

Slim Thug, La La La Flow

(feat. Killa Kyleon)

Chorus (Killa)

Kyleon be smokin that La La La
Slim T be smokin that La La La
Boss Hogg We be smokin that La La La
Rayface be smokin that La La La come on
Excuse me hoe, we in the dough
We bought to blow, off the floor
We thought you should know
Boss Hogg's in the house tonight
(Aye! Killa...)

(Killa Kyleon)

Kyleon got muscle like a G-T-O
I'm platinum you gold plates like CP3-O
Not only Slim, but cats in C-P-3 know
You rappin blind folded can't see mo' hoe
Rappin ass actors, just like X up in Exit Wounds
Fuck Makin A Band, I need a seat, right next to Loon
I'ma Texas tycoon like that cat toe down
You're just another hype man like that cat slow down
Plus Ima Boy N Blue and mah clicks the shit
Why you can't get no air-play like a Dixie Chick
Soft ass nigga, sweeter than a pixie stick
I pump three in ya ass, like Nick the Quick
Why I stick the chick? You just go lick the chick
And hit the block wit rocks then I hit the lick
I'm a Boss Hogg nigga I ain't switched the click
When I spit this hit? I'm finna dismiss ya click
(Its Kyleon!)

Chorus (Slim T.)

Slim T be smokin that La La La
Killa Kyle be smokin that La La La
Rayface be smokin that La La La
Its the Boss bitch sing our lullaby
Come on, excuse me miss, but I'm the shit
You should come, home wit me
And possibly...Hold up
Skip all the music let's get high tonight!

(Slim Thug)

Mommy, I ain't into all that judgin shit
Its alright to give it up the first night quick
Cause just like, I like pussy you should like dick
And I ain't lookin for no love so gon' let me hit
I'm tryin to have a good time, tryin to find a new dime
And you the nicest one in ya crew so Im
Tryin to put you shot gun in mah Beamer
I know you wanna be seen on the scene wit a famous rap singer
And I don't know you don't smoke but gon'hit the dope
Puff puff bitch 'til the dope make you choke
We gon' have a good time, whats yours is mines
And whats, mines is mine so let me hit it from behind
Imagine that like R.Kelly havin me up in ya belly
Befo I'm done you'll be done so ain't shit you can tell me
Dont tell me: All you thought that I could do was rap
Dont tell me: You ain't expect the sex to be all that
Well suprise, yes I'm blessed when I'm up in the thighs
I go slow you hear moans I go fast you hear cries
Whicheva her, prefer, I keep boo satisfied
So gon' hop on Ill take you for a ride Lets Ride

(Chorus: Slim T)
Slim T be smokin that La La La
Killa Kyle be smokin that La La La
Rayface be smokin that La La La
Its the Boss bitch sing our lullaby
Come on, excuse me miss, but I'm the shit
You should come, home wit me
And basically...Hold up
Skip all the music let's get high tonight!