

# Paul Wall, Got Plex

(feat. Archie Lee, Cootabang)

Yuh, boys plexin  
When somebody, holdin plex  
We gon' let 'em know what it do though  
Knahmtalkinbout? Yuh

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

I'm stompin down on my Reebok white, rearview mirror jackers in sight  
Not to worry I fear no bite, I'm wired up and I'm ready to fight  
Got plex I got the pump, got plex I got the pump  
Got plex I got the pump, what it do, that's what's up

[Paul Wall]

Step in the club and throw up my set, they mean muggin and smellin like wet  
But not to fear I'm totin that iron, that Desert Eagle, American Express  
I never leave home without the heater, I'm strapped up like a straightjacket  
I'm certifiable my ghetto stripes, I specialize in hustlin tactics  
Hit ya jaw and play 32 pick up, catch a cut when the AK hiccup  
Bend the corner bitch move around, I'll know ya head right by ya edge-up  
Seen ya straight to {?}, emergency room, ICU  
And have you layin up for a month, eatin ya dinner food through a tube  
Why these suckers eyein me, you don't wanna be tryin me  
Keep on lookin at me strange, I'ma have you seein siamese  
Close your eyes, look away, your clock is tickin no time to play  
Keep on muggin you pressin your luck, where you stand gon' be where you lay

[Chorus - first half two times, then second half two times]

[Archie Lee]

I pull up in front of your crib, real slow-ly  
Sayin you gon' hold me, you gon' have to show me  
Draped in all black so I can stay low key  
So when they ask who done it won't nobody know me  
The whole fuckin H-Town, that's my hood  
I'ma put in they face so they can get it understood  
Mister master Archie Lee but you can call me Hollyhood  
I could cap on down, but I'ma keep it hood  
Check it out - fuckin rappin 'bout it, be about it  
Got plex with the Mister, bitch come see me about it (yeah)  
Real gangsters don't talk about what they gon' do ya  
They just cock the hammer back and let them slugs fly through ya

[Chorus - first half two times, then second half two times]

[Cootabang]

If it's plex that ya holdin the gat attached I expose it  
And explode the flesh off ya chest and ya neck up off ya shoulders  
Homey who's takin over with soldiers, they can't control us  
They ain't understandin my motives, hold up pop the trunk and show us  
Artillery digger make you say shiver me timbers  
I'm off of the chain especially off Hennessy liquor  
It's Coot-banger, number one suspect for danger  
You niggaz can be decoded but the tec'll make you famous  
I'm out there SwishaHouse with Archie and Paul  
Got plex, then it's a mess you'll be too wet for a towel  
You'll be the color I'm reppin, that's what's poppin  
If you think you heard the weapon, that's Coot B cockin

[Chorus - first half two times, then second half two times]