

## **Boss Hogg Outlawz**

### **"Recognize a Playa"**

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Recognize A Playa - Boss Hogg Outlawz

Genre/Lang. : Hip-Hop

(Feat. Slim Thug)

Slim Thug:

Say Bitch, I know you see us.

All these mothafuckin' diamonds, all this candy around  
ya -

You can't help but see us.

Hah!

Chorus (x2):

I'm pullin' out clean (clean)

You already know (know)

I'm leanin' off the drank and I'm smellin' like the dro  
(that's right)

Stacks in my pocket and my shine on glow,

You better recognize a playa when he step through the  
door. (through the door!)

Chris Ward:

Yeah yeah,

Open ya eyes and recognize a playa when you see one,  
Instead of always hatin' on one, try to be one!

Couja clothes, J's on my toes,

Fruit Loop necklace with iced-out rows,

My wrist so froze,

Everybody knows when I step through the doors,

Hand-cuff ya hoes!

I'm so fresh you could smell ya boy through a stuffy  
nose.

They call me Chris Wizard, that's just how it goes.

PJ:

What? Step on the scene (what?)

You know I'm lookin' tight (lookin' tight)

Sippin' drank so you know I got a purple Sprite (purple  
Sprite)

Pocket full of cash (fo sho!)

Neck full of ice (shinin')  
I'm in my zone so I'm tryin' to find somethin' nice  
(what?)  
Badge on my neck, (badge)  
I'm talkin' big rocks (rocks)  
V-12 valet'd in the parkin' lot.  
Gettin' my shine on (what?)  
That's what playas do.  
PJ the rap hustla, he done came through.

Chorus (x2):  
I'm pullin' out clean (clean)  
You already know (know)  
I'm leanin' off the drank and I'm smellin' like the dro  
(that's right)  
Stacks in my pocket and my shine on glow,  
You better recognize a playa when he step through the  
door. (through the door!)

I'm pullin' out clean  
Heavy hitters team,  
Cleaner's tag on my jeans,  
And a pocket full of green.  
We the dream team for the state of that Tex,  
Leavin stains of the bar when we break in the 6,  
You already know when we crawl down slow,  
Wrist lit up and a big chain on my throat,  
Candy paint coat got my frame drippin'  
And I'ma move packs similar like a chain shipment.

Slim Thug:  
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!  
I'm slidin' on the glass,  
Got butter on my ass,  
Just got my license back, still tryin'a do the dash,  
Everything paid cash,  
No notes, no leases,  
You broke ass niggas payin' notes on Visas,  
4's poke spokes creepin' on a block near you,  
Watchin boppers jock, lookin' in my rear view,  
20/20 vision, see haters in clear view,  
That's why I'm chunkin' deuces,  
I ain't goin near you!

Chorus (x2):  
I'm pullin' out clean (clean)  
You already know (know)  
I'm leanin' off the drank and I'm smellin' like the dro  
(that's right)  
Stacks in my pocket and my shine on glow,  
You better recognize a playa when he step through the

door. (through the door!)

Chris Ward:

Yeah yeah!

I'm back again like you owe me some cash flow,  
Most wanted, but most feared, like Fidel Castro.  
My pocket's over weight, so they call me fatso,  
Others call me bright lights 'cus the way that my badge  
glow.

PJ:

What? Back though, feelin' fine, flowin' on some killer  
pine, (killa)

Puttin' boys in they place when they see that blue line  
(what?)

On my game, havin' things, hoggin' in that turnin' lane  
(uh!)

Chicks hoppin' in the ride, hydro burnin', mayne.  
(what?)

Sir Daily:

You know that's it, cuz,

S-I-R-ah,

And outside Houtson, Texas boys on the borrow,

I ain't even trippin',

I'm on that dro, too,

24s on my low, comin' candy blue,

Slim Thug:

You know the Boss talk G shit daily,

Want somethin' free? No. Fuck you, pay me!

Pockets so fat lil niggas can't out-weigh me.

Y'all small, Slim ballin' like (Mc)Grady.

Chorus (x2):

I'm pullin' out clean (clean)

You already know (know)

I'm leanin' off the drank and I'm smellin' like the dro  
(that's right)

Stacks in my pocket and my shine on glow,

You better recognize a playa when he step through the  
door. (through the door!)

Slim Thug:

Yeah. So that's how it is mayne, ya know what I'm  
sayin'?

You can see the Boys in Blue in a hood near you, you  
know what I'm sayin'?

Ridin' in with something with no mothafuckin' top.

Hundred-thousand around the neck,

Hundred-thousand around the wrist,

Hundred-thousand on the mothafuckin' pinky ring...  
'Cus we mothafuckin' bosses,  
Gettin' this mothafuckin' money!  
Yeah

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