

Paul Wall f/ Aqualeo**"Sip-N-Get High"**

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[Aqualeo #1]

Give it up, you can't see what I see don't strain
You're focusin too hard, they say only I can tame
All I need is the fire sweet and sip purple lane
And then meet that boy Fever Fever throw flames
Considerin that my competition are all lames
And this whole industry thang is just all games
My scope stays focused even at a far range
I see it all even if it's just a small change
Fever reppin the star state always
Home of the bald face and the Scarface
Home of the well known "sippin the barre" craze
And if you roam the streets you flippin on chrome
blades
I gotta rep for my city cause they act like the A
Try hard scissors sit the big 'llacs on skates
With the costumized plates and the music real slow
Ain't no informants here, green is the only hater we roll

[Chorus]

Sure as I live, I know I'ma die
So I'ma sip every day and get high
La-da-la-da-da-da-dah, la-da-la-da-da-da-dah
So you better get yours, cause I'ma get mine
I'ma get you for yours when I'm out gettin mine
La-da-la-da-da-da-dah, la-da-la-da-da-da-dah

[Paul Wall]

Swishahouse, Paul Wall, Aqualeo
I'm comin straight up out the city of grain grippers and
drank sippers
Candy paint drippin off the frame when we lane
switchin
We ease dressed, buyin doja and then that purple stuff
Flippin the six-ten, Luke gone off that puff puff
I'm from the home of the Screw tapes that chop-chop
Rear ends that trunk pop and lil' mommas that tend to
bop
But I don't blame 'em if you broke, you lazy
Cause one way or another I'ma get mine baby
That boy Fever got Patron, M. Price just got the dro'

Gon' pop the seal open in this po' fo' po'
I'm sippin on that Texas tea, that oil, that drank
Big bank take lil' bank in the home of the candy paint
It's the Swishahouse, Paul Wall, Aqualeo
Sittin sideways, still tippin on them 84's
I'm in the slab slidin off like a hockey puck
Trunk pop swingin with a full white cup

[Chorus]

[Aqualeo #2]

In this game of life, I roll a fat, gettin high as I pray
Thankin the lord, I'm blessed to see this sky today
Smoke blows in the wind, as I fill up blowin the breeze
I'm blowin a twin excellin, feelin high off the trees
The sun is shinin, and the girlyies are lookin so good
Flossin the chrome, you know a player stays grippin
wood
I love this season, cause I stay squeezin on Daisy
Dukes
And I'm smokin and drinkin so much that it makes me
puke
Me and people Las Vegas high boppin on Maze
Listening to "Happy Feelings" while callin the days
Anyways upgradin the stress to purple haze
Speakin of purple stuff, my city's gone on the purple
craze
Now I'm feelin lovely, cause the women they love me
Kiss me and hug me, while the haters grill me and mug
me
Plots to slug me, but the hatin and killin won't budge
me
Life of a thug B off 'Pac, "Only God Can Judge Me"

[Chorus]

[Bridge: repeat 2X]

If you wanna go where I gone
Then you would have to be where I've been
Have to see what I saw
Have to feel what I felt within

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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