

They Don't Know

Paul Wall

They don't know what that scar 'bout
They don't know what that bar 'bout
They don't know what that candy car 'bout
Or smokin' that joint 'bout Texas is the home of the playas and pimps
Showin' naked ass in the great state of Texas
Third Coast Born, I mean we're Texas raised
Texas muthafucka, that's where I stay, all ready What you know 'bout swangaz and vogues?
What you know 'bout purple drank?
What you know 'bout poppin' trunk
Neon lights, candy paint? What you know 'bout white shirts
Starched down jeans with a razor crease
Platinum and gold on top our teeth
Big ol' chains with a iced out piece? You don't know 'bout Michael Watts
You don't know 'bout DJ Screw
What you know 'bout, man, hold up
I done came down and what it do? They don't know 'bout P.A.T
What you know 'bout Free Pimp C?
What you know 'bout the Swishahouse, man?
What you know 'bout the S.U.C? We keep it playa, ain't no fake
When we holdin' plex whenever haters hate
We listen to music, screwed and chopped
Down here in this Lonestar state Outta towners be comin' around
Runnin' they mouth and talkin' down
But you don't know nuthin' 'bout my town
Either hold it down or move around They don't know what that scar 'bout
They don't know what that bar 'bout
They don't know what that candy car 'bout
Or smokin' that joint 'bout Texas is the home of the playas and pimps
Showin' naked ass in the great state of Texas
Third Coast Born, I mean we're Texas raised
Texas muthafucka, that's where I stay
(Mike Jones) Me and Paul we actin' a fool
When screens fall I'm packin' a tool
I'm Texas raised, Texas made
We grind daily, no minimum wage I represent the home of candy cars
Screw music and purple bar
Trunk bangin', fifth hangin'
84's and vogue swangin' Belt-buckles we wear in Texas
Rag-tops lay down on Lexus

Diamonds shinin' from grillin' necklace
 Haters hate, 'cuz we well respected Paul Wall and Mike Jones
 Who one of the throwedest on the microphone
 We sittin' high on twenty inch chrome
 Tryin' to get our shine on I said, Paul Wall and Mike Jones
 Who one of the throwedest on the microphone
 We sittin' high on twenty inch chrome
 Tryin' to get our shine on I crack a smile and show platinum mouth
 Every time I rap I rep Swishahouse
 I spit a verse and head straight to the vaults
 Five G's for me to even open my mouth They don't know what that scar 'bout
 They don't know what that bar 'bout
 They don't know what that candy car 'bout
 Or smokin' that joint 'bout Texas is the home of the playas and pimps
 Showin' naked ass in the great state of Texas
 Third Coast Born, I mean we're Texas raised
 Texas muthafucka, that's where I stay All Ready, hold on, hold up a second
 'Cuz boys comin' down blue or red
 Down here pimpin' ain't dead
 Grindin' daily to stack my bread I from the place where girls jump fly
 Now a days the brauds pimp brauds
 'Cuz they got more game then most these guys
 You'll get set up and then you'll get robbed You don't know 'bout chunkin' a deuce
 You don't know 'bout a southside fade
 Down here we be ridin' D's
 But you don't know about choppin' blades Texas southern or Prairie View
 What you know 'bout battle of the bands
 Down here we got ghetto girls
 Like wings, chicken or Timmy Chan's You can catch me ridin' swangs
 What you know 'bout sippin' syrup
 You don't know 'bout pourin' it up
 Purple drank some speeches slurred You don't know 'bout the way we talk
 Boys say we got country words
 But I don't really care what you heard
 'Cuz you don't know 'bout the dirty third They don't know what that scar 'bout
 They don't know what that bar 'bout
 They don't know what that candy car 'bout
 Or smokin' that joint 'bout Texas is the home of the playas and pimps
 Showin' naked ass in the great state of Texas
 Third Coast Born, I mean we're Texas raised
 Texas muthafucka, that's where I stay Texas muthafucka, that's where I stay
 Texas muthafucka, that's where I stay

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>