

I Ain't Hard to Find

Paul Wall

If you lookin' for me, I ain't hard to find
I'll be right there, posted on that 5 9
I got a burner in my lap at all times
And a bag of sticky icky green limes If you lookin' for me, I ain't hard to find
I'll be right there, posted on that 5 9
I got a burner in my lap at all times
And a bag of sticky icky green limes I got that paper in them rubber bands, stacked up
And I got somethin' hidden in the stash, wrapped up
If you see purple in my cup, that mean I'm leanin' tough
I got them haters on my back, so I be strapped up I'm in a league of my own while them haters throw stones
But my mind on cash, I'm in the zone
I'm grippin' wood and tippin' chrome
I'm well known, my wrist is rocky like Stallone
Southlea is where I roam, the champ is here and there is no clone Off top, I'm well respected on many blocks
So I'm pullin' hundreds and smashin' cocks
Knockin' these broads up out they socks
I'm in the hood like wig shops, look close, I ain't hard to spot
I'm right there at that gamblin' spot, stackin' up a fat not So if you lookin' for me, I ain't hard to find
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And a bag of sticky icky green limes I'm a block burner like Lil' Wayne, revisin' the game like King James
The head turner like Slim Thug Chain
I'm bangin' hooks like Sugar Shane
I'm thowed off like Major Payne, talkin' shit like Brother Lane
These boys talkin' down on the name
But they all washed up like Eddie Kane The slab roof like David Blaine, it disappear like magic
Glock nineteen, made of plastic, might stretch ya out just like elastic
I stay up on my toes till the day that my casket close
Bankrolls and fine hoes, fancy cars and starched clothes Weed cigars and Moet rolls, pints a bar and kushy dro
Dime collector outside the club in candy toy with the trunk exposed
Swishahouse, baby, that's my crew, roll wit us or you'll get ran through
We loved by few and still true, let me tell y'all just what it do So if you lookin' for me, I ain't hard to find
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And a bag of sticky icky green limesIt's hustle time, Texas, I do this for the streets
Grindin' with no sleep because that paper what I seek
That hatin' need to cease, I'm evadin' the police
And I been hustlin' since Hulk Hogan body slammed that Iron SheekMy flow is outta sight but them boys is all
hype
They can't see me up on that mic, so they be hatin' me outta spite
Some potent purple Sprite, I done paid my dues
I hear the strong survive but the weak end up on Fox NewsSleepless nights with burner in hand
'Cause now a days them jackass plot
Jealousy turn friends to foes, I'm packin' glocks around the clock
Stackin' nots and mackin' hoes, chasin' paper and ridin' vogues
Get that dough without the po's on five nine double OSo if you lookin' for me, I ain't hard to find
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