Sippin' Tha Barre

Paul Wall

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chain
Sip-sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chainSip-sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chain
Sip-sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chainNow open a map and take a trip down south
Come on over to Houston, Texas, welcome to the Swisha House
Its the land of the trill, I'm coming live from the block
I got my mind on my hustle, I'm tryna make it to the topSo I put in work and stack at night, determination is all I got
On the grind I scheme and plot whatever it takes to raise my stock
I'm breaking bread out here trying to survive
I'm under water with these sharks praying that I stay aliveI'm putting up numbers like Garnet on that 610 south
Aint nothing soft about my block except the packs of the south
This heres that Peoples Champ talk, its the expressions of a G
And I'ma be chasing after them G's until I R.I.P.Its Paul Wall baby what it do? Been banging Screw since '92
Fat Pat n Lil Kee Kee, Phunky Hawk and the rest of the crew
So whos next with the plex, I'm flipping slab and waving hood
With screens hanging down from the roof
I'm ballin' like a true playa shouldI'm sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chain
Sip-sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
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I got 17 karats in my piece and chain
Sip-sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chainThey got you thinking Houston Texas the home of David Carr
But really it's candy paint playas sippin on barre
Come take a ride wit a star straight outta that lone star state
Where Michael Watts trained and told me I gotta hold my weightThat motivation is the key when you moving them keys
Entrepreneurs up in the game outta the 713

See one of the keys to my success, I switched up like Greg Mattix
While maintaining my composure to become one of the baddestI stick to the G-code in my Algiers clothes
While I'm tippin' on 4 4 's with these suicide doors
I buy dro and pour a 4 for my dogs that died in the past
Praying to God I stay afloat just to make this hustle lastIts prime time I'm obeying the laws while my life is on trial
I'm tryna knockout piece and chain and throw some ice on my smile
It's all work and no play Im out here punching that clock
It's hustle mania out here grinding on the block I'm tryna ball babySippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chain
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I got 17 karats in my piece and chain
Sip-sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chainFrom the third coast trenches where the killers dont think
Where them boys be slugged up and tatted up with that ink
These 'lil cowards tryna assassinate the character of a G
But I'm squashing all of that chatter keeping it real and being meIts G's up and marks down when I'm making my rhymes
I'm up in NYC with Dipset and we shutting it down
Shouts out to King and Martin holding it down in the low post
While I'm on the block grinding tryna hold my postI'm glass house on the grill my necklace glow like toxic waste
I'm iced out like frozen food sippin on the ski taste
I'm over time on that grind it ain't no time for playing games
Thats why I hustle 25/8 accumulating this changeI got them diamonds up against that wood grippin grain and sippin good
Hustle Time thats my hood getting money is understood
I'm on the hustle baby all night and all day
100 thee up in my safe its safe to say that boy is paidSippin tha barre, grippin tha grain
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