

Paul Wall, Ridin' Dirty

(feat. Trey Songz)

Yuh, knahmtalkinbout

We over here in the Gridiron, three in the mo'nin

This song here is dedicated to all them boys that put it down befo' us

The foundation, knahmtalkinbout?

[Chorus: Trey Songz]

Pimpin hoes, slammin Cadillac do's (already)

Shawty understaind this is how we roll (already)

Parkin lot pimpin on Vogues (already)

VA to H-Town yeah you already know

Choppin on blades so ama-zin (already)

Look at them boy's teeth, that's cra-zy (already)

The lean and the weed got us la-zy (already)

Yellow boppers is boppin but you already know

[Paul Wall]

I'm comin straight out of the South, with my nuts in my hand

It's the SwishaHouse, the third coast, the state of Texas that's my land

Who's the man that's in demand, it's Paul Wall baby yeah that's me

I put it down on that Gov Bang, but now I reside on that South Lee

And I'm hustlin, on the grind, seventy-two, I was straight

No time to eat or sleep, I'm stackin licks that just won't wait

I'm campaignin for a Benz, on the rims with bubble lens

So I'm stackin every dollar I see; hundreds, fifties, twenties and tens

Do's open and do's close, never sweat hoes, players get chose

Hustle and flow, cars close, that's the player life that I know

Roll the dank up, where's the 'dro, po' the drank up, where's the fo'

Stackin money all on the low and we still ridin dirty pimpin

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

I'm ridin drop-top on them roller skates, candy Charlie ranch'n paint

Enjoyin the spoils of hard work, in grind mode tryin to get that bank

I don't know what these boys thank, my motivation is Benjamin Franklin

I'm tryin to maintain this wealth that I been calculatin

Gettin money that's all I know, on my toes never off my note

Woodgrain and hundred spokes, I weigh the trunk just like a pro

I grind it's off to work I go, I hustle hard it's non-stop

And if I flop I switch the hustle, I learn the game and then set-up shop

I'm strivin to make it to the top, it's all or nuttin no turnin back

I'm with them boys out on the block, accumulatin them paper stacks

I'm makin money it's where it's at, whatever it takes, crackerjack

In love with my money and that's a fact and we still ridin dirty pimpin

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

Right now we got the fifth wheel reclinin

Trunk is popped up, screens fallin from the sky

I got the candy paint sprayed by Eddie

And I'm ridin on that glassy chrome, all courtesy of my hustle game..

Be a hustler's in my bloodline, I don't complain or whine

I just get on my grind, puttin in work overtime

I learned overtime, many hustles of every kind

Whatever it takes to make a dime, I keep that paper on my mind

I was born blind, but now I see the road to riches

It's a long road, full of hurdles potholes and ditches

Benard Freeman taught me to keep it movin when you take a loss

And Chad Butler taught me to keep it trill at all cost

I peeped game from the best, and since then I been playin chess

I put in work with no rest, to get that paper that's my quest

I'm on a slow grind towards success, one of the best cause I keep it fresh
I'm one hundred and nuttin less and I'm still ridin dirty pimpin

[Chorus]

[Outro]

On behalf of the People's Champ, me myself Pretty Todd and Calvin Earl
Funky Fingers I hear ya baby, we'd like to thank ya for ya purchase
Keep holdin the South down, because, we are