

Come Here

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking]

Do it, uh we Boss Hogg baby yeah, yeah

Uh-uh we Boss Hogg baby yeah, yeah

Uh Boyz-N-Blue baby yeah, yeah

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh, hey

[Kyleon]

I know you see, Kyle body rocking

With a star at the bar twisted cigar, while the X got her body popping

Everybody's chopping, on bottles of dro

I'm a pimp not a simp, I got bopper control

Pulling yellow bones, me and my nigga from Yellow Stone

Putting digits in our two-way pagers, and telephones

Kyleon yeah baby, I believe that's me

Come fuck with this Hogg, in the V.I.P.

Fuck with me, I might lay her in the V.I.P.

A real playa don't pay her, in the V.I.P.

Like T-I-P, so simple

I'm a killa or crook, and a straight off the hook hoe pimper

[Hook x2]

You want a check for sex, you can keep it baby

I love pussy, but I don't really need it baby

Before I give up my do', I'ma leave it baby

I ain't saving these hoes, better believe it baby

[Sir Daily]

Some of these hoes, got class and respect

But most of these hoes, trying to cash them a check

Bottom line, all about the Benjamin's

She'll sleep with ya quick, if you drop dividends

And it's a lot of cake, niggaz complying

Giving hoes all they cash, cause these bitches are fine

Fool last motherfucker, look at the picture

If you was broke with no hope, would this chick be with ya

Hell naw, I can answer that

She'll sleep with ya partna, if she think he got stacks

And that's a fact, cause I done seen it with my own fucking eyes

Hoes trying to play they role, while getting boned 'tween the thighs

For real, cause all boppers the same

Quick to hop on ya dick, cause you got you some change

Don't get me wrong, I ain't hating on the real women

I'm just tired of these crumbs, that be penny pinching but uh

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

You see me, I've been pimping ever since pimping been pimping

And when boppers see me they yell, (hey pimping)

And it's good you got the freak bitch, hair and nails done

I done hate ya, I congratulate ya well done

I'm all about my mail, hun

And if you ask about the next man bitch, I can't tell ya nuttin'

And while you half-sleep in the morning, waking up on the phone

I'm in the Presidential suite, waking up to some dome

I see ya always happy, I'm sorry for breaking up ya home

But if you plex, I send bullets that'll break up ya bones

So leave me alone, and back-back back-back
Cause I'm C. Weezy, the young black Mack with fat stacks

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]
Slim Thugger done hit more dimes, in my time
Than crack head crews, standing on the corner you'd find
I don't call my bitch my wifey, I call her my bitch
And my bitch know when I'm calling, I'm calling to hit
I keep a dime shotgun, while I'm making my runs
I bless 'em with my presence, never ever my funds
I got broads that's ghetto, broads that's seditty
But if the broad with me, then the broad is pretty
With big ass and titties, on the scale a dime
But if I'm out of time, I might settle for a nine
I love money, pussy and sticky green
I keep a all star team, that love to lick me clean
I know they want me for my green, I'ma let 'em stay wanting
At the mall they bags empty, and the Boss stay flaunting
And I do it, with a straight face
And if the chick jump fly, then the chick get replaced

[Hook x2]