

Wood Wheel

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[Chorus] X2

Now I got to grip, my wood grain wheel

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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]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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