

Feeling Real Fly

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[PJ]

Feeling real fly, yeah I'm feeling real jazzy
Something bout fine hoes, can't let 'em pass me
Why I'm so thoed, that's what these hoes ask me
f**k a hoodrat, I need something that's jazzy
Cute pretty face, with some nice looking toes
Put you in the slab, let you glide on the 4's
Money clothes and hoes, that's what a nigga live fa'
Niggaz on my dick, damn what's the deal brah
I'm trying to chill brah, and f**k with some freaks
You all in my ear, talking bout a c.d.
Nigga move around, let a playa shine
These niggaz kill me, with all this acting and lying
On the grind getting feddy, mouthpiece deadly
Boss Hogg Outlawz, these boys ain't ready
Antoine to South Main, trunks rattle and bang
Screens rain while we swang, it's a H-Town thang
Always let my nuts hang, in any situation
Playing Fight Night, on a Sony Playstation
Dope getting cooked up, shows getting booked up
Hit that Greenspoint Mall, when I need the hook up
Clothes on the rack, clothes on the hanger
Pistol on my lap, one in the chamber
Sipping Hypnotic, when I'm off in the club
Stay in VIP, so the hoes show me love
Might hit that M-Wall, might hit that Max's
May be thugged out, but the hoes be attracted
Looking for a actress, looking for a model
One to give me brain, while I mash on the throttle
Syrup by the bottle, popping pint seals
Got the X-O's, for the hoes popping pills
Signing big deals, my team in the majors
Put me on a track, and I bet you I'll fade ya
This one's for the hustlers, out pushing cocaine
Like Fat Pat, bitch I'm throwed in the game
Fresh taper fade, wear Versacci shades
My hoes holding plex, but I'm staying playa made
Watching Rap City, Tigger in the Basement
PJ the shit, and you hoes gotta face it
Bout to go nation, take it worldwide
From the North to the South, to the East to the Westside