Hustler Stackin' Ends

Paul Wall

Auh, that hoe gangsta, live from the gridiron
It's the people's champ, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
I gotta, do what I do 'cuz I do it so well
Stackin' my mail and at the same time, avoidin' that sale
You gotta feel all that I'm sayin' like it's written in brail
But if not, oh well 'cuz sooner or later you will
I'm all about stackin' my bread but not the kind that go stale
If you 'bout it as well, holla at ya boy on the cell
My pockets phatter then a whale, cut deeper then a whail
'Cuz I put in work and move slow like a snail
I can do my slabs out, we can play show and tell
Laptops made by dell when the TV's fell
In this game, either you buy or you sell
Let's make a deal I keep it real, it ain't no cheatin' my scale
At the end of the trail, the truth will be unvailed
But right now, you weak and frail, boy you scary as hell
So go back under ya shell 'cuz you under my spell
I never fail, I hold it down like yeah, jail
So, now you could call me what you want 'cuz I be all that
See the rims under the 'lac now what you call that?
9 times outta 10, I'm probably where them brauds at
(But I'ma hustler, I keep somethin' to fall back)
Now you could call me what you want 'cuz I be all that
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9 times outta 10, I'm probably where them brauds at
(But I'ma hustler, I keep somethin' to fall back)

Yeah, I'ma baller so a playa 'bove them rims
I sit 24, inches above them rims
And all these hoes, wanna flock inside the club with him
9 times outta 10 dimes ridin' with him
Whoa, but I can never fall, y'all off forever, ball tall
Take mines, get out 9 then chalk y'all
And I got hoes everyday of the calendar
Tippin 4-5 yeah, I drive from the passenger
I talk it, I live it, admit it, you name it, I did it
I'm pimpin' these bitches, I got it you never gon' get it
Got somethin' in my pocket, I spit it and get a profit
You see them 20's squattin', got the whole hood watchin'

Ain't nothin' change but the O's on the check
As soon as we re-up, we gon' flood the set
Nigga, but you can call me what you want 'cuz I be all that
7-1-3, Yung Redd what you call that?
Yeah, 7 1 3, Yung Redd, my nigga Paul Wall
Big shasta, sucka free, paid in full, yeah, yeah
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