

Make A Girl Feel Flow

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking:]

Yeah that's right, bounce Killa
It's your favorite rapper's, favorite rapper nigga
Dead End Southside, Boyz N Blue
Boss Hogg Outlawz nigga, they know Killa run it

[Kyleon:]

It's Killa Kyleon, I'm back up in the mix again
Pyrex fork scratching, I'm back up in the bricks again
And you can catch me in the hood, like a fan belt
With a heater on me, that'll make your man melt
I'm the truth in the booth, I'm not liar homie
No I snitch, I ain't letting FED's, put a wire on me
Before Killa take the stand, he gon take a man life
Put him in the sleeper, like the reaper nigga
I'll have you pushing up daisies, like a gardener
Head covered in red, like St. Louis Cardinals
So play pussy, and you gon get fucked quick homie
Only difference is, you the pussy this the dick homie
Billy the Kid, Kyleon'll make you famous
I'm the best rapper in Houston, listen that's a no-brainer
And that ain't arrogance, that's confidence
I make good music like Kanye, use your common sense

[Slim Thug:]

This one for my niggaz on the grind, moving rocks on the corner
Laws on watch, streets hotter than a sauna
Hustlers getting paid, always keep the heater on ya
Cause them niggaz start to hate, when your paper gets stronger
My paper getting longer, your paper getting shorter
My grind mo' stronger, I hustle mo' harder
I'm way mo' smarter, than them other rap dudes
With them bad attitudes, cause they broke and confused
I'm at peace, no beef with no crews
But if I battled on the beats or the streets, I won't lose
I'm a motherfucking winner mayn
Every contest I enter mayn, way back since I was a beginner mayn
By far, I don't bar the war
I take the top off your car, and fire up a cigar
Niggaz bitches, need to wear panties and bras
Niggaz snitches, and they don't even know who you are
Just talking, for the spotlight
I ain't hard to find, you can catch young Slim Thug out nights
Up in the town, fucking around
Having fun at the same time, clutching a pound
Face a clown, wanna do a show
The fo'-fo' blow smoke, like a nigga blowing pounds of the killer dro
They act hard, but them niggaz know
Come playing with the Boss man, and get you bumped off man

[PJ:]

These hating ass niggaz, love to see you doing bad
That's why I grab my pen and pad, and do these niggaz bad
Stay fresh to death, till my body out of breath
I'm PJ bitch, keep your hating to yourself
Stick to the G-code, real with this game
I done been through it all, and I'm still in the game

Selling cocaine, gotta get it how I live
Might blow a nigga brains, gotta get it how I live
Pull up on the scene, everybody freeze up
Thugging like a motherfucker, staying G'd up
J's on my feet, with a fresh white T
I'm a Outlaw bitch, you ain't gotta like me
Knocking hoes down, like bowling pins
Hoes recognize a G, when I'm strolling in
Like Yokahoma tires, I hull these hoes
I'm a playa made nigga, I don't love these hoes what

[talking:]

Mic check one-two, one two
You know who it is nigga, freestyling in this bitch
Sir motherfucking Daily, Rayface
Killa Kali, Thugga, PJ, C. Ward

[Sir Daily:]

Outlawz in this bitch, and you know we gon floss
The weather hot, so the top getting tossed
I'm a Boss, so I throw it in the air
Come through, Sir Daily got a hoe and I'ma share
I keep pairs, yeah I keep twins
Got's to slide through, I'm thinking bout my ends
Thinking bout a Benz, with them what cock eyes
I'ma come through, nice hoe with thick thighs
Got's to be fine, if she on my nigga dick
I'ma come through, in this bitch getting rich
Got's to get big, I got's to get fatter
Daily in this bitch, got drank in my badder
Hoes on my nuts, but I pay em no mind
Got's to get paid, everyday on the grind
Puffing on pounds, I'ma share with my niggaz
Nigga talk down, garunteed to see triggas
Cock them hoes back, I'ma just pull
Daily in this bitch, off the drank and I'm full
Got like a bull, I'ma just raise
I'm 2005, on another page
Put it in your face, never gon slack
Got PJ, in the back blowing sacks