

# Paul Wall, Thinking Of You

(feat. Lil' Flip)

[Chorus x2: Female voice (Paul Wall) {Lil' Flip}]

I'm thinking of you  
I'm thinking of you  
I'm so confused  
Tell me what should I do  
(I got cars to bring) bring  
(money to take) take  
(charges to make) make  
{I just gotta get paid}

[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

Your freinds say "I think he just wanna hit"  
I'm from the streets I think I really wanna brick  
I ain't gotta trick (why?)  
Cuz that's my nature (nature)  
If you got you a bad ho I ain't gon' hate cha (I luv ya)  
I'm bout my paper (paper)  
I'ma holla later (HOLLA!!!)  
Cuz when I pull up we in stretch navigators (ooohhh wwwweee!!)  
The women runnin to the bar saying "buy me a drink" (ok)  
Hoes runnin to my car saying "buy me a mink" (hell naw)  
That's how it go when you ain't used to the finer thangs (finer thangs)  
What's next you want me to buy your ass some diamond rings (diamond rings)  
You want a wedding band (wedding band)  
I'm still a bacholor (bacholor)  
So if you got a bad broad i'll snatch heer  
I'm never tricking my dough (dough)  
I'm never lickin 'em low (low)  
I'm quick to let them know (know)  
That I'm gon' let them go (go)  
If they ain't got no dough (dough)  
You gotta have somethin (have somethin)  
You go to the mall make sure you grab somethin (grab somethin)  
You gotta shop for me (me)  
I can't shop for you (you)  
I'm on my grind everyday I can't stop for you (you)  
you you you you you...but you know what..I'm still thinking of you

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Lil' Flip]

Like Yogi bear you my boo  
I'm so hooked on you  
All you gotta do is call and I'm comin through  
Late night creepin' girl you know my style  
Tree in guts in the front you know my smile  
We used to go to school together but we didn't used to kick it  
Now we grew up I finally got them bitches  
We going on a date it ain't no walking in the park  
We can go and get a room because I got some weed to spark  
I'll tell you about me you tell me about you  
And if you play it right I might start calling you boo  
Just cook for a nigga, right a hook for a nigga  
And if I say the law is coming then look for a nigga  
So don't listen to your friends  
Cuz they see me in the Benz on 20 inch Lorenz  
And they wanna get in  
They just wanna take your man  
Cuz I got ice on my band  
But I'm sick of the bullshit  
I ain't playin'

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Flip]

Now you got an attitude cuz I'm never at home  
Now I wonder why you never answer your phone  
I put money down now I'm bout to cancel that home  
Cuz when I'm outta town you just wanna roam  
You dancin at clubs, dancin' with thugs  
You need to be out tryin' to find your man some dubs  
For the big ol' Lexus  
That I put in your name  
When you came to me  
You didn't have no game  
But I taught you the game  
I showed you the hustle  
I showed you the streets  
I showed you my muscle  
We been through the struggle  
The money went double  
And once you put it in the pot  
The coke will bubble  
If you get us in trouble  
I got your back  
Whether you right or wrong  
I'ma leave it at that  
You my perfect match  
I love your hips  
I like your skin tone, I like your lips  
Whoo..

[Chorus]