

# Ridin' Dirty (feat. Trey Songz)

Paul Wall

Yuh, knahmtalkinbout

We over here in the Gridiron, three in the mornin'

This song here is dedicated to all them boys that put it down befo' us

The foundation, know'm talkin' bout?[Chorus]

Pimpin' hoes, slammin' Cadillac do's (already)

Shawty understand this is how we roll (already)

Parkin' lot pimpin' on Vogues (already)

VA to H-Town yeah you already know

Choppin' on blades so amazin' (already)

Look at them boy's teeth, that's crazy (already)

The lean and the weed got us lazy (already)

Yellow boppers is boppin' but you already know I'm comin' straight out of the South, with my nuts in my hand

It's the Swishahouse, the third coast, the state of Texas that's my land

Who's the man that's in demand, it's Paul Wall baby yeah that's me

I put it down on that Gov Bang, but now I reside on that South Lee

And I'm hustlin, on the grind, seventy-two, I was straight

No time to eat or sleep, I'm stackin' licks that just won't wait

I'm campaignin' for a Benz, on the rims with bubble lens

So I'm stackin' every dollar I see, hundreds, fifties, twenties and tens

Do's open and do's close, never sweat hoes, players get chose

Hustle and flow, cars close, that's the player life that I know

Roll the dank up, where's the 'dro, po' the drank up, where's the fo'

Stackin' money all on the low and we still ridin' dirty pimpin'[Chorus] I'm ridin' drop-top on them roller skates,  
candy Charlie ranchin' paint

Enjoyin' the spoils of hard work, in grind mode tryin' to get that bank

I don't know what these boys thank, my motivation is Benjamin Franklin

I'm tryin' to maintain this wealth that I been calculatin'

Gettin' money that's all I know, on my toes never off my note

Wood grain and hundred spokes, I weigh the trunk just like a pro

I grind it's off to work I go, I hustle hard it's non-stop

And if I flop I switch the hustle, I learn the game and then set-up shop

I'm strivin' to make it to the top, it's all or nothin' no turnin' back

I'm with them boys out on the block, accumulatin' them paper stacks

I'm makin' money it's where it's at, whatever it takes, crackerjack

In love with my money and that's a fact and we still ridin' dirty pimpin'[Chorus] Right now we got the fifth  
wheel reclinin'

Trunk is popped up, screens fallin' from the sky

I got the candy paint sprayed by Eddie

And I'm ridin' on that glassy chrome, all courtesy of my hustle game,

Be a hustler's in my bloodline, I don't complain or whine  
I just get on my grind, puttin' in work overtime  
I learned overtime, many hustles of every kind  
Whatever it takes to make a dime, I keep that paper on my mind  
I was born blind, but now I see the road to riches  
It's a long road, full of hurdles potholes and ditches  
Benard Freeman taught me to keep it movin' when you take a loss  
And Chad Butler taught me to keep it trill at all cost  
I peeped game from the best, and since then I been playin' chess  
I put in work with no rest, to get that paper that's my quest  
I'm on a slow grind towards success, one of the best cause I keep it fresh  
I'm one hundred and nothin' less and I'm still ridin' dirty pimpin'[Chorus]On behalf of the People's Champ, me  
myself Pretty Todd and Calvin Earl  
Funky Fingers I hear ya baby, we'd like to thank ya for ya purchase  
Keep holdin' the South down, because, we are

Songwriters

SLAYTON, PAUL MICHAEL/NEVERSON, TREMAINE ALDON/BERRY, TODD EDWARDS/EARL,  
CALVINPublished by

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