

Boss Hogg Outlawz "Presidential Flow"

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[Talking]

G'eah Slim Thugger, Killa Kyleon, C. Ward
PJ, Daily, we the Boyz N Blue

[Slim Thug]

Yeah we stackin' that green, naw mean?
Big Boss, and that Outlaw team
Pullin' up clean, blue wit' the screens
Niggaz ain't seen, another crew this mean
Take it back to the North, back wit' the Boss
Been wreckin' decks, since back at the house
Haters disrespect, gettin' smacked in the mouth
Niggaz play hard, but they actin' they soft
How we ride, wit' the steel
Fuck with us, and you gon' get killed
From the land of the trill, yeah we represent the Tex'
Don't bar plex, come playin get checked
Get your hoe ass wrecked, tryin' to bring it to the Boss
I'll get your ass done, it don't matter what it cost
We floss that blue, do it for the crew
Old school Caddy, or the new slabs too
Paul Wall what it do? Who Mike Jones?
Boys mad at us, 'cause we gettin' our shine on
Put it in they face, put 'em in they place
Gotta let 'em know, who the leaders of the race
Boss Hogg Outlawz, stacking that change
Jackers be aware, we packin' that thang
Run your ass up, and I'ma rat-a-tat mayn
I ain't playin' no games, I'ma aim for the brain

[PJ]

It's PJ, the rap hustler
Goin' off, on these player hatin' suckers
I'm from the Nawf, side of town
Boys bout it over here, we on the grind
I came up, it feel good
Ain't a damn thang changed, I'm still hood
Boss Hogg, Outlawz
Fake niggaz, put your back against the wall
Doin' shows, pimpin' hoes
Pullin' out, on a glass set of 4's
What we ride, that blue

What we bang, that screw
Big piece, fulla ice
Boyz N Blue, nothin' nice
I go off, I go hard
It's whatever, I don't bar

[Sir Daily]

Here come Daily, in that wide frame thang
Slidin' down the block, wit' a fine dime mayn
Times ain't changed, so these chickens still clockin'
dollas
But I tell 'em what I'm 'bout, hit the twat and holla
I'm a Boss Hogg nigga, we all of that
One hitter quitter nigga, who don't call 'em back
And when they see me, they be like Daily you wrong for
that
'Cause he don't speak, he just say move along get back
That's my team, on the scene
On glass, wit' the screens lookin' clean
On dro, wit' the lean
Boss Hogg Outlawz, the number one team

[Chris Ward]

I'm C-Wiggy, my flow be jiggy
These niggaz mad at me, just because they girls dig
me
I got so many clothes, I dress fresher than most hoes
So many shoes, I give Michael Jordan the blues
So many furs, some his and some her's
I do what I does, 'cause I does what I do
I pop tags like trunks, on slabs
Peel back tops, like unhealed scabs
Throwin' up the deuce, and givin' real niggaz daps
If haters run up, then them punks can catch jabs
(C. Ward you so ghetto) My nigga that's the truth
(And why's that hole in your car?) My nigga that's the
roof
(And why my ears keep ringin') My nigga that's them
speakers
(Why you got mirrors on your tires?) My nigga that's
them sneakers
(And why your car look like a serpent?) My nigga that's
that paint
(And why's it foggy inside?) My nigga that's that stank
You see these major labels, want me worse than the
Feds
'Cause my flows feed niggaz, like jail house spreads
These hoes call me Simon, 'cause they do what I says
Plus I got my money long, like Jamaican dreads
I'm Chris Wizzard, I go so hizzard
Stay away from phonies, fakers, haters and frizzauds

Rappers mad at me, 'cause my flow is like a retard
But really I think, it's 'cause I done cut up they
brizzoads

[Killa Kyleon]

I'm the MVP, Kyleon the one
It's Outlaw Season, Kyleon LeBron
Badge on my neck, just shinin' like the sun
Put the heat to the sheet, and cook a beat till it's done
I get paid when I rap, this not a freestyle bro
I got a paid style, not a freestyle flow
Ten thee for the show, fifteen for the flow
And another fifteen, if you wanna scope blow
I got bills, got drank, and a connect on the dro
That's why the diamond chain, look like a neck fulla
snow
In a wide body 'Lac, and I'm next to your hoe
With her head in my lap, and she peckin' me slow
Got the pop trunk glowin', and the bumper kit huh
Ice pack on my wrist, like a nigga shit's sprung
Somebody call lost and found, because my top missin'
I done made it disappear, just like a magician
Killa

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