

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, Phunk 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 baddest I 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 last Its 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 baby Sippin 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 chain From 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 me Its 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 post I'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 change I 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 paid Sippin tha barre, grippin tha grain

I got 17 karats in my piece and chain

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