They Don't Know

Layzie Bone

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
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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
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They don't know what that bar 'bout
They don't know what that candy car 'bout
Or smokin' that joint 'bout
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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
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