

Boyz N Blue

Slim Thug

G'yeah, Slim Thugger, Killa Kyleon, PJ
Sir Daily, see-Ward, we the Boyz N Blue motherfuckers what the-what them boys gon do, when them blue boys
come through
Blue-blue toys at you, pointing them toys at you I make cash quick, wide load class twist
Optimoe full of dro, so fantastic
So Sir fucking Daily, is still on top
And your fucking lady, is still on my jock When we vacate it's Kaynan Islands, and cuban cigars
When we pull up we back to back, in European cars
(fa sho) your whips new, but they not newer than ours
We entrepreneurs conessuors, slash superstars It's Killa nigga, but not the one up out the Dip Set
It's the one that hang with that blue gang, like a Crip set
That'll get the clip set, leave you niggaz whips wet
Bust in your chick face, leave that hoe lips wet It's Slim Thugger motherfucker, tell it like it G-O
Making niggaz get in line, like a fucking P.O
Boyz N Blue, run the H-Town streets
Niggaz better bow down, when you see the badge piece ha Verse two what it do, representing Boyz N Blue
We gon shut the game down, when these young niggaz through
And that's true can't stop, to the motherfucking top
Boss Hogg Outlawz, number one without bop It's see-Wiggity-Whoadie-Weezy-Ward
I could get ya drank and weed, soft to hard
I'm known off that Yellowstone, Boulevard
Even though I'm out on bond, I'm dranked out for the 'nard It's P to the motherfucking J, what you say
Spit flows pimp hoes, jack niggaz move yay
H-Town Houston Texas, Northside's where I lay
Rap hustling motherfucker, hell no I don't play Break a hoe down, like a ki or a pound
Me I'm pimping niggaz simping, man these boys out of line
Trunk open top down, swanging 4's showing surround
Make a hater go blind, once he see that blue line It's some new sheriffs in town, look at the badges on the
necklace
You boys best respect it, or it'll get hectic
So I suggest, that you chill with that plex shit
Cause you don't wanna be behind the barrel, when you see the tech spit Killa got the heat, see-Ward behind the
wheel
Sir blazing up the dro, P load the steel
We stay ready strapped up, nigga for the cause
You don't want it, with them Boss Hogg Outlawz

Songwriters

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