

Boyz-N-Blue

Boss Hogg Outlawz

(featuring Sir Daily, Kyleon & Slim Thug)

[Hook]

Boyz-N-Blue, straight at you
Now tell me, what are you gonna do - 2x
When we come at you

Uh, uh, uh..

[Sir Daily]

I break the microphone with ease, it's a gift to me
I treat the track like a pigeon, just pimp the beat
Daily sounds banging loud, like a symphony
You fake niggaz trying to mack, it's just sense to me
I'ma keep it on the real, bout this Hogging life
Everyday we chasing scrill, trying to ball for life
Keep the money on my mind, number one all time
Other dummies gonna wine, when we come out shining
It's plain and simple, I'ma get this do'
Kick a nigga in his face, like I kick his do'
Spit a nigga in the face, like I spit this flow
Daily riding solo, known for spending his do'
I'ma hit this hoe, then change locations
Cause I'm hungry for the green, so I stay's impatient
Green light on the mic, I'ma change the nation
Sir Daily on the mic, so don't change the station

[Hook]

[Kyleon]

Killa nice with his hands, like Vince Dasene
Keep a semi with a light, that's named Prince Hakim
Get more respect than a king, and a prince you seen
I heard you nice with the mic, gotta convince my team
I wreck every beat I'm on, cause it's my duty mayn
Make a hit and don't say shit, like Putie Tang
I can hit a chick and don't pay shit, it's big pimping
Rock and handcuffing or saving a trick, you big sissy
So pay me what you owe me, on the block
I put this part up to your Cavaliers, I'm like Kobe with the glock
Or Obi-One-Kinobi, with the glock
Cause I put the beam to your head, and rob you niggaz blind
When you blink, and your bread in
Have you niggaz hollering, and scream
When you scared in, a hospital bed
And you dream that you dead, but you're not
Get you shot glock, shot when it's popped
Then it's cocked and unlocked, from the top

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

It's grind time, I'm feeling like this is my prime
I got a lot of shit on my mind, when I put it down
I'm trying to put seven circles, behind my dolla signs
And push a drop top, that's hand designed
With a B on the behind, floss like a boss

Valet park it, run up my penthouse
I'm hungry, tired of being Starving Marvin
Had to hit Interscope, and tell Jimmy let's bargain
The Dirty South Arching, belong to us
It's us Boyz-N-Blue, leaving boys in dust
In God we trust, cause he down with us
My whole team supreme, hot boys sped up
Slim Thugger, the Slim Thug that I am
So gangsta, cause that's how my brain was programmed
It's the Boss, niggaz best respect my fam
Or catch bullets in they flesh, till my Tech 9 jam

[Hook]