

Paul Wall f/ Trey Songz

"Ridin' Dirty"

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Yuh, knahmtalkinbout
We over here in the Gridiron, three in the mo'nin
This song here is dedicated to all them boys that put it
down befo' us
The foundation, knahmtalkinbout?

[Chorus: Trey Songz]
Pimpin hoes, slammin Cadillac do's (already)
Shawty understaind this is how we roll (already)
Parkin lot pimpin on Vogues (already)
VA to H-Town yeah you already know
Choppin on blades so ama-zin (already)
Look at them boy's teeth, that's cra-zy (already)
The lean and the weed got us la-zy (already)
Yellow boppers is boppin but you already know

[Paul Wall]
I'm comin straight out of the South, with my nuts in my
hand
It's the SwishaHouse, the third coast, the state of Texas
that's my land
Who's the man that's in demand, it's Paul Wall baby
yeah that's me
I put it down on that Gov Bang, but now I reside on that
South Lee
And I'm hustlin, on the grind, seventy-two, I was
straight
No time to eat or sleep, I'm stackin licks that just won't
wait
I'm campaignin for a Benz, on the rims with bubble lens
So I'm stackin every dollar I see; hundreds, fifties,
twenties and tens
Do's open and do's close, never sweat hoes, players
get chose
Hustle and flow, cars close, that's the player life that I
know
Roll the dank up, where's the 'dro, po' the drank up,
where's the fo'
Stackin money all on the low and we still ridin dirty
pimpin

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

I'm ridin drop-top on them roller skates, candy Charlie
ranch'n paint
Enjoyin the spoils of hard work, in grind mode tryin to
get that bank
I don't know what these boys thank, my motivation is
Benjamin Franklin
I'm tryin to maintain this wealth that I been calculatin
Gettin money that's all I know, on my toes never off my
note
Woodgrain and hundred spokes, I weigh the trunk just
like a pro
I grind it's off to work I go, I hustle hard it's non-stop
And if I flop I switch the hustle, I learn the game and
then set-up shop
I'm strivin to make it to the top, it's all or nuttin no turnin
back
I'm with them boys out on the block, accumulatin them
paper stacks
I'm makin money it's where it's at, whatever it takes,
crackerjack
In love with my money and that's a fact and we still
ridin dirty pimpin

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

Right now we got the fifth wheel reclinin
Trunk is popped up, screens fallin from the sky
I got the candy paint sprayed by Eddie
And I'm ridin on that glassy chrome, all courtesy of my
hustle game..
Be a hustler's in my bloodline, I don't complain or
whine
I just get on my grind, puttin in work overtime
I learned overtime, many hustles of every kind
Whatever it takes to make a dime, I keep that paper on
my mind
I was born blind, but now I see the road to riches
It's a long road, full of hurdles potholes and ditches
Benard Freeman taught me to keep it movin when you
take a loss
And Chad Butler taught me to keep it trill at all cost
I peeped game from the best, and since then I been
playin chess
I put in work with no rest, to get that paper that's my
quest
I'm on a slow grind towards success, one of the best
cause I keep it fresh

I'm one hundred and nuttin less and I'm still ridin dirty
pimpin

[Chorus]

[Outro]

On behalf of the People's Champ, me myself Pretty
Todd and Calvin Earl
Funky Fingers I hear ya baby, we'd like to thank ya for
ya purchase
Keep holdin the South down, because, we are

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