Paul Wall, Gymc Song

[Watts]

its goin down, repesentin 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 if fair while competitors were buying their vote But thats life I ain't crying I cope

They talk about I owe them somethin, but they the ones thats holdin me back They the same people bringing me down

Thats 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 they life cause of their rappin

Get jacked lose their car cause of their cappin Alot 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 Falling Picture Me Falling Off from Rappin Back To Starving No Lacs Or Foreigns, Gucci Hats Or Jordans Hey I Couln't Ever See The Day-ay-ay