

# Whatcha Know

**Boss Hogg Outlawz**

(featuring Slim Thug, Chris Ward & Sir Daily)

(\*talking\*)

Slim Thugger uh, Boss Hogg Outlawz  
We be the Boyz N Blue nigga, we be the Boyz N Blue

[Slim Thug]

Mic check 1-2, 1-2  
Residing the Boss, of the Boyz N Blue  
Young Slim T, H-U to the G  
Bout to get this shit jumping, like it's 'pose to be  
I keep the dro close to me, stays in the party mode  
And get thoed, when the hand of Bacardi hold  
We like the kind, that blow pound for pound  
Rolling town to town, Boss Hogg with the top down  
Surround sound, got the streets on hit  
And all the bopping hoes, on dick  
And all the hating niggaz sick, cause we blew up quick  
Same boys that we grew up with, trying to get the shit  
That Slim get, cause Slim's the shit  
And so is his click, and so is his chick  
We blast off fast, shot from cross the bricks  
So when you see me rolling, in my drop top Caddy  
Throw your peace sign, and say hey pimp daddy

[Hook - 2x]

What you know about, them Dirty South Hoggs  
What you know about, them young Outlawz  
What you know about, my gangsta crew ha  
What you know about, them Boyz N Blue nigga

[Chris Ward]

Off top bitch, you know who  
C. Ward Mobstyle, and with them Boyz N Blue  
It's the yellow bone puller, from the Yellowstone Boule'  
You know me, and what I stay gon full of  
Blazing and dazing, off that purple dank  
Sometimes leaning and codeine'ing, off that purple drank  
I'm bout to introduce you, to the syrup and soda  
Cause y'all know how we do, we put our syrup in soda  
Your girl controller, smell this fresh herb I rolled up  
When you smoke you choke, and your eyes look swoll up  
They call me Chris Ward, I know you heard the name  
It's common like catching a Colombian, with a bird of caine  
I'm hot, so hot I could burn a flame  
You ought to listen to me Watts, now you could learn some thangs  
When I'm perving mayn, I swerve through lanes  
Blessing the ghettos, with my gutter herb and slang  
It's M.O.B. style, I need not go no further mayn  
Why rain on em, when I could form a hurricane nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Sir Daily]

Now I'm a young money maker, down low cake baker  
Break a hoe like a pimp, cause I'm not your savior  
Paint wet like a sailor, when I'm flipping in gator

Turn the page on you haters, never trusting you traitors  
All these hoes trying to date us, see we richer with vapor  
Young nigga getting money, never missing my paper  
Snakes dwelling in my yard, laying low and waiting  
I'ma break off the breaker, cause I know they hating  
Throwing bows till I fold, ain't no escaping  
Show's over do's closed, I'm a pro at breaking  
These tracks, how you think I got these stacks  
Hustle on the block, moving my cheese packs  
Busting at the cops, fool I squeeze gats  
Thugging till I'm out, like Roxenette  
I'm busting on your mouth, if you stop green backs  
It's rugged down South, so we crawl clean Lacs

[Hook - 4x]