

Paul Wall f/ Freeway

"State to State"

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[Intro: Freeway]

Free! Paul Wall!

And we comin with the bum-bum-BUMMM

Early! G'yeah! Uhh

It's the Roc, Swishahouse and we bum-bum-BUMMM

Dumpin on y'all hatin ass niggaz and we hit y'all with
the bum-bum-BUMMM

Early! Uhh, g'yeah, uhh

[Freeway]

Y'all better keep your weapons close it's Philly and Paul
Wall

And "this is the way we ball"

Bring the raw to yo' city got them semis if you really
want war

We gon' bring it to your doorstep, vests and them
hoodies

And we pop pop pop... through your body

Put the rest in your fitty and "this is the way you fall"

To the ground and you shakin nigga

State Prop cock game, squeeze gunnin haters down

And we take a hater's pounds and we sell a hater's
bricks

And, we the main reason why they chicks is not around

Somebody tell them that the Roc in Houston

Swishahouse got that knock in Houston

We come to lock shit down

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Real niggaz stand up, point 'em out

We gon' gun them haters down, get from 'round you
hear that bum-bum-BUMMM

And all my real bitches step up

Come to wipe a player down, smoke a pound with him,
bum-bum-BUMMM

[Paul Wall]

I hear these haters talkin, seem like they gettin louder

These sweet cupcakes softer than some clam chowder

I'm from the city that's proud to serve big crack rocks

For twenty dollars get you higher than an astronaut

I keep a glock in my State Prop jeans
Floating on cloud nine, gone off codeine
I chunk a deuce to a hater, I'm on a mission for paper
I got Lil' Hawk with me servin dope fiends like a waiter
I'm on the south B with my boy Do YOu
Big bank take little bank baby tell me what it do
These boys talkin loud but they ain't saying a thang
But Paul Wall and Freeway'll make 'em sang
When we hit 'em with that bum-bum-BUMMM

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

It's the Swishahouse, State Prop chain gang
Forty-five cal', big glock, bang bang
I keep the tupperware tucked in my underwear
Rain down thunder on these suckers make the clutter
clear
Let's get one thang clear, I run with grizzly bears
Bite you in your back and make you straighten out your
chest hair
I'm one hundred baby no time for playin games
I got a garden full of karats hangin in my chain
I keep a player 'bout my paper, fuck a hater
Cause the real turn fake, switchin over like a
crossfader
I'm squashin chatter, climbin up the ladder
Cause my goal is to make my pockets fatter baby Paul
Wall

[Chorus]

[Outro: Paul Wall]

Paul Wall, Philadelphia Freeway
Swishahouse, State Property
In Philly they say "early"
In Houston, Texas we say "already"
But it's all good

[Chorus] - over Paul talking

[Paul Wall]

Knahmtalkinbout... already
Sanchez on the beat, throw down baby
Paul Wall, Freeway

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