Everybody Know Me

Paul Wall

Come on
We back baby
Swishahouse, T.F.
Mr. Lee, P. Wall
I got the screw tape playin' in the deck so I drive slowly
(Slow)
Got them swangers pokin', yeah the slab hold me
(Hey)
Everybody know me
(Know me)
Everybody know me
(Know me)
Everybody know me
(Know me)
Everybody know me
(Know me)
Cooler than a fan
(Fan)
Money in my hand
Stashed in them brown paper bags with them rubber bands
(Bands)
I ain't got to say nothin', everybody know me
(Know me)
Everybody know me
(Know me)
Everybody know me
(Know me)
Ballin' is a habit, that money I got to have it
I'm an addict for that paper, my hustle is automatic
My presence is so Jurassic, these lames is so tragic
I'm lightin' that Cali cactus, so I'm higher than an attic
I'm choppin' up the block like a garbage disposal
So the boppers' proposition an indecent proposal
I'm cool like popsicle, been grindin' since I was little
On this pool pick narratin' these proverbs and riddles
I'm fresh like green bananas and fly like Continental
'Cause I stay up on my grind late night like Jimmy Kimmel
In that pomegranate slam with the roof convert
Five stars under the skirts, call it famous footwork

That Cali is active when Lil' Keke got the trees lit
Tiltin the bumper kit, I'm flippin with the screens lit
Ridin with the Big Dogg, we
(Breakin 'em off)
Sippin the stuff to cure my cough, pardon me, I'm throwed off
With the screw tape playin' in the deck, so I drive slowly
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(Roll it up)
Smoke it up, break it up
(Throw it up)
Speed it up, slow it up, cut it up, screw it up
Do it up, who involved?
(Who involved?)
Do it to 'em Uncle Dogg
(Uncle Dogg)
Everywhere I've flown and gone, been know to bounce some balls
My entourage, stay in charge, I could never camouflage
('Flage)
Doggy do it extra large (large), coppin to a lesser charge
(Charge)
Paul Wall your next in charge, S is hard, reppin hard
Press 'em hard
(What?)

Tech in core

(What?)
Blast 'em like Nessie Mars
(What? What?)
Yes a star, I'm a bad mother
(Mother, mother)
I'm the only rapper known by your grandmother
(Mother)
And your preacher and your teacher, ain't that a trip?
(Trip)
Moshi moshi acuagru ain't that a bitch?
(Biatch)
That's Japanese little homie, you should learn to mingle
(Mingle)
See Snoop Dogg is international and bilingual
('Lingual)
I'm in the game, got the fame and the money mayne
(Mayne)
And everybody know my motherfuckin' name
(Name)
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Uh huh, come on

Correct me if I'm wrong but goddamn I'm fly
In my famous stars and straps, no suit, no tie
I got the heavy starch crease, so I'm sharp as an ice pick
I'm swangin' and bangin' and holdin' grain like a vice grip
I'm high as a ceilin' fan, I'm flyer than Superman
I'm hot as a fryin' pan 'cause baby I'm the man
And I'm leanin' like a kick stand, stackin' up them grands
From T Wet to Bataan, that wood grain up in my hand
Roll it up and pass it, as I cruise through traffic
Slow motion candy ocean on this antique classic
I'm superseedin' my quota, out collectin' these dimes
My speech slurred 'cause I'm leanin' like a half passed nine
I'm tippin' down on them craigers, I'm skatin' like Darren Harper
With a trunk full of speakers beatin' hard like Travis Barker
The money in the stash, paid for make stack
I'm swangin' till the fo's clack, drinkin' codeine extract
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