

Boss Hogg Outlawz

"I Got it Like That Flow"

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(*talking*)

Run it, gangstas and gentlemen
It's your boy, Killa nigga (they know who it is)
That's right nigga, run it yeah
That's right, the truth in this bitch nigga
The truth in this motherfucker nigga, (Killa)

[Kyleon]

On and on, and my glock I'm palming
Take two shots, and call me in the morning
You ain't gotta see P. Diddy, to get a warning
Or go to Big Poppa, to ask him who shot ya
I'm the doctor, this lyrical surgery
The truth in the booth, while y'all committing purgery
I'm a star on these tracks G, go and ask P
With the flow, water's the only thing that can match me
Apply pressure, that'll knock off your shoulders
I'm finna to do away with these, knock off Hovas
Spit a sixteen, end your careers
Since you can't see me, tell somebody lend you a ear
Now they listening, the picture's clear
I'm in the top spot, whack raps can't get you here
And that's the reason, why I got this nice bling
With these Bathing Apes fits, and this kicks by Ice
Cream

[PJ]

Six in the morning, back on the block
With a big black glock, and a pack full of rocks
Back on top, out of the FED's
Outlaw nigga, back getting his bread
Straight from the hood, that's all I know
Sell grams of this dro, or grams of blow
Hustler fa sho, the O.G.'s told me
Trust no nigga, do my dirt by my lonely
Most niggaz fony, fraud as hell
Rap or the trap, got bars for sale
Niggaz be hating, pay em no mind
Keep fucking they bitches, stay on my grind
Hate to see a nigga shine, mad and shit
Niggaz act like, they never had shit

PJ nigga, G fa sho
Just hit a nigga up, when you need that snow

[Chris Ward]

My flow is hell-a-vicious, your's is repetitious
I's a playa spread the word, go tell them bitches
They just mad at me, and hate me gladly
Cause I ain't they baby daddy, pushing that baby caddy
See I'm that nig, they call C. Wig
That pump more oil, than a fucking oil rig
I got a style, that the whole world can dig
And I can make any track, snap like a twig
Even though my flow, is kinda hard to catch on
You gotta do like Lambo doors, and latch on
On my hip like a phone clip, the strap is attached on
If you disrespect the kid, leave half your back gone
See all my life, I done rolled with G's
Thugstas hustlers, and I roll with thieves
You niggaz, is pussy
You need to check yourself between the legs, to see if
you got ovaries
As for me, my pockets stay overdosed with these
And I got more dames, than churches got rosaries
Yeah-yeah I'm C. Wiggity Whoadie Weez
With a attitude, that can take on four of me's
I got goals, for the future
And one of them is to sell c.d.'s, overseas
I mean I'm to the point, where I'm trying to weigh my
own salaries
Hundred percent fat, plus high counts of calories
You know, I get in these hoes head like allergies
And have em bidding over the dick, like they at those
galleries
These new rappers, don't flatter me
Even though they say imitation, is the highest form of
flattery

(*talking*)

Thank ya but no thank ya, dick riders

[Slim Thug]

The Boss is back, the Boss is back
I told P let a G, G talk to that
You wanna be like the Boss, it'll cost you black
Saw a lot of good years, I'm a flosser black
Whether rap or crack, the money the proof
A straight hustler from the youth, nigga that's the truth
When y'all was shooting hoops, through the nets and
loops
I was standing on the block, or standing in the booth
Like I'ma get it, like Nino or Snoop shit

Either or, but fuck being poor
I'ma walk up the block, till my legs get sore
Spit hits in the mic, till my throat get raw
Run the streets, if it's peace or war
If I gotta squash beef, shoot the heat some more
We're here this evening, for one reason
To keep the streets bleeding, this Outlaw season
The light green, for me and my dream team
To be scene from Queens, to the streets of Beijing
So clean when I hit the scene hot new drop
New bop on the block, picking up a new knot
Got the number one spot, records sell or not
Nan nigga wanna see me, in that parking lot
Nan nigga wanna see me, when it come to the
diamonds
I'll blind him, you crazy I'll out shine him
Rock in the pinky ring, cost mo' than your set up
Chain so heavy, I can barely hold my head up
You seen a yard, with this many cars
Whatever you ain't making no sense, lil' man just shut
up

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