

It's That Pj

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[chorus: x2]

It's that P.J. cumin out that 4'4 What?

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Bout to brake em off, watch me crawl real slow, What?

[Verse 1:]

P.J... im bout my pay, stay out my way cuz I do not play.

Cummin down, candy blue over gray, Houston, Texas!! that's where I stay.

I parlay, sip paint for drank.

Like lil Scrappy-money in the bank, these hoes bop when they see my paint, boys think im slippin... he will kno I aint.

Haters hate cuz im stackin this green, Slim the boss put me on team, Boss Hogg we rep the scene, big white cup full of kodene Making this money, bang and screw, Serve and Collect, that's what I do.

Hate me, I hate you, bust at me ima bust you, I ride blue, pean ut butter seat, fifth wheel in grill now that complete, don't talk down cuz im on my shine, you don't work you don't eat.

Im in the streets, im in the hood, im str8 nigga you see me, BE T and MTV, yo bitch told she wanna be with P, im just a G, gott a maintain, never at home, stay on a plane, hittin licks, hitting big stains, P.J doing big things, I rip the mic, I rip the strip, my candy drip, every time I flip, purple drank that's what I sip, H-Town baby don't trip.

[chorus: x2]

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[Verse 2:]

Back again, I came to win, like lil ke I pimp a pimp.

Start to end, thicker than, pull out the Benz, hop in the wind, im setting trends, im settin goals, no probation, no parol, no time for that, to throw, tryin to keep my pockets swoll, showing these boyz im one of a kind, bring the cars ima leave the line

MEMPHIS! Fuck them ALPINES!!, hit the club and its going down, my time to shine better watch me, shade in they bout versachi, them peepin boys trying to ball or block me, mad as hell cuz they cant stop me, Bentley watch, wut a good look, nuttin free I had to push, don't cross that road before you look, don't judge my cover, read my book, my hoe put money off in my hands, stas h filled up like rubber bands,

Its like T.I.P my hustle grand, Like D4L bitch Im da man, like

at sunny dade that's how I shine, looking tall like Jay-Jay on
Good Times, like Lil Wayne-money on my mind. Like 50 Cent-ima
ie trying, blowing on the mic like C-4, cush let me holla at a
G foe, these hatas don't wanna see me blow, got me so sick like
Ne-Yo.

[chorus: x2]

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[Verse 3:]

Wut it dew man? Wuts the deal? Sip some drank, pop a seal, get
your money, keep it real, roll a dro, smoke and chill, like Pim
p C-work wood wheel, like Bun B- I keeps it trill, mouth piece
its gold kill when I throw the diamonds off in my grills, sittin
on bump with the trunk cracked, tryin to find out where the s
luts at, and when I pull up on the scene, the hoes say, he done
that, cant fall off im too hot, sippin bank and Tupac, im out
here getting this money dawg, aint worried bout wut u got, im a
grown man, they lil boyz, you hate me, that absolete, trying t
o get off in the game, im trying to make it off the streets, P.
J. that's the name, haters hate cuz im havin things, need to ge
t up off your ass, get out there and get your change.

[chorus: x2]

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