

Boss Hogg Outlawz

"Please Flow"

Visit "[Please Flow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Yeah-yeah uh, this your nig' C. Wig ya dig
Getting real-real ghetto, gutter in here for ya
The mic one time, I got this right flow
You gonna feel it, check me out one time two times

[Chris Ward]

A lot of hoe niggaz speaking war, but really mean
peace
Fuck hibernation, cause I am a mean beast
I love the South, I was raised on these mean streets
I run through dirty turf, and still I come out with clean
cleats
Look you looking for some work, in the green sheets
Fuck that, I'll get you some work to stack some green
sheets
As far as the hustle, you don't know how much time I
spent
On the grind, trying to structure and design my print
I'm the one behind the chrome grill, behind the Bent'
And you could see the pinky ring on the wheel, behind
the tint
Along with that the bracelet, and the charm got freeze
A lot of niggaz play hard, but softer than hot cheese
I'm C. Wigga, or C. Weez
The same one that told y'all, he's fresher than Free
Breeze
I'm still most wanted, still most hated
My mail comes heavily steadily, whether or not it's post
dated
And cause I'm out on bond, they say I'm a mobster
But I ain't looking for trouble, I'm just looking to prosper
You might catch me eating chicken and shrimp,
fetticini pasta
M.O.B.'s my tree, and S.U.C. is the roster
I stay's on my grizzlet, because I got's to
One day I'm Dickie suited, the next day it's Las Costa
But if you'd like, you could come to my la casa
Then you'll understand why, I walk and talk with a
posture
That let's you know, that I'm one of the freshest

But if you play with me, I'll leave you and your crew
stretched out on stretchers nigga
See you, ain't gotta like my kind
Matter of fact, you ain't gotta like my rhymes
That's why everytime I spit it, I make sure you feel it
And let these haters know, I got a trifling mind bitch

(*talking*)

Yeah, that's real spit
Like 40 Water would say, say

I grind cause I gotta grind, shine cause I gotta shine
I'm the reason that they wearing shades, cause I got
em blind - 2x

[Kyleon]

I speak the truth, like I'm rapping at the King James
You know what that mean mayn, Kyleon the king mayn
You just a baby boy, Kyleon Ving Rhames
I'm H-Town's rookie of the year, call me King James
Lebron, Kyleon's the one motherfucker
Diamonds down, Kyleon shine like the sun
motherfucker

The booth Jesus, God's son motherfucker
Got that blow flow, and got it by the ton motherfucker
Not Juvenile, but Kyle stick to the G-code
My shit is fo' hundred degrees, damn he thoed
I speak heat, like my pen got gonerhea
My sheet's my freak, so you geeks don't wanna see her
Dead End, that's the block that I'm repping
Act like you got plex, and I'ma cock that weapon
And make a nigga get to stepping, like Martin
Fuck up they face, and have it looking like Martin

Visit [Boss Hogg Outlawz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.