

# Paul Wall, Go Grind

[Chamillionaire]

Listen..

They say rapping's a waste of knowledge  
&quot;Take ya ass to college&quot;  
Now they broke ass call us  
Tryin to ask for dollars  
Sittin behing glass Impala's  
High class Impala's  
I make two cash deposits everytime I pass the closet  
If niggas lookin for the grands  
The grands can be spotted  
Chamillions the man  
He got it in his hand of wallet  
Ain't no If's, And's, about it  
&quot;That man's the hottest&quot;  
I accedently spent five grand  
Cause man, we ballas  
We don't shop at Family Dollars  
If your ice is fake?  
If you ask me for a verse  
I make my price inflate  
We still ghetto, lookin for some metal mics to break  
I'm still hangin around a hood, like a liscense plate  
I'm not cappin, cause trust me  
You'll know when I'm cappin  
When I pull out that gat  
And you hear that thang click-clackin  
You hear what that boy said?  
Don't be a hard head  
Save me some left overs im through with some raw bread

[Chorus]

Let's open, the garage and pull, Them cars out (Why?)  
Show em how boys in the dirty south shiiiiiiiine  
(Money is on your mind, chasin them dollar signs  
Get off of youe behind and go Grind)  
Yeaaaaah  
there's no time, to sleep - we hustle and grind, all the time  
Because money's always on our miiiiiiiind  
(Chasin them dollar signs, you sayin you wanna shine?  
Then get up off of your behind and go Grind)  
Yeaaaaah

[Paul Wall]

They say stuntin's a waste of money  
&quot;Man, invest it in stocks&quot;  
Now they homeless and out of work  
Ever since Enron flopped  
Have a hustle for every season  
That's the Babeoulous way  
Mo money underneath my mattress  
Then you have in your safe  
When money slow up? Make a different hustle blow up  
Alotta cats older then me, but they ain't never grow up  
Boys hit a couple of licks, buy some kicks and they quit  
I ain't hustlin for a fifth, I'm on the grind to get rich  
I ain't gone lie, I got lazy making fifty a week  
But when that fifty sunk to ten I woke up out of my sleep  
I don't compete with other ballers  
I inspire myself  
Self-Employed, I could write a check  
And hire myself  
I admire myself, with a set of Slabs, salute

All courtisey of my underground, mass of loot  
It don't matter what it cost, just grab some loot  
I'll earn it back before your class is through..  
It's goin down

[Chorus]

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[Chamillionaire]

Listen..

They say our album just dropped  
And we ain't proved a thing  
Look at the Sound Scan scannin  
Tell us who's the King  
Okay, if we don't hit Top 100 on Billboards  
We still gone feel joy, 50 hundreds in Bills boy  
We Runnin Houston streets, so you can say we RoadRunners  
You better hide your deer, like we was Doe Hunters  
Never made doe from a dealer, I'm no dope runna  
But I intercept chips like a kick from a slow punta  
HUT ONE! HUT TWO! - We comin' through, what it do?  
Direspecting that Houston, Texas Underground? What a fool  
It's okay if you DeeJay's don't give us Radio play  
We tell the streets to go get our CD today, they obey  
Underground CD sella, Hundred Thousand or betta  
But I'm not in this game to get a Grammy letta or metal  
Just tryin to make alot of chedda, Mirror Mirror on the wall  
Can you tell us who really ball? "Chamillion and Paul Wall"

[Chorus X2]

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