

Represent Gangsta (Kyleon, Slim Thug & Sir Daily)

Boss Hogg Outlawz

Yeah, ladies and gentlemen
You now tuned in to the, Boyz-N-Blue
Slim Thug the Boss, Kyleon
Sir Daily, C. Ward, we are the Boss Hogg Outlawz
Put your hood up, like your car broke
Get crunk, get your lungs filled with cigar smoke
Get drunk fall over, act a jackass
DJ cut that shit up, until you crack glass
Get the picture mayn, take a couple shots
Hit the bar buy it out, take a couple shots
Chunk a pole hit the flo', take a couple bops
Make her shake it up, move it round make it drop
We them Boss Hoggs, we them Outlawz
Every city every club mayn, we outlaws
Catch us in the valet, in a drop dog
Badges on our chest, looking like the cops dog
Them Boyz-N-Blue, got it locked mayn
Taking over cities, taking over blocks mayn
Selling rap records, not selling rocks mayn
Boss Hogg Outlawz, it don't stop mayn
Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
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Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
Get your hands up, everybody stand up
It's going down tonight, put them other plans up
Where my Boss Hoggs, where my outlaws
Where my ballers that be balling, let me see you ball
Where them chicks, that be breaking tricks for they cash
Where them hoes, that be getting do' for they ass
Where my niggaz not believing, in saving dust
That never save a slut, or really gave a fuck
Nigga pop a bottle, nigga pull a model
Go on grab a fine dime, and mash on your throttle
Where my smokers at, get your smoke on
Fuck a sweet blaze a zone, get your choke on
Fuck your teeth up, hold your piece up
Get your grind on, tell you fuck your priest up
Boss Hogg the bar, Boss Hogg a star
Boss Hogg got the club, and Boss Hogg your car
Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
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Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
Now let me see your neighborhood, if you know the flavor
good

Know the paper good, and you wish a hater would
Talk down up on that, with chalk lines and chrome gats
You using young we grown cats, tote 2's at home then your bones crack
Sir Daily rep the set, a Boss Hogg the best of Tex
We number one the rest is next, stop the chatter rest the plex
All my niggaz in the club that get hype, and like to ball
Show your ice let it hit the light, then hit the lot cause we fins to crawl
24's like T.I., plenty hoes cause I'm a P-I
M-P it's simply up in me, so don't ask why
I do the thangs that I do, Blue Boyz the name and that's my crew
Receiving brain from you main dame, and those blue cars outside dude
From Hollywood to Holly-hood, I'm trying to see where the gangstas at
Flipping raps not flipping crack, I'm trying to see where that paper at
East to West North South, any hood it's all good black

The mad bucks put your hands up, and let Daily see where your hood at
Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas
Get your hands up, put your hood up
Throw your sets up, chunk your side up gangstas

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