Freestyle (Track 6)

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[Chris Ward]
You better learn, what you can learn
Get your hustle on, nigga earn what you can earn
I don't give a fuck, nigga that's my concern
I got gun powder that'll burn through your sherms, burn through your perms
Burn through your braids, burn through your fades
Burn through your hair crease, burn through your waves
Burn through your fly Unisex, Gucci shades
Burn through your swisher sweets, filled with purple haze
Burn through your chest, and your flesh for days
Turn and chop you niggaz up, like 20 inch Blades
(sh-sh-sh-sh), just like Blades nigga uh
You see I'm back, like I'm homesick
Like the motherfucking booth, was my home trick
And it's like I, never been up out of the house
That's why when I spit, it's nothing but real shit coming up out of m
y mouth
I can't help it nope, not at all
I'm just a real nigga, you are not at all
I'm in a Porshe Kayan, the color of Kayan
But the seats the same color, as the beach as dry sand
C-Wigga, the G-R-A-V-E digger
You know me nigga, you know me nigga
My click's thick, we are too deep
We are too street, in Benzes with two seats
Strapped with two heats
We old school veterans, you niggaz ain't nothing but blue feet
Like Jolly Ranchers, whatever the flavor is
M-m-m, you bitch ass niggaz is too sweet

[Slim Thug]
You can break up the shit, hit the block and get grands
This here pure co-can, straight from the dope man
You want a hit get close, so I can give you a dose
I got the best work, on the Dirty South coast
I'm Slim Thug, the same dude at the club
On spinners 4-4 inches, wider than Dubs
Everybody show me love, when I step in
And respect the set, a nigga repping
I pack a strap, but I don't even need a weapon
If I don't like ya, I just beat ya with the left hand
I keep a dime chick with me, all the time
The baddest chick that you see, yep she's mine
I garuntee I done hit it, if she cute and fine
And that's in or out, the Texas state line
When the Boss hit the do', be easy
You now hearing Slim Thug, and C-Weezy bitch