

Paul Wall, Gymc Song

[Watts]

its goin down, representin H-Town make sure you pick up the Southern Classic
Get Ya Mind Correct Swishahouse player, N Paid in Full

[Paul Wall]

I'm not the type that likes to think about the times I was broke
reminisce on how everybody thought my rhymes was a joke
I played it fair while competitors were buying their vote
But that's life I ain't crying I cope
They talk about I owe them somethin, but they the ones that's holdin me back
They the same people bringing me down
That's why anytime I hop up on the mic there ain't no holding me back
Watch I show ya'll the meaning of clown
Until I'm under the ground
They won't disrespect or slander my name
It takes more than a strong mind to handle the fame
I'm walking one path in this broad, scandalous game
If you don't have an umbrella don't stand in the rain
It gets deep boys losing their life cause of their rappin
Get jacked lose their car cause of their cappin
A lot of cats exaggerate things that they lackin
But I'm real baby ain't no actin, just real action

[Chorus: Chamillionaire singing]

Seems Only Times When I'm Balling Balling Balling Balling
Foreigns, Lacs Are Crawling, Now Hood Rats Are Calling
My Stacks Is Tall and To Them Baps and Frauds But Hey
Where Was You At The Other Day
Never See Myself, Falling Falling Falling Falling
Picture Me Falling Off from Rappin Back To Starving
No Lacs Or Foreigns, Gucci Hats Or Jordans Hey
I Couldn't Ever See The Day-ay-ay