

# Badge On My Neck

**Boss Hogg Outlawz**

[talking:]

You know, if money could talk my nigga  
It'd kinda sound, like this here mayn  
That's me nigga, Killa Gorilla  
B.H.O., we serving and collecting nigga run it

[Hook: x2]

Big badge on my necklace, candy paint on my ride  
I'm gripping Louis Va-Slugga, with peanut butter inside  
I drop the top when I slide, I drop the top when I slide  
Dr-drop the top when I slide, it make the boppers go crazy

[Kyleon:]

You see I make money money, make money money money  
Fuck with it, you gon take twenty bullets from me  
Rubberband Banks, pockets full of dead honkeys  
Addicted to carbohydrates, I'ma bread junkie  
Only time I lose weight, when I'm pushing  
Forgive me Lord, I might not be a saint but I'm pushing  
Cup full of oil I'm bush'n, selling it like Arabs  
Two diamond chains, look like they cabs  
Blue over grey slabs, with the low pros on it  
Fuck 3's, gotta be 4's when I roll on it  
My money like wood, it's mandatory that I hold on it  
And I keep a deaf ear, when a hoe want it  
You got prop money, I got block money  
So F-Y-I, Killa getting guac' honey  
I'm a real baller, these boys just act like it  
I heard talk cheap, but Killa got sacks pouches

[Hook x2]

[Kyleon:]

Big chain big car, big money big bar  
What I'm pouring up, cause I'm a big star  
Fly cat, you can find me where that sky at  
G-4 leering through kush clouds, I'm on a fire sack  
Money talk, I'm all ears for the convo  
I got the coke but not the one, come with your combo  
I'm so dope boy fresh, I got em on deck  
I'm talking bout stacks, where the rubberbands at  
Like T.I.P, I do it B-I-G  
Cause I'm a bad boy, off in the V.I.P.  
With top models I pop bottles, and I swallow  
The best champagne, that money can buy me  
If you think a nigga slipping, come and try me  
And I'ma oput the bluck-blucka, to a bitch's body  
And send a bitch nigga body, to the sky like Heidie  
Then hit the presidential suites, while you chill off in the lobby

[Hook x2]

[Kyleon:]

I hear you talking cash shit, but you sounding like foreigners  
Dead presidents on me, call Killa coroner  
Spender and a lender, y'all niggaz just borrowers  
So all your cheap talking, don't bother us

I got VVS do', y'all niggaz got flaws  
Pockets full og big Franks, and I ain't talking hot dogs  
Kyle's style hot dog, yeah but not yall's  
That's why my money talk, and y'all pockets lock jaw

[Hook x2]