

# Paul Wall, Dat's What Dat Is

(feat. Bun B, H.A.W.K., Killer Mike)

[talking]

Killer kill from the Ville, Killer Mike  
In the motherfucking building nigga  
Y'all already know, Killa kill putting it down  
New South Movement, mo'fucker  
New South Movement, South Lee Southwest Click

[Hook - 9x]

That's what that is pimp

[Bun B]

Now loving, is the size of my shoe  
And that's the new size that'll hold you, let your shit come through  
See one deep I'm whooping clicks, gangs  
With my 50 Cal. click bang, I'm gangsta walking with that trick aim  
My nuts hang, like D-boys on the corner  
And I could send a bitch nigga, a Bengal like Ty Warner  
I'm standing on a soap box, preaching the gospel  
On how you should move them coke rocks, and protect yo glocks  
And turn your projects, into Ft. Knox  
It just a fo' night, with two 44 glocks  
Now rise and shine it's a kick do', for your pies and pine  
I'm riding off in the sunset, the horizon's mine  
Everybody dies in time, but how will you pass  
In a million dollar mansion, or dead broke on your ass  
Think fast, cause your number is coming up  
And ain't no second chances, when the killers is running up

[Hook - 8x]

[Paul Wall]

I step into the club, in a fresh white T  
Looking for a one night wife, to delight me  
A lot of dudes claim, to be gangsta like Ice-T  
When in actuality, they sweeter than ice tea  
Get your weight up homie, only the strong survive  
Get off the bus and pay your dues, you don't belong on this ride  
I'm a full time playa, all about my hustle  
Demonstrating my muscle, if I get in a tussle  
If you got plex, I suggest you keep it hush-hush  
Cause boys wet up on that water, and you might get bust  
I got to stay up on my note, so my game is sharper  
I can't be wiped out, I'm like a permanent marker  
Boys mean mugging in the club, repping they hood  
It's understood but cross that line, homie it ain't good  
It's survival of the fittest, I'm the last one breathing  
While you in your bed sleeping, I'm still out here creeping

[Hook - 8x]

[Killer Mike]

Take your ass to church nigga, if you wanna learn better  
Join Mase and Bethle-fuck him, I'm trying to get cheddar  
My stack will clearly show, my talent for moving blow  
And it's gangsta music, so fuck the status quote  
Grown men talking, who let the children in  
Get the nine to spit it in, leave him smelling like chit-lens  
I ain't playing I ain't joking, I'm rolling loaded and open  
It's best you not provoking, this man when he pistol toting  
The 4-fiftha, will tuck turn toss twist you  
Split you right down the middle, like a brand new swisha  
When the bullet hit you nigga, it rip and tear tissue

Bullet bang, turn brains into baby batter  
Turn great matter, into antimatter  
Fuck your chitter-chatter, who's good better best badder  
Let the shotgun splitter splatter, who it hit child or bitch  
It don't matter, niggaz just handling bis'  
Primetime guerilla gang, get his what it is

[H.A.W.K.]

Last but not least, it's H.A. Dub  
Buckshot slugs, you covered in blood  
Feel me cuz, or get drug in the mud  
By these Texas thugs, who really don't show no love  
That's what it is nigga, handle your bis nigga  
This ain't your year nigga, I'll split your wig nigga  
Take a sqwig nigga, this is the new South  
We coming hola, so what you talking bout  
You niggaz still learning, we got they heads turning  
We got the streets burning, this is a street sermon  
That's what it is dummy, you niggaz chasing honey  
We out here chasing money, jacked by G and running

[Hook - 16x]