

# Paul Wall, Slab Flippin

[T.I.]

Aight nigga, you already know what it is man  
A-Town, H-Town connection nigga  
T.I.P. man, you understand that?  
My homeboy Paul Wall, extended Pimp Squad Clique  
Keep it pimpin mayne!

[Chorus: T.I.]

So many diamonds in my teeth you can't see no gold  
Hundred ki's in the streets, every week no O  
Certified G, a young nigga so cold  
It's the Pimp Squad Clique, punk bitch, we so tho'ed

[T.I.]

Pimp smoke grey Cadillac, 24, imagine that  
Camera in my license plate to see you when I'm backin back  
T.I.P. be smokin on that good shit imagine that  
I'm blowin on a hoe that's strong enough to kill the Cadillac  
By bitch I mean fro, hell to heart and had a mack attack  
Give me a brick of blow you never seen it flip as fast as that  
And you can keep the beef, pussy nigga I don't battle rap  
So that bullshit you kickin through yo' teeth a gangsta laughin at  
That shit you hear on "Gangsta Grillz" is real, best chill  
before you wake up with some gangsters in your grill and get killed  
By a nigga named Big Phil, tote a big steel  
Give a damn if my record never sells, I'm the shit still

[Chorus - 2X]

[Paul Wall]

I got the diamond ice in the grill, invisible top, glass bottom  
I'm swervin lanes on the interstate, evadin laws and playin possum  
I spin the wheel I roll the dice, I look at life in a different light  
36 of that white make you a celebrity overnight  
I shoot a kite to my potnah Project, locked up doin 45  
And let him know I'm still holdin, them Grit Boys is on the rise  
A hundred percent no compromise, my momma raised to be a man  
I'm not concerned with the next man, gettin money, that's my plan  
I'm on the road with that boy Unique, I'm po'n drank he roll the Sweets  
T Ferris concocted a master plan, we executed it to the T  
It's Paul Wall and T.I.P., makin haters, R.I.P.  
We so tho'ed you can't compete, our competition is obsolete

[Chorus - 2X]

[Paul Wall]

I'm on the hustle 25/8, ATL to the lone star state  
On the move I'm bleedin blocks, tryin to get this paper straight  
No time to wait no room for error, the gameplan is crystal clear  
I'm tryin to bolt up 83's and throw some ice cubes in the air  
I'm reminiscin, on my potnah Duke that died and passed away  
I'm strapped up at all times, if you flex I'ma blast away  
Like Tom Hanks on "Castaway," I'm posted up just one deep  
Cause these days these hoes out here be plottin to come up on the creep  
And these suckers be on that reach, tryin to come up off of me  
You need to go get it, by yourself and stand up on your own two feet  
Look at me I'm star-studded, all because I punch that clock  
Burnin straights out on the block, givin it all I got

[Chorus - 2X]