

State to State (Featuring Freeway)

Paul Wall

Freeway: (Intro)

Free! Paul Wall!

And we coming with the bump bump buuum!

Early! Yeah! Uh! It's The Roc, Swishahouse and we

Dumping on y'all hating ass niggas

And we hit yall with the Bump Bump buuum

Early! Uh! Yeah! Uh! Y'all better keep your weapons close

It's Philly and Paul Wall

And this is the way we ball bring the raw

To your city got them semis

If you really want war

We gon bring it to your doorstep

Vests and them hoodies

And we pop pop pop

Through your body

Put the rest in your fitted

And this is the way you fall to the ground

An' you shaking nigga

State prop cock game and we gun a hater down

And we take a hater's pounds

And we sell a hater's bricks

And we the main reason why they chicks is not around

Somebody tell them that they're roc' in Houston

Swishahouse got that knock in Houston we come and lock shit down Chorus:

Real niggas stand up point em we gon gun 'em haters down come around you hear that...

And all my real bitches step up come to wipe a player down smoke a pound with him

Real niggas step up we gon gun 'em haters down come around you hear that...

And all my real bitches step up come to wipe a player down smoke a pound with him Paul Wall:

I hear these haters talking seem like they're getting louder

These sweet cupcakes softer than some clam chowder

I'm from the city of powder, syrup and crack rocks?

For twenty dollars get you higher than an astronaut

I keep a Glock in my state prop jeans

Floating on cloud nine goin' off cold dean

I chuck a deuce to a hater

I'm on a mission for paper

I got lew hawk with me serving dope fiends like a waiter

I'm on the south lee with my boy

Big bank take little bank baby tell me what it do

These boys talking loud but they ain't saying a thang
But Paul Wall and Freeway will make 'em sangChorusIt's the Swishahouse state prop chain gang
.45 cal big Glock bang bang
I keep the tupperware tucked in my underwear
Rain down thunder on these suckers make the clutter clear
Let's get one thing clear I run with grizzly bears
Bite you in your back and make you straighten out your chest hair
I'm 100 baby no time for playing games
I got a garden full of carats hanging in my chain
I keep a player bought my paper fuck a hater
Cause the real turn fake switching over like a crossfader
I'm squashing chatter climbing up the ladder
Cause my goal is to make my pockets fatter baby Paul WallChorus

Songwriters

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