

## **Boss Hogg Outlawz**

### **"Soul Survivor Flow"**

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(\*talking\*)

Outlaw nigga, that's what this is nigga  
The truth is in the booth, on this one here  
Killa, this for all my niggaz on the grind mayn  
All them niggaz in the trap, to damn near 6 in the  
morning  
Getting that bread this for you nigga, hey run it

[Hook]

And if you looking for me, I'll be on the block  
With them rocks, trying to move em all till I sell out  
Because I'm a outlaw, because I'm a outlaw  
Cooking chickens in the kitchen, pyrexes in the scale  
Doing what I gotta do, just so I can make mail  
Because I'm a outlaw, because I'm a outlaw

[Kyleon]

At night I can't sleep, I'm making my mail  
Pyrex in the microwave, I'm weighing a scale  
Watching my back for them haters, hoping they don't  
tell  
The FED's to kick in my do', so they can take me to jail  
And even though them streets hot, Killa still on the  
grind  
Rain snow or sunshine man, I'm still on the grind  
Taking Penitentiary chances, to feed my daughter  
Can't stop the block rolling, and they need them orders

[Hook]

[P]

6 in the morning, still on the block pumping  
Daughter need shoes, nigga gotta do something  
Eyes bloodshot, I ain't slept in three days  
Laying in the bushes, boys got three K's  
Came up rough, got my game from the block  
Got niggaz dead, got niggaz on lock  
Doing what I gotta, cause a nigga gotta get it  
Game to be sold, listen to a nigga spit it what

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

I'm in my granny's house in Washington, trying to cook  
in the kitchen

I'm upstairs in the bathroom with a microwave, cooking  
a pigeon

A few hours later, I'm on the street looking and pitching  
Someone was paid to come see me, so I took they  
admission

Ay I'm optimistic, so I look with ambition

Got a focused eye sight, so I look with precision

I look with a vision, you niggaz can't see what I see

And every hood is my hood, but you can't be where I be  
Nigga, C. Wigga got the block on lock

And the army green H.D., and the glock on cock

Cause these haters'll try to play ya, on the strip

So it gotta be known, you won't hesitate to spray a clip

So here's a tip, don't forget that I'm one of the one's

That'll let my youngn's run through ya, like a box a  
honey buns

And um all I hang around, is bosses and dons

And I don't mind the grind, all take a million in all ones

[Hook]

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