

Boss Hogg Outlawz f/ Yung Vahn

"How We Do it Flow"

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(*talking*)

What Boss Hogg Outlawz, uh
PJ uh, the motherfucking Rap Hustler what
Uh it's Outlaw season uh, uh what what what

[PJ]

Layed back chilling, with the mind of a G
Man these pussy ass niggaz, can't fuck with me
It's Outlaw season, bitch niggaz move around
Tuck your tail in your ass, I don't wanna hear a sound
Po' the Henn in a cup, put the lighter to the dro
PJ the Rap Hustler, yeah bitch I'm bout to blow
It's fa sho can't stop it, bank rolls in my pocket
Cadillac Coupe DeVille, speakers got the trunk
knocking
Hoes bopping when we pull up, our cars are fresh
Lumivado on my wrist, big badge on my chest
Oh yes I'm a fool, please don't blow my cool
I'll cock the glock and leave that ass, in a blood pool
You know the rule shoot first, and ask questions later
Not guilty I ain't do it mayn, motherfuck a hater
Holla later back Thug, and C on the other side
Strapped up nigga what, that's how real G's ride

[Kyleon]

I got em getting bad vibes, like that award show
Cause boys know that Killa bring the heat, when I
record hoe
I got a felon flow, and y'all shit's misdemeanor
I flood the beat with my speech, like Hurricane Katrina
So act like you got plex, I got a tech with me
That'll leave your shit twisted, like an evacuee
I got that work, yeah Kyleon deliver chalk
From the streets of H-Town, to the River Walk
I'm the big dog, Killa got the bigger bark
I talk cash shit, and you can hear it when a nigga talk
I'm bout a dime dollar sign, so I gotta grind
Cause being broke than a joke, is so out of line
I'm in the booth, while these other boys lazy
So when you play that boy Killa, all the dope boys go
crazy

And I ain't Jeezy G, or Weezy Wee
But I'm the hottest nigga in this H-Town, please believe
it G

[Hook]

This is for the G's, and this is for the hustlers
This is for the G's, and this is for the hustlers
This is for the G's, and this is for the hustlers
Out there on the grind, trying to satisfy the customers

[Yung Vahn]

Let me, introduce myself
This Yung Vahn, and dog I'm bad for your health
Might be young, but I got a lot of wealth
Talk that mess, and I'ma take off my belt
Man, I represent Texas
Where people drive wreckless, and pull up in a Lexus
Half of our people, got they name up in they necklace
It's the Dirty Dirty, y'all boys gotta respect this
Ok, I shine like chandelier
They call me MVP, I sold the rookie of the year
And I ain't got no problem, spitting that flame up in
your ear
I make boys cry, mo' than a tattoo tear
Alright, I'm a G anyway
Like Burger King, cause you could have it your way
And I work in the studio, all day
It's called a freestyle, but you still gotta pay whoa

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