Take Notes

Juelz Santana

(Intro)
The Peoples champ baby
that be yours truly Paul Wall
You know what Im talkin bout
Gettin this money all day and all night
and you know Im flyer than a mosquito baby cuz thats how i do
I got expensive taste you know what im talking bout
sit back take notes already
(Verse 1)
I wake up in the morning and I yawn and stretch
Lace up some new J's now Im new born fresh
Got the 501 jeans creased starched and pressed
Expensive taste name brand hat and shirt on my chest
Got the boppers going crazy pull up in my Mercedes
Knocking down the ladies from Pasadena to Katy
Most of them dudes hate me cuz I sweet talking they lady
but dont bring her around me if your game aint all gravy
No time for games my mind on stacking change
Tryin to flip this paper and change this chevy to a range
Screen fall like rain as I maneuver the grain
I pull up 3 screens 4 twelves 5 swangs
Cadillac convert while my trunk do the jerk
and the speakers in the back are drumming like Neil Peart
haters on high alert 3 ounces in the squirt
Perc 10s for dessert and Pimp C on my shirt
I I come around the corner so slow alert
When wood grain get worked all feelings get hurt
Gorilla poke swangers all up under the skirt
First place in the car show in the back getting slurped
I step on the dirt and stop traffic like a school bus
All eyes on me Im fly as a flock of ducks
Chasing these big bucks Haters can suck nuts
They flaky as pie crust and sensitive as an Itouch
Put that on the hood the corner and the block
TV Johnny put 35 carats up on the watch
100 til my heart stops running this paper chasing

Draped in expensive taste my music is slow pace
Prada is on the face partner thats shades

And if its aint 84s and vogues than its blades
Crisp new levis grinding since I was knee high
Need I say mo' fo sho you know we fly
Jordons on the toes when you see Paul Wall
Shopping spree at ?SL2? I crawls from the mall
Man im so fly no connections no jet lag
?Parvay? carat stones I break them off bad
Im a hustla chasing meal tickets on a daily basis
I gotta get it Im chasing them big faces
Im putting paper in my pocket all damn year
So I can pull out Maserati and put carats in my ear
The diamonds shine so clear never from Debeer
I holla at TV Johnny he the man round here
Partner I got my mind and on Dollar signs and signing checks
I thinking snow cones on ear mouth wrist and neck
I got the game in check and my wrist game's correct
The diamond watch so shinny call it time to reflect
I gotta call these shots partner I came to wreck
And if you owe me lil homie then its time to collect
Im straped up like a baby in the car seat
All work all day all night and all week
No sleep a hustla up on the creep
Getting my cash up bread stacked extra steep, baby
(Outro)
Know what Im talking bout
And if you got a problem with me getting my paper
then hit me at my website www dot kiss my ass dot com
Know what im saying We in here Know what im talking bout
Sweatshop i see you baby
P.F. James what up
my partner Skinhead Rob rolling it up
we bout to get tore up
T Barker i see you baby
Already

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