

# Presidential Flow

## Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking:]

G'eah Slim Thugger, Killa Kyleon, C. Ward  
PJ, Daily, we the Boyz N Blue

[Slim Thug:]

Yeah we stacking that green, naw I mean  
Big Boss, and that Outlaw team  
Pulling up clean, blue with the screens  
Niggaz ain't seen, another crew this mean  
Take it back to the North, back with the Boss  
Been wrecking decks, since back at the House  
Haters disrespect, getting smacked in the mouth  
Niggaz play hard, but they acting they soft  
How we ride, with the steel  
Fuck with us, and you gon get killed  
From the land of the trill, yeah we represent the Tex  
Don't bar plex, come playing get checked  
Get your hoe ass wrecked, trying to bring it to the Boss  
I'll get your ass done, it don't matter what it cost  
We floss that blue, do it for the crew  
Old school Caddy, or the new slabs too  
Paul Wall what it do, Who Mike Jones  
Boys mad at us, cause we getting our shine on  
Put it in they face, put em in they place  
Gotta let em know, who the leaders of the race  
Boss Hogg Outlawz, stacking that change  
Jackers be aware, we packing that thang  
Run your ass up, and I'ma rat-a-tat mayn  
I ain't playing no games, I'ma aim for the brain

[PJ:]

It's PJ, the Rap Hustler  
Going off, on these player hating suckers  
I'm from the Nawf, side of town  
Boys bout it over here, we on the grind  
I came up, it feel good  
Ain't a damn thang changed, I'm still hood  
Boss Hogg, Outlawz  
Fake niggaz, put your back against the wall  
Doing shows, pimping hoes  
Pulling out, on a glass set of 4's  
What we ride, that blue  
What we bang, that Screw  
Big piece, full of ice  
Boyz N Blue, nothing nice  
I go off, I go hard  
It's whatever, I don't bar

[Sir Daily:]

Here come Daily, in that wide frame thang  
Sliding down the block, with a fine dime mayn  
Times ain't changed, so these chickens still clocking dollas  
But I tell em what I'm bout, hit the twat and holla  
I'm a Boss Hogg nigga, we all of that  
One hitter quitter nigga, who don't call em back  
And when they see me, they be like Daily you wrong for that  
Cause he don't speak, he just say move along get back

That's my team, on the scene  
On glass, with the screens looking mean  
On dro, with the lean  
Boss Hogg Outlawz, the number one team

[Chris Ward:]

I'm C-Wiggy, my flow be jiggy  
These niggaz mad at me, just because they girls dig me  
I got so many clothes, I dress fresher than most hoes  
So many shoes, I give Michael Jordan the blues  
So many furs, some his and some her's  
I do what I does, cause I does what I do  
I pop tags like trunks, on slabs  
Peel back tops, like unhealed scabs  
Throwing up the deuce, and giving real niggaz daps  
If haters run up, then them punks can catch jabs  
(C. Ward you so ghetto), my nigga that's the truth  
(and why's that hole in your car), my nigga that's the roof  
(and why my ears keep bleeding), my nigga that's them speakers  
(why you got mirrors on your tires), my nigga that's them sneakers  
(and why your car look like a serpent), my nigga that's the paint  
(and why's it foggy inside), my nigga that's that stank  
You see these major labels, want me worse than the FED's  
Cause my flows feed niggaz, like jail house spreads  
These hoes call me Simon, cause they do what I says  
Plus I got my money long, like Jamaican dreads  
I'm Chris Wizzard, I go so hizzard  
Stay away from phonies fakers, haters and frizzauds  
Rappers mad at me, cause my flow is like a retard  
But really I think, it's cause I done cut up they brizzoads

[Kyleon:]

I'm MVP, Kyleon the one  
It's Outlaw season, Kyleon Lebron  
Badge on my neck, just shining like the sun  
Put the heat to the sheet, and cook a beat till it's done  
I get paid when I rap, this not a freestyle bro  
I got a paid style, not a freestyle flow  
Ten thee for the show, fifteen for the flow  
And another fifteen, if you wanna sco' blow  
I got bills got drank, and a connect on the dro  
That's why the diamond chain, look like a neck full of snow  
In a wide body Lac, and I'm next to your hoe  
With her head in my lap, and she pecking me slow  
Got the pop trunk glowing, and the bumper kit huh  
Ice pack on my wrist, like a nigga shit's sprung  
Bout to call lost and found, cause my top missing  
I done made it disappear, just like a magician Killa