

## Please Flow

**Boss Hogg Outlawz**

[talking:]

Yeah-yeah uh, this your nig' C. Wig ya dig  
Getting real-real ghetto, gutter in here for ya  
The mic one time, I got this right flow  
You gonna feel it, check me out one time two times

[Chris Ward:]

A lot of hoe niggaz speaking war, but really mean peace  
Fuck hibernation, cause I am a mean beast  
I love the South, I was raised on these mean streets  
I run through dirty turf, and still I come out with clean cleats  
Look you looking for some work, in the green sheets  
Fuck that, I'll get you some work to stack some green sheets  
As far as the hustle, you don't know how much time I spent  
On the grind, trying to structure and design my print  
I'm the one behind the chrome grill, behind the Bent'  
And you could see the pinky ring on the wheel, behind the tint  
Along with that the bracelet, and the charm got freeze  
A lot of niggaz play hard, but softer than hot cheese  
I'm C. Wigga, or C. Weez  
The same one that told y'all, he's fresher than Free Breeze  
I'm still most wanted, still most hated  
My mail comes heavily steadily, whether or not it's post dated  
And cause I'm out on bond, they say I'm a mobster  
But I ain't looking for trouble, I'm just looking to prosper  
You might catch me eating chicken and shrimp, fetticini pasta  
M.O.B.'s my tree, and S.U.C. is the roster  
I stay's on my grizzlet, because I got's to  
One day I'm Dickie suited, the next day it's Las Costa  
But if you'd like, you could come to my la casa  
Then you'll understand why, I walk and talk with a posture  
That let's you know, that I'm one of the freshest  
But if you play with me, I'll leave you and your crew stretched out on stretchers nigga  
See you, ain't gotta like my kind  
Matter of fact, you ain't gotta like my rhymes  
That's why everytime I spit it, I make sure you feel it  
And let these haters know, I got a trifling mind bitch

[talking:]

Yeah, that's real spit  
Like 40 Water would say, say

I grind cause I gotta grind, shine cause I gotta shine  
I'm the reason that they wearing shades, cause I got em blind - 2x

[Kyleon:]

I speak the truth, like I'm rapping at the King James  
You know what that mean mayn, Kyleon the king mayn  
You just a baby boy, Kyleon Ving Rhames  
I'm H-Town's rookie of the year, call me King James  
Lebron, Kyleon's the one motherfucker  
Diamonds down, Kyleon shine like the sun motherfucker  
The booth Jesus, God's son motherfucker  
Got that blow flow, and got it by the ton motherfucker  
Not Juvenile, but Kyle stick to the G-code  
My shit is fo' hundred degrees, damn he thoed

I speak heat, like my pen got gonerhea  
My sheet's my freak, so you geeks don't wanna see her  
Dead End, that's the block that I'm repping  
Act like you got plex, and I'ma cock that weapon  
And make a nigga get to stepping, like Martin  
Fuck up they face, and have it looking like Martin