

Outta Control Flow

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking:]

Uh, Boss Hogg Outlawz
It's Outlaw season baby, Boyz N Blue uh
Here to serve and collect, you know what I'm saying
Uh what, PJ check it out what what

[PJ:]

What's up motherfuckers, how you doing how you feel
It's Outlaw season, and we hunting for scroll
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It's Outlaw season, and we hunting for scroll
On the corner posted up, boys gangbangin'
Got my block on lock, big chain hanging
I get love from the hoes, much respect from the G's
Killing all snitches, cause these rats copping pleas
Say I roll solo, but I can call up a mob
If the price right nigga, I'll take up the job
PJ the young nigga, that don't sleep
On a late night creep, with a young freak
Say I chill all day, run the streets all night
I'm strapped up ready, everything's alright
Hold up wait a minute, let me hit the dro
Bitch recognize a hog, when I hit the do'
You can cry get mad, but I'm not leaving
Move around suckers, it's Outlaw season what

[Sir Daily:]

Nigga, pass the dutch
Daily in the do', got cash to touch
Bentley Sprewells, I'ma mash the clutch
Chick in my whip, I'ma mash the slut
Nigga crash for what, no sir
I'ma steal the road, never be sober I'ma still be blowed
If it stay summer time, I'll still be cold
You broke niggaz, don't feel me though
I'ma stay, on my note
From my wrist to my ring, to the chain on my throat
Nigga get paid, for everything that he spoke
Daily on top, you insane to provoke
All you lames is a joke, I get change while you broke
Fold out six, in a Range blowing smoke
Yes sir, inhale that cuz
Nigga hit the weed, what the hell that was
That hydro bud, can I buy some cuz
Not from me I don't sell, I only smoke to get high as can be
But, I can spare a little that you can clutch
Ben you see me in them streets, nigga pass the dutch
Pass the dutch
Daily in the do', got cash to touch

[Kyleon:]

I pull up looking good, with the woman on the hood
Top dropping fifth falling, hand fondling the wood
Trunk beating up the block, like child abuse
Kyle's the truth, I hang with the wildest group

Boss Hogg Outlawz, that's my gangsta team
Reclining the butter back, that's a gangsta lean
Hell yeah this gangsta bling, you know the boy glistening
Watch chain and ring, act like they auditioning
I got cookies in the oven, plus pies for sale
Plus a sixteen, boys know I'm live as hell
Coming behind me on a track, is like riding a whale
You know that ain't happening, just quit rapping and
Come to H-Town, ask bout me
Bet they tell you, ain't a damn thang whack bout me
And you gon get mo' heat, than Shaq about me
Flows dope, like I'm spitting cooked crack about me

[Chris Ward:]

On the real, who you know flow better than I
Don't say yourself, cause I'll spray this lead in your eye
I treat money like lettuce shredded, then wet it to dry
C-Wiggity-Whoadie-Weez, is one hell of a guy
Boys fall off giving up, not knowing it's better to try
But sit around, like the money gon fall dead from the sky
We make the rules in these streets, and it's best you comply
Or get layed down face down, left stretched out to die
See we X'ing haters out nigga, one by one
Then throwing away the hot heaters nigga, gun by gun
See I'm a gangsta, no not a Blood or a Crip
But I keep slugs in a clip, that'll plug up your whip
I got a connect from Cali, that send me jugs of that dip
And I love the block, so catch me hugged up with the strip
Still I got nice prices, on jugs of that sip
You can call me Chris Wizzard, or C-W
Now let's cap stack for stack, car for car
Let's rap track for track, bar for bar
Let's go battle for battle, war for war
Better yet bruise for bruise, scar for scar nigga
Tell the truth, you don't wanna compete
Got one on my hip, one in the stash and one under the seat