

Ride On 4s

Boss Hogg Outlawz

(*talking*)

Ha-ha, H-Town say[J-Dawg]

I got my Lac sitting low, like a Honda Civic

Hundred sack of that dro, got a G lifted

And the way I work the grain, gotta be gifted

Dipping, in and out of traffic swiftly

Topsy, off drank but no beers here

I got a tre, and a twenty ounce root beer

Muddy, like a motherfucking hog pen

Banging Pac "Makaveli", play that number eight again

Time go by, puffing on high

I'm feeling too fly, and that ain't even high

See I's a gangsta nigga, I shoot or shank a nigga

But it's some'ing about them swangas, that'll change a nigga

Have you chunking the deuce up, to a stranger nigga

You shining harder than a bitch, he don't blame you nigga

Who could blame you nigga, you doing the damn thang

Staying true to the game, you deserve to swang[Hook]

Behind that five percent, windows never go down

Music never go down, my nigga say slow down

Keep driving, pass that dro

Tip slow while you ride on 4's, when we ride on 4's[J-Dawg]

Hit your breaks homie, let the third light glow

Swang open the do', let em smell the dro

Naw we ain't capping, that there for them bitches

We grinding hard as fuck, and riding on our riches

Shit the fam good, the kids good

So why not grip wood through the hood nigga, come on now

Kush got me gone now, I don't smoke the stress

I been blessed, so if it's in the air it's the best

And if it's in my cup, it's that purple

Got me flipping through the hood, riding in a circle

No destination, nigga just riding

Big mothership gliding, motor on siding

That's what it is, what could be better

Send a couple pictures of the slab, in the letters

To my niggaz in the Penn, I'ma hold you down

Show the whole unit, how we do in H-Town nigga yeah[Hook - 2x][Slim Thug]

I'm rolling on 4's, with the windows closed

Dro smoke up out my nose, letting the trunk do shows
Playafali on my toes, gotta show the world I'm having change
So I bought a candy Cadillac, up on them thangs
Hurting boys mayn, Thugga gotta represent
I stay lit up, behind that five percent tint
Stay bent on the daily, when I'm in the hood
Shining like a superstar, when I grip the wood
Pieced up smelling good, gotta stay fresh
And show the world I'm blessed, everytime my voice up in your deck
Wreck the mic, and I wreck on the 'vard
Every season some'ing hard, coming out my garage
I don't barred, H-Town repping till I'm dead
From the Tre to the West, to my G's off the 'Stead
Boys out here getting bread, and reaching our goals
Behind tint with the windows closed, when I ride on 4's[Hook - 2x]

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

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