

Paul Wall, They Don't Know

(feat. Mike Jones)

[Snippets from U.G.K. songs Bun-B (Pimp-C)]

They don't know what that scar bout'

They don't know what that bar bout'

They don't know what that candy car bout'

or smokin' that joint about

Texas is the home of the playas and pimps

Showin' naked ass in the great state of Tex'

3rd Coast Born I mean we're Texas raised

(Texas muthafucka that's where I stay)

[Paul Wall]

All ready!

What you know about swangaz and vogues

What you know bout' purple drank

What you know bout' poppin' trunk, neon lights, candy paint

What you know about white shirts, starched down jeans with a razor crease

Platinum and gold on top our teeth, big ol' chains with a iced out piece

You don't know bout' Michael Watts

You don't know about DJ Screw

What you know about "MAN! Hold UP", I done came down and what it do?

They don't know about P.A.T

What you know bout' FREE PIMP C

What you know bout' the Swishahouse man

What you know bout' the S.U.C

We keep it playa, ain't no fake

When we holdin' plex whenever haters hate

We listen to music screwed and chopped

Down here in this Lone Star state

Outta towners be comin' around

Runnin' they mouth and talkin' down

but you don't know nuthin' bout my town

either hold it down or move around

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[Mike Jones]

MIKE JONES!

Me and Paul we actin' a fool

When screens fall I'm packin' a tool

I'm Texas raised, Texas made

We grind daily no minimum wage

I represent the home of candy cars

Screw music and purple bar

Trunk bangin', fifth hangin'

84's and vogue swangin'

Belt-buckles we wear in Texas

Rag-tops lay down on Lexus

Diamonds shinin' from grillin' necklace

Haters hate cuz we well respected

Paul Wall and Mike Jones

Who one of the throwedest on the microphone

We sittin' high on 20 inch chrome

Tryin' to get our shine on

I said, Paul Wall and Mike Jones

Who one of the throwedest on the microphone

We sittin' high on 20 inch chrome

Tryin' to get our shine on

I crack a smile and show platinum mouth

Every time I rap I rep Swishahouse
I spit a verse and head straight to the vaults
5 G's for me to even open my mouth
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[Paul Wall]
All Ready!
Hold on, hold up a second cuz
boys comin' down blue or red
Down here pimpin' ain't dead
Grindin' daily to stack my bread
I from the place where girls jump fly
Now a days the brauds pimp brauds
Cuz they got more game then most these guys
You'll get set up and then you'll get robbed
You don't know bout' chunkin' a deuce
You don't know bout a southside fade
Down here we be ridin' d's
But you don't know about choppin blades
Texas southern or Prairie View
What you know bout' battle of the bands
Down here we got ghetto grub
Like William's chicken or Timmy Chan's
You can catch me ridin' swangs
What you know about sippin' syrup
You don't know about pourin' it up
Purple drank some speeches slurred
You don't know bout' the way we talk
Boys say we got country words
But I don't really care what you heard
Cuz you don't know bout' the Dirty 3rd
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