

Listen

Boss Hogg Outlawz

(featuring Slim Thug, Kyleon, Chris Ward & Dre Day)

[Slim Thug]

Close your lips and open your ears, for a change
You just might, learn some thangs
I don't understand your plan, let me get this right
You broke, but you grinding all day and night
You on the block pushing caine, with Jordan's and a chain
I know, everybody wanna have nice thangs
But mayn, you must think the dope game is a game
Fuck around and have yourself, catching a chain
Better stash you some cash, for a rainy day mayn
Cause only God knows, what tomorrow bring
Better listen, I'm trying to stop a lot of sorrow and pain
Cause falling on your ass, is a horrible thang
You better listen, I talk too shit too raw explain
Better learn from the mistakes, of the Outlaw gang
I been there done that, fought that won that
Lost that and got it right back, you better listen

[Hook - 2x]

Quit being hard headed (yeah I hear you mayn)
Open your ears and just listen (yeah I hear you mayn)
Get off your ass and do something (yeah I hear you mayn)

[Kyleon]

It's more than one way out here, to get that do'
It don't take a rocket scientist, to get that bro
You can get that fast, get that slow
Hit licks with that grass, with that blow
Or with that pads, spit that flow
Or gamble with it, try to get back mo'
Uh-uh not me, I refuse to lose
You either got it or you don't, and I refuse to choose
And candy blue's I cruise, cause if I snooze I lose
And if I get out there bad, I just use my tools
My mind and muscle, that helps me grind and hustle
If it wasn't for this rap, I'd try to find a hustle
Why niggaz sitting on they behind, steady trying to hustle
24/7-3/65, my time to hustle
I'd be a dealer out here, I got dimes and shuffles
Kyleon, is what really defines the hustle, just listen mayn

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

You need to quit talking so much, for a minute and hush
Stop trying to throw down boy, why you in such a rush
You play the game, as if you got a royal flush
But if you don't cool off, you just might get touched
I grind against the grain, and your brain like a crush
Cause for me to get mine, is a plus and a must
But listen, hustling ain't for everybody
Especially if you ain't got the heart, and you's a scary body
Oh but I know, you don't hear me boy
It's gon take som'ing bad to happen, for you to feel me boy
But I'm so sick and tired, of teaching and preaching

You ain't even meet me half way, it's like I'm the only one that's reaching
While you keep leaching, you gon find yourself smashed
Pumped up, wrecked and crashed
You must of forgot my nigga, your future's my past
You oughtta listen, 'fore you wind up on your ass

[Hook - 2x]

[Sir Daily]

On how, I got this cash
I sold zones bled mics, moved rocks and hash
I click pro long, had to get on these blocks and mash
You want your do' long, try to hit these blocks and mash
Be careful though, you got niggaz that watch your stash
And the second you slip get off his hip, gon pop your ass
Get a connect cop a Tech, take your prize in the dash
We balling now, hit the lot put your ride on glass
You hard headed not heated, when you ride on glass
Left it at home, but you need it when you ride on glass
Knocked off your feet you looking weak, your boys slide on past
Had a high class bitch, now you collide with trash
Now you the hoodrat plumber, pushing hoodrat lil' mama
Laid up with the slut, and caught the high five from her
Now you lying like a plumber, sick broke and in drama
Should of listened