

Paul Wall, Go Grind

[Chamillionaire]

Listen..

They say rapping's a waste of knowledge
"Take ya ass to college"
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
"That man's the hottest"
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
"Man, invest it in stocks"
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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