

Wood Wheel

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[talking:]

G'eah, it's time to pull them slabs out mayn
It's slab season, that boy Mr. Lee act a fool with this one
Northside where ya at, Southside where ya at
The East/West where ya at mayn, it's time to get your shine on mayn
Pull the candy out on them boys, holla at em Thug (Thugga)

[Slim Thug:]

I'm taking off down the run way, broad day Sunday
Haters looking at me, I ain't playing I will gun play
Hand on my grain, while I'm swinging on the one way
Boppers everywhere, I see it'll be a fun day
I might as well stay up all night, till it's Monday
My shit'll prolly end up, where my son stay
Got baby mama drama, cause the bitch driving a Hyundai
And I got a Rolls, G's up hoes
Still down till I'm down, watch me act a damn clown
In the cleanest shit around, making mo'fuckers frown
I been flipping through my town, trying to see what the fuck's up
Boss city ballers, bitch niggaz get your bucks up
Got a king ranch, that'll make you put your trucks up
It's looking like them other boys, ran all they luck up
Damn sho' can't touch us, we them true bosses
You know how we do it fool, we them blue flossers

[Hook: x2]

Mayn I got to grip, my wood-wood wheel
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Trunk is steady pumping, grill steady coming

[PJ:]

Switching lane to lane, gripping wood grain
Trunk knocking tops dropping, it's a hood thang
Just rolling through the neighborhood, holding slab
Playas chunking up the deuce, when I hit the AVE.
Drank po'ing, A.C. blowing
Sun shining bright, but my screens still showing
Bumper unlocking, yellow hoes bopping
Two miles an hour, ain't doing no stopping
I hit the button, recline the kit
High-siding when I'm riding, cause I know I'm the shit
Haters standing on the sideline, talking that trash
Eyes scoping for the jackers, cause I'm anxious to blast
Of course I'm having cash, just look at my ride
Glass fo's candy do's, peanut butter insides
I can't be denied, straight up out of Houston
Working wood wheel, just laid back cruising

[Hook x2]

[Sir Daily:]

City lights on, now we headed to the club
Long line of Caddy's, on the 4's and them dubs
Everybody icy, so them chickenheads choosing
Sideline watching, as the candy slab cruising
Hit the parking lot, and it's time to shut it down

Fall up in the spot, and I'm smelling like a pound
Headed to the bar, for a shot of that Patrone
Chicks on my dick, punching numbers in my phone
Got my money long, cause I'm cashing them checks
Boss Hogg Outlawz, here to serve and collect
In that down South state, where the cash flow is great
On feet when I skate, boulevard I'ma break
Everybody paper chase, on the grind for that green
I'ma shine for myself, I'ma shine for my team
Puffing pounds of that green, you know I gotta get the kill
Recline on the scene, as I work my wood wheel

[Hook x2]