State to State

Paul Wall

Freeway: (Intro)
Free! Paul Wall!
And we coming with the bump bump buuum!
Early! Yeah! Uh! It's The Roc, Swishahouse and we
Dumping on y'all hating ass niggas
And we hit yall with the Bump Bump buuum
Early! Uh! Yeah! Uh!Y'all better keep your weapons close
It's Philly and Paul Wall
And this is the way we ball bring the raw
To your city got them semis
If you really want war
We gon bring it to your doorstep
Vests and them hoodies
And we pop pop pop
Through your body
Put the rest in your fitted
And this is the way you fall to the ground
An' you shaking nigga
State prop cock game and we gun a hater down
And we take a hater's pounds
And we sell a hater's bricks
And we the main reason why they chicks is not around
Somebody tell them that they're roc' in Houston
Swishahouse got that knock in Houston we come and lock shit downChorus:
Real niggas stand up point em we gon gun 'em haters down come around you hear that...
And all my real bitches step up come to wipe a player down smoke a pound with him
Real niggas step up we gon gun 'em haters down come around you hear that...
And all my real bitches step up come to wipe a player down smoke a pound with himPaul Wall:
I hear these haters talking seem like they're getting louder
These sweet cupcakes softer than some clam chowder
I'm from the city of powder, syrup and crack rocks?
For twenty dollars get you higher than an astronaut
I keep a Glock in my state prop jeans
Floating on cloud nine goin' off cold dean
I chuck a deuce to a hater
I'm on a mission for paper
I got lew hawk with me serving dope fiends like a waiter
I'm on the south lee with my boy
Big bank take little bank baby tell me what it do

These boys talking loud but they ain't saying a thang
But Paul Wall and Freeway will make 'em sangChorusIt's the Swishahouse state prop chain gang
.45 cal big Glock bang bang
I keep the tupperware tucked in my underwear
Rain down thunder on these suckers make the clutter clear
Let's get one thing clear I run with grizzly bears
Bite you in your back and make you straighten out your chest hair
I'm 100 baby no time for playing games
I got a garden full of carats hanging in my chain
I keep a player bought my paper fuck a hater
Cause the real turn fake switching over like a crossfader
I'm squashing chatter climbing up the ladder
Cause my goal is to make my pockets fatter baby Paul WallChorus

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