

# Paul Wall, Sippin' Tha Barre

[Chorus:]

Sip sippin tha barre  
Grippin tha grain  
I got 17 karrots in my piece and chains [repeat 4x]

[Verse 1:]

Ya'll open a map and take a trip down south  
Come on over to houston,texas welcome to the swisha house  
It's the land of the trill  
Coming straight out the block  
I got my mind on my hustle  
Im tyrna make it to the top  
So I put in work and stack at night  
Determination is all I got  
On the grind I sceme and plot  
Whatever it takes to raise my stock  
Im breaking bread out here try to survive  
On my new water with these sharks prayin I stay alive  
Im putting up numbers like garnett on that 610 south  
Aint nothing soft about my block 'cept the packs of the south  
This here that people's champ talk  
This the expressions of a g  
And ima be chasin after them g's until I R.I.P.  
Its paul wall baby  
What it do be bangin screws since '92  
Pat pat,lil kee kee,funky hawk and the rest of the crew  
So whos next on that plex  
Im flippin slab and weavin hood  
Wit screens hanging down from the roof im ballin like a real playa should im

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 2:]

They got you thinking houston,texas the home of david carr  
But really its candy paint playas sippin on barre  
Take a ride wit a star straight outta that loone star state  
Lil michael watched the train and told me I gotta hold my weight  
Motovation is the key when you moving them keys  
Entropenuaters out the game outta  
The 713  
See one of the keys to my success  
I switched up like rick maddox  
While maintaining my composings to become one of the baddest  
I stick to the g code in my el g'est clothes  
While im tippin on 4 4 's with these scuicide doors  
I buy dro and pro pow for my dogs that died in the past  
Prayin to god I stay flow just to make this hustle last  
Its prime time im obeying the laws  
While my life is on trial  
Im tyrn knockout pieces chain and throw some ice on my smile  
Its all work and no play while im out here punching in clock  
Its hustlermania out here grinding on the block im tryna ball baby

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 3:]

From the 3rd coast trenches where the killers don't think  
Where them boys be slugged up and tatted up with that ink  
These lil cowards tryna sas and make the character of a g  
But im squashing all of that chatter keeping it real and being me  
Its g's up and marks down when im making my round  
While im up in nyc with dipset we shutting it down  
Shouts out to keenan martin holding it down in the low coast  
While im on the block grinin tryna hold my post

Im glass house on the grill my necklace glow like toxic waste  
Im iced out like frozen food  
Sippin on the ski taste  
Im moving time on my grind  
It aint no time for playing games  
Thats why I hustle 25/8 accumulating  
This change  
I got them diamonds up against that wood grippin grain and sippin good  
Bustin time thats my hood gettin money is understood  
Im on the hustle baby all night and all day  
100 d up in my safe  
Safe to say that boy is paid

[Chorus x5]