

# Good Ole Luv

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking]

G'yeah, what's wrong with you niggaz out here man  
I done been in y'all shoes already man  
You act like I took a magic carpet ride, to where I'm at  
I been there and done that nigga, I've paid my dues already

[Slim Thug]

I started small time, karaoke rhymes  
Jotting raps on my pad, till I ran out of lines  
Use to flow from day to night, till I got it right  
It wasn't till mixtapes, I felt spotlight  
Thinking back when Slim Thug, use to live like a scrub  
Out the trunk selling mixtapes, out at the club  
Had to hit the road for days, rolling in rental cars  
Building up my client tale, determined to be a star  
Use to do talent shows, every week and lose  
Stay out till 4, be up at six for school  
Being Slim, wasn't always cool  
When I told 'em I'd be a star, they use to call me a fool  
I done plenty songs for free, shows on the G.P.  
Worked hard, to make another nigga money  
I guess that's why I'm blessed, with the cars on dubs  
I paid my dues, fools gon give me some love

[Hook: Chris Ward]

(forgiveness for my good old love) for those that hated  
You don't know how long we waited, to say  
(forgiveness for my good old love), you talk down  
But then you always around, trying to  
(forgiveness for my good old love), at first you knocked it  
But then we dropped it, and you jocked it so  
(forgiveness for my good old love), fuck it  
Well give it to me then, give it to me

[Sir Daily]

I was born to be a hustler, simple and plain  
Got tired of being broke, so I entered the game  
With no fame and no change, just a pen and a pad  
All you lames can complain, but I'm getting my cash  
A dime to a dolla, I double my digits  
I grind for my dollas, and hustle ridiculous  
Cause friends like to smile, and have fun when you down  
And never have no ends, to lend when you down  
But that's o.k., cause I laugh at the past  
Writing raps everyday, as I mash on the gas  
A Hogg, that never looked back  
Now they say Sir Da', I didn't know you could rap  
And you crabs, trying to earn my friendship  
I swear this back stabbing, and fake shit is endless  
But fuck it, man to my whole thugs  
I'm a hustle with thugs, so nigga show me love

[Hook]

[Kyleon]

I use to push, nick's and dimes  
Now all I do is spit a few hits, and rhyme

But this game is no different, it's a constant grind  
I need a constant shine, fuck being in a constant bind  
Been rapping since sixth grade, getting lunch in line  
Filling up my notebooks, with a bunch of rhymes  
I knew that I could succeed, if I put my all in it  
Superstardom had a place for me, one day I'd fall in it  
I use to write them notes, and quotes in class  
Everytime the teacher'd pass, she would gross my ass  
They use to joke and laugh, when I'd say I rap  
Now they get out they seats and clap, when I say I rap  
All the caps and miss-happ's, is a thing in the past  
You use to didn't cut for me, now you bringing me cash  
You use to say that Kyle was ugly, now they bringing me ass  
Now that my flow made me do', now they bringing it fast

[Hook]