

# Wood Wheel (feat. PJ & Sir Daily)

## Boss Hogg Outlawz, Slim Thug & The 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  
k br, khof! e? bbj,  
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'\*\*\*\*\*ers frown  
I been flipping through my town, trying to see what the \*\*\*\*\*'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 - 2x]

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 - 2x][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 - 2x]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>