Home
It's the boy Killa, and I'm riding on chrome
Got's to go long, got's to just wreck it
Not 9-6, I ain't finna show my naked
Putting on my clothes, I'm putting red monkey
It's the boy Killa, I'm a freestyle junkie
Holla, at the fucking PJ
Might see me and my dog, on the damn freeway
In the GT, that's the Bentley Coupe
Smelling like jook, got's to say oops
Cause I might fall off, no sir I'm not having it
Get the microphone, Kyleon's gon grabbing it
Looking at the cabinet, hold up man I done fucked up
Damn, I done fucked up

[Slim Thug]

Boy done fucked up, go on 'head pass the flow
Grab the microphone, let the Boss Man go

Gon talk shit, don't love a bitch
Boss Hogg Outlawz, yeah that's the click
It's Outlaw season, haters stop breathing
I'ma bust the tech, till you haters get to leaving
Leaving the earth, been a baller since birth
Gotta shoot the deuce, to the C and the Pur
And my nigga Killa, can't forget about the Dai'
Every Sunday, we at the park is how we play
With the trunk open, yellow hoes scoping
I'ma swang the swangs, till the swangs get broken
H-Town repping, high steaks stepping
Coming through the boulevard, Boss Hogg repping
Representing the click, leaving boys sick
Bitches on dick, cause a nigga got rich
Got a lot of paper, you can't fuck with me
If you got a problem with the Boss, come get me
Quit all the talking, start with the walking
I'ma I-leave these boys dead, wrapped in chalk'n
Cause I ain't playing, Northside staying
Been the first nigga, with the grill and you know what
I'm saying
In the Tex, invisible set cut
I don't give a fuck, bout a motherfucking slut
Keep a bitch with a big fat butt, on my side
When I ride through the North, South or Eastside
Can't forget about the West, keep a hundred thousand
on my chest
Don't bar plex, and I represent the Tex
If you niggaz disrespect, you get killed
All about getting my fucking paper, yeah the scrill
Stay dollar bills, stay up in my pocket
When you see the Boss riding clean, you can't knock it
Got up on my hustle, got up on my grind
When I hit the H-Town streets, yeah I shine
Shutting boys down, been doing it for a couple years
Man them haters see me man, I make em wanna cry
tears
Cause a nigga, looking good
Representing for the Homestead, that's the hood
All the way over, to the motherfucking Acres
Had to show them boys, Northside stacking paper
Never been a bitch, never been a hoe
Grab the microphone, I'm a freestyle pro
All about the do', can't spit shit so-so
Riding on fo' 4's, hell yeah I'm bl-blowing on the dro
Gotta, keep it lit
When them hoes see me, hell yeah I'm the shit
Dropping bumper kits, when I pull up on the scene
Might ride blue, or I might ride gleam fuck

(*talking*)

Come on with it G
Give it to me again dog, I'm fucked up

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