

## Stay Fly Flow

### Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking:]

G'eah what's up with it, Boss Hogg Outlawz  
It's your boy, Slim Thugger  
And this, the motherfucking Outlaw season  
Boyz N Blue, y'all sit back fire up some  
Good motherfucking dro, to ride to that G shit huh

[PJ:]

PJ mayn, gotta wreck this track  
Kappa coming up, gotta wet this Lac  
Fiends want work, gotta sell this crack  
Bitch better bring me, no less than a stack  
Sipping on yack, while I puff on dro  
Sitting on my side, is a thick fine hoe  
Bout to jump fly, slide up in the Mo'  
Let this hoe know, she better get my do'  
Moving these bricks, state to state  
Black stamped, Peruvian weight  
I'm a hustler, and you's a fake  
Fuck the FED's, I'm moving weight  
Haters hate, cause I'm on top  
Mad at me, cause I don't stop  
Stacking knots, and snatching bops  
So I ride around, with that plastic glock  
Niggaz look strange, when I come around  
Cause I represent, the Northside of town  
Moving ki's, and moving pounds  
Making these bitch niggaz, lay it down  
Boss Hogg Outlawz, that's my set  
Blue and white diamonds, up on my neck  
Niggaz gon hate, but I demand respect  
Fuck with P, and your ass getting wet  
From 5th Ward, to Acres Home  
Got some killers, that'll blow your dome  
From Greens Road, to Homestead  
Got some killers, that'll bust your head  
All my real niggaz, get your do'  
When a bitch jump fly, nigga hit the hoe  
Got a lil' money, then get some mo'  
Listen to the way, I spit the flow

[Sir Daily:]

Like Thug and Three 6, I gotta stay fly  
Puff on a lot, so you know I stay high  
Butter buck seats, in my ride when I ride  
Waves in my head, like I just caught a tide  
First class seats, everytime when I fly  
VVS diamonds, in my chain hanging down  
Hoe cake niggaz, can't claim my town  
And if they got plex, I'm bring my pound  
Release my rounds, then I'ma burn off  
Whipping up work, can't burn my soft  
And if you got work, don't turn down South  
Trying to make a sale, then you getting broke off  
Cause niggaz got masks, and K's and glocks  
And hit your stash, for yay and stocks  
So watch what you say, and play about

Real down here, Sir Daily I'm out

[Kyleon:]

Killa nigga, and I'm chilling at the top mayn  
Got work, if you niggaz trying to cop caine  
Nice shot, when a nigga pull a glock aim  
Riding down, 45 in a drop thang  
22 inch shoes, and my coupe gray  
Cause I gotta stay fly, like Juice J  
Balling like MJ, I'm a deuce trey  
Get out of line, AK'll spray your toupe  
Fuck with Killa Kyleon, and you'll get killed  
Top looking like bananas, get your shit peeled  
I don't know what you heard, but this shit real  
I'll lay a nigga down, like a fifth wheel  
Yellow stones on my wrist, keep my shit chill  
Freeze time, make a nigga shit sit still  
Cold with the flow bro, and my shit ill  
You ain't know, I'm running H-Town this year