

# Paul Wall, Know What I'm Talkin' About

[talking]

Know I'm tal'n bout, already

I'm just saying though

[Hook - 2x]

It's going down, know I'm tal'n bout

(Know I'm tal'n bout)

I'm on the grind, know I'm tal'n bout

(Know I'm tal'n bout)

Every penny nickle and dime, well I still got time

Every dolla that I can find, know I'm tal'n bout

(Know I'm tal'n bout)

[Paul Wall]

I gotta get that money, I gotta get that cash

I gotta stack bread, cause I'm spending it fast

I got habits, that I just can't break

Just got a brand new car, cash on fifth gray

If I see it I want it, if I buy it I flaunt it

A Kenyon Martin high school jersey, worth at least five hundred

Everything I got authentic, from the clothes to the chain

A twenty thousand dolla mouth, man I love this game

Everything changed, when I started getting that money

From the land of milk and honey, when I smile it's sunny

Isn't it funny, how people say that money changed me

I ain't worried what they broke ass, think bout me

I'm riding on 83's, my rims are classic

24's under the Avalanche, looking Jurassic

Paint change like mirages, you don't know when you pass it

I'm big balling till I lay in a casket, already

[Hook - 2x]

[Paul Wall]

I'm a neighborhood trend setter, getting that cheddar

Nobody does it better, I'm a cash money go-getter

Looking clean riding spinners, on these Lone Star streets

Spitting game laying pipe, to these all star freaks

We the boys pulling up, in them candy coated cars

A couple more in the garage, we some neighborhood stars

Check the wrist check the mouth, check the ice on the neck

You disrespect we put a price on your neck, watch your mouth

I'm on that South Lee, 8900 block

I hustle nonstop, to earn everything that I got

I'm hot I swang and pop trunk, the block done got crunk

Got plex we got pumps, cause partna we not punks

I got chunks of paper, filling my pocket

Don't knock it you can't stop it, just sit back and watch it

The fifth wheel I drop it, I got cheese in my hot pocket

We slow it down and chop it, know I'm tal'n bout

[Hook - 2x]

[Paul Wall]

You can hear me in my drop, a block away

The fifth wheel bow down, unlock and pray

The IRS, wanna know what I bought today

I wonder which lap top, I'll watch today

If lil' mama wanna bop, she got to pay

I'm in a Benz big 6, like Dr. J

I wonder which car lot, I'll shop today

I be balling real big, the proper way

Respect it or check it, but best not neglect it

You don't really wanna see, the parking lot get hectic

We big ballers, and big trucks with big ass rims

Blueberry with no stems, make strangers friends

Tighten up no slack, cause them people be watching

Them jump out boys be plotting, homie you ain't forgotten

In jail or in a coffin, or a hospital coffin

But I'm none of the above it ain't me, know I'm tal'n bout

[Hook - 4x]