

# I Got It Like That Flow

**Boss Hogg Outlawz**

[talking:]

Run it, gangstas and gentlemen  
It's your boy, Killa nigga (they know who it is)  
That's right nigga, run it yeah  
That's right, the truth in this bitch nigga  
The truth in this motherfucker nigga, (Killa)

[Kyleon:]

On and on, and my glock I'm palming  
Take two shots, and call me in the morning  
You ain't gotta see P. Diddy, to get a warning  
Or go to Big Poppa, to ask him who shot ya  
I'm the doctor, this lyrical surgery  
The truth in the booth, while y'all committing purgery  
I'm a star on these tracks G, go and ask P  
With the flow, water's the only thing that can match me  
Apply pressure, that'll knock off your shoulders  
I'm finna to do away with these, knock off Hovas  
Spit a sixteen, end your careers  
Since you can't see me, tell somebody lend you a ear  
Now they listening, the picture's clear  
I'm in the top spot, whack raps can't get you here  
And that's the reason, why I got this nice bling  
With these Bathing Apes fits, and this kicks by Ice Cream

[PJ:]

Six in the morning, back on the block  
With a big black glock, and a pack full of rocks  
Back on top, out of the FED's  
Outlaw nigga, back getting his bread  
Straight from the hood, that's all I know  
Sell grams of this dro, or grams of blow  
Hustler fa sho, the O.G.'s told me  
Trust no nigga, do my dirt by my lonely  
Most niggaz fony, fraud as hell  
Rap or the trap, got bars for sale  
Niggaz be hating, pay em no mind  
Keep fucking they bitches, stay on my grind  
Hate to see a nigga shine, mad and shit  
Niggaz act like, they never had shit  
PJ nigga, G fa sho  
Just hit a nigga up, when you need that snow

[Chris Ward:]

My flow is hell-a-vicious, your's is repetitious  
I's a playa spread the word, go tell them bitches  
They just mad at me, and hate me gladly  
Cause I ain't they baby daddy, pushing that baby caddy  
See I'm that nig, they call C. Wig  
That pump more oil, than a fucking oil rig  
I got a style, that the whole world can dig  
And I can make any track, snap like a twig  
Even though my flow, is kinda hard to catch on  
You gotta do like Lambo doors, and latch on  
On my hip like a phone clip, the strap is attached on  
If you disrespect the kid, leave half your back gone  
See all my life, I done rolled with G's

Thugstas hustlers, and I roll with thieves  
You niggaz, is pussy  
You need to check yourself between the legs, to see if you got ovaries  
As for me, my pockets stay overdosed with these  
And I got more dames, than churches got rosaries  
Yeah-yeah I'm C. Wiggity Whoadie Weez  
With a attitude, that can take on four of me's  
I got goals, for the future  
And one of them is to sell c.d.'s, overseas  
I mean I'm to the point, where I'm trying to weigh my own salaries  
Hundred percent fat, plus high counts of calories  
You know, I get in these hoes head like allergies  
And have em bidding over the dick, like they at those galleries  
These new rappers, don't flatter me  
Even though they say imitation, is the highest form of flattery

[talking:]

Thank ya but no thank ya, dick riders

[Slim Thug:]

The Boss is back, the Boss is back  
I told P let a G, G talk to that  
You wanna be like the Boss, it'll cost you black  
Saw a lot of good years, I'm a flosser black  
Whether rap or crack, the money the proof  
A straight hustler from the youth, nigga that's the truth  
When y'all was shooting hoops, through the nets and loops  
I was standing on the block, or standing in the booth  
Like I'ma get it, like Nino or Snoop shit  
Either or, but fuck being poor  
I'ma walk up the block, till my legs get sore  
Spit hits in the mic, till my throat get raw  
Run the streets, if it's peace or war  
If I gotta squash beef, shoot the heat some more  
We're here this evening, for one reason  
To keep the streets bleeding, this Outlaw season  
The light green, for me and my dream team  
To be scene from Queens, to the streets of Bejing  
So clean when I hit the scene hot new drop  
New bop on the block, picking up a new knot  
Got the number one spot, records sell or not  
Nan nigga wanna see me, in that parking lot  
Nan nigga wanna see me, when it come to the diamonds  
I'll blind him, you crazy I'll out shine him  
Rock in the pinky ring, cost mo' than your set up  
Chain so heavy, I can barely hold my head up  
You seen a yard, with this many cars  
Whatever you ain't making no sense, lil' man just shut up