

# Make A Girl Feel Flow

**Boss Hogg Outlawz**

[talking:]

Yeah that's right, bounce Killa  
It's your favorite rapper's, favorite rapper nigga  
Dead End Southside, Boyz N Blue  
Boss Hogg Outlawz nigga, they know Killa run it

[Kyleon:]

It's Killa Kyleon, I'm back up in the mix again  
Pyrex fork scratching, I'm back up in the bricks again  
And you can catch me in the hood, like a fan belt  
With a heater on me, that'll make your man melt  
I'm the truth in the booth, I'm not liar homie  
No I snitch, I ain't letting FED's, put a wire on me  
Before Killa take the stand, he gon take a man life  
Put him in the sleeper, like the reaper nigga  
I'll have you pushing up daisies, like a gardener  
Head covered in red, like St. Louis Cardinals  
So play pussy, and you gon get fucked quick homie  
Only difference is, you the pussy this the dick homie  
Billy the Kid, Kyleon'll make you famous  
I'm the best rapper in Houston, listen that's a no-brainer  
And that ain't arrogance, that's confidence  
I make good music like Kanye, use your common sense

[Slim Thug:]

This one for my niggaz on the grind, moving rocks on the corner  
Laws on watch, streets hotter than a sauna  
Hustlers getting paid, always keep the heater on ya  
Cause them niggaz start to hate, when your paper gets stronger  
My paper getting longer, your paper getting shorter  
My grind mo' stronger, I hustle mo' harder  
I'm way mo' smarter, than them other rap dudes  
With them bad attitudes, cause they broke and confused  
I'm at peace, no beef with no crews  
But if I battled on the beats or the streets, I won't lose  
I'm a motherfucking winner mayn  
Every contest I enter mayn, way back since I was a beginner mayn  
By far, I don't bar the war  
I take the top off your car, and fire up a cigar  
Niggaz bitches, need to wear panties and bras  
Niggaz snitches, and they don't even know who you are  
Just talking, for the spotlight  
I ain't hard to find, you can catch young Slim Thug out nights  
Up in the town, fucking around  
Having fun at the same time, clutching a pound  
Face a clown, wanna do a show  
The fo'-fo' blow smoke, like a nigga blowing pounds of the killer dro  
They act hard, but them niggaz know  
Come playing with the Boss man, and get you bumped off man

[PJ:]

These hating ass niggaz, love to see you doing bad  
That's why I grab my pen and pad, and do these niggaz bad  
Stay fresh to death, till my body out of breath  
I'm PJ bitch, keep your hating to yourself  
Stick to the G-code, real with this game  
I done been through it all, and I'm still in the game

Selling cocaine, gotta get it how I live  
Might blow a nigga brains, gotta get it how I live  
Pull up on the scene, everybody freeze up  
Thugging like a motherfucker, staying G'd up  
J's on my feet, with a fresh white T  
I'm a Outlaw bitch, you ain't gotta like me  
Knocking hoes down, like bowling pins  
Hoes recognize a G, when I'm strolling in  
Like Yokahoma tires, I hull these hoes  
I'm a playa made nigga, I don't love these hoes what

[talking:]

Mic check one-two, one two  
You know who it is nigga, freestyling in this bitch  
Sir motherfucking Daily, Rayface  
Killa Kali, Thugga, PJ, C. Ward

[Sir Daily:]

Outlawz in this bitch, and you know we gon floss  
The weather hot, so the top getting tossed  
I'm a Boss, so I throw it in the air  
Come through, Sir Daily got a hoe and I'ma share  
I keep pairs, yeah I keep twins  
Got's to slide through, I'm thinking bout my ends  
Thinking bout a Benz, with them what cock eyes  
I'ma come through, nice hoe with thick thighs  
Got's to be fine, if she on my nigga dick  
I'ma come through, in this bitch getting rich  
Got's to get big, I got's to get fatter  
Daily in this bitch, got drank in my badder  
Hoes on my nuts, but I pay em no mind  
Got's to get paid, everyday on the grind  
Puffing on pounds, I'ma share with my niggaz  
Nigga talk down, garunteed to see triggas  
Cock them hoes back, I'ma just pull  
Daily in this bitch, off the drank and I'm full  
Got like a bull, I'ma just raise  
I'm 2005, on another page  
Put it in your face, never gon slack  
Got PJ, in the back blowing sacks