

Boss Hogg Outlawz "Wood Wheel"

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[Chorus] X2

Now I got to grip, my wood grain wheel
Now I got to grip, my wood grain wheel
Now I got to grip, my wood grain wheel
Trunk is steady bumping, grill steady coming

[Intro over chorus - Slim Thug]

Yeah, it's time to pull them slabs out mane
It's slab season, that boy Mr. Lee act a fool with this one
North side where you at? South side where you at?
The East, West where you at mane?
It's time to get your shine on mane
Pull the candy out on them boys
Holler at them Thug
Thugga!

[Verse 1 - Slim Thug]

I'm taking off down the runway, broad day Sunday
Haters looking at me, I ain't playing nothing but gun
play
Hand on my grain, while I'm swinging on the one way
Boppers everywhere, I see it'll be a fun day
I might as well stay up all night, till it's Monday
My shit'll probably end up, where my son stay
Got baby mama drama, because the bitch driving a
Hyundai
And I got a Rolls, G's up hoes
Still down till I'm down, watch me act a damn clown
In the cleanest shit around, making motherfuckers
frown
I been flipping through my town, trying to see what the
fuck's up
Boss city ballers, bitch niggas get your bucks up
Got a king ranch, that'll make you put your trucks up
It's looking like them other boys ran all they luck up
Damn sure can't touch us, we them true bosses
You know how we do it fool, we them blue flossers

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Boss Hogg Outlawz]

Switching lane to lane, gripping wood grain
Trunk knocking, tops dropping, it's a hood thing
Just rolling through the neighborhood, holding slab
Players chunking up the deuce when I hit the ave.
Drank pouring, A.C. blowing
Sun shining bright, but my screens still showing
Bumper unlocking, yellow hoes bopping
Two miles an hour, ain't doing no stopping
I hit the button, recline the kit
High-siding when I'm riding, because I know I'm the
shit
Haters standing on the sideline, talking that trash
Eyes scoping for the jackers, because I'm anxious to
blast
Of course I'm having cash, just look at my ride
Glass 4's, candy doors, peanut butter insides
I can't be denied, straight up out of Houston
Working wood wheel, just laid back cruising

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Boss Hogg Outlawz]

City lights on, now we headed to the club
Long line of Caddy's, on the 4's and them DUBS
Everybody icy, so them chicken heads choosing
Sideline watching, as the candy slab cruising
Hit the parking lot, and it's time to shut it down
Fall up in the spot, and I'm smelling like a pound
Headed to the bar, for a shot of that Patron
Chicks on my dick, punching numbers in my phone
Got my money long, because I'm cashing them checks
Boss Hogg Outlawz, here to serve and collect
In that down south state, where the cash flow is great
On feet when I skate, boulevard I'ma break
Everybody paper chase, on the grind for that green
I'ma shine for myself, I'ma shine for my team
Puffing pounds of that green, you know I got to get the
kill
Recline on the scene, as I work my wood wheel

[Chorus]

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