

# Outta Control Flow

## Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking:]

Uh, Boss Hogg Outlawz  
It's Outlaw season baby, Boyz N Blue uh  
Here to serve and collect, you know what I'm saying  
Uh what, PJ check it out what what

[PJ:]

What's up motherfuckers, how you doing how you feel  
It's Outlaw season, and we hunting for scroll  
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What's up motherfuckers, how you doing how you feel  
It's Outlaw season, and we hunting for scroll  
On the corner posted up, boys gangbangin'  
Got my block on lock, big chain hanging  
I get love from the hoes, much respect from the G's  
Killing all snitches, cause these rats copping pleas  
Say I roll solo, but I can call up a mob  
If the price right nigga, I'll take up the job  
PJ the young nigga, that don't sleep  
On a late night creep, with a young freak  
Say I chill all day, run the streets all night  
I'm strapped up ready, everything's alright  
Hold up wait a minute, let me hit the dro  
Bitch recognize a hog, when I hit the do'  
You can cry get mad, but I'm not leaving  
Move around suckers, it's Outlaw season what

[Sir Daily:]

Nigga, pass the dutch  
Daily in the do', got cash to touch  
Bentley Sprewells, I'ma mash the clutch  
Chick in my whip, I'ma mash the slut  
Nigga crash for what, no sir  
I'ma steal the road, never be sober I'ma still be blowed  
If it stay summer time, I'll still be cold  
You broke niggaz, don't feel me though  
I'ma stay, on my note  
From my wrist to my ring, to the chain on my throat  
Nigga get paid, for everything that he spoke  
Daily on top, you insane to provoke  
All you lames is a joke, I get change while you broke  
Fold out six, in a Range blowing smoke  
Yes sir, inhale that cuz  
Nigga hit the weed, what the hell that was  
That hydro bud, can I buy some cuz  
Not from me I don't sell, I only smoke to get high as can be  
But, I can spare a little that you can clutch  
Ben you see me in them streets, nigga pass the dutch  
Pass the dutch  
Daily in the do', got cash to touch

[Kyleon:]

I pull up looking good, with the woman on the hood  
Top dropping fifth falling, hand fondling the wood  
Trunk beating up the block, like child abuse  
Kyle's the truth, I hang with the wildest group

Boss Hogg Outlawz, that's my gangsta team  
Reclining the butter back, that's a gangsta lean  
Hell yeah this gangsta bling, you know the boy glistening  
Watch chain and ring, act like they auditioning  
I got cookies in the oven, plus pies for sale  
Plus a sixteen, boys know I'm live as hell  
Coming behind me on a track, is like riding a whale  
You know that ain't happening, just quit rapping and  
Come to H-Town, ask bout me  
Bet they tell you, ain't a damn thang whack bout me  
And you gon get mo' heat, than Shaq about me  
Flows dope, like I'm spitting cooked crack about me

[Chris Ward:]

On the real, who you know flow better than I  
Don't say yourself, cause I'll spray this lead in your eye  
I treat money like lettuce shredded, then wet it to dry  
C-Wiggity-Whoadie-Weez, is one hell of a guy  
Boys fall off giving up, not knowing it's better to try  
But sit around, like the money gon fall dead from the sky  
We make the rules in these streets, and it's best you comply  
Or get layed down face down, left stretched out to die  
See we X'ing haters out nigga, one by one  
Then throwing away the hot heaters nigga, gun by gun  
See I'm a gangsta, no not a Blood or a Crip  
But I keep slugs in a clip, that'll plug up your whip  
I got a connect from Cali, that send me jugs of that dip  
And I love the block, so catch me hugged up with the strip  
Still I got nice prices, on jugs of that sip  
You can call me Chris Wizzard, or C-W  
Now let's cap stack for stack, car for car  
Let's rap track for track, bar for bar  
Let's go battle for battle, war for war  
Better yet bruise for bruise, scar for scar nigga  
Tell the truth, you don't wanna compete  
Got one on my hip, one in the stash and one under the seat