

## Dj Khaled

# "Hit Them Up"

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(feat. Paul Wall, Bun B)

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

I'm comin down, I'm actin bad  
I'm chunkin dueces and I'm choppin up the slab  
I'm comin through, I'm tippin dime  
I'm sho a naked and I'm straight actin a clown [x2]

[Bun B:]

I'm a certified D-boy, a real big nutta  
A candy car strutta that be sittin' on butta  
Comin' straight up out the gutta with the cordaless  
cutta  
Man, what is that? The Chinese choppa that likens Mr.  
Studda  
What a f\*cked up predicament (Damn), a scary  
scenario  
Automatics in ya face have you preparin' ya burial  
They tracin' tha weapon after you scratch off the serial  
Leaves you up like cereal, there it is and there we go  
Some bad Didos ridin' off in tha wind and  
Ni\*\*a we got all ya soft in ya hands so don't pretend  
Like this ain't what it was (was) or we ain't what you say  
(say)  
I'll make a high cappa or court fraud light in tha day  
Cause in the middle of the street in height of tha traffic  
Watch what you say when we meet cause they know  
might get yo ass kicked  
End up in a pickle like a Vlasic, UGK ni\*\*a  
We cost like a foreign but get respect like a classic  
muthaf\*

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall:]

This Paul Wall, baby, Swishahouse spokesperson  
Choppin up tha slab, spokes turnin, bobbies searchin  
Shoppers splergin, Caked up cause my pockets swoll  
I'm callin plays, pullin broads, I just think and roll  
I'm from that lone star, tippin dime dat candy car  
Get it shined on 59, Lean and tuck I'll cut some more

Hoes wanna who we are, Fathers wanna know what we  
get  
Hatas wanna talk down a knot, but they just mad cause  
they ain't hot  
They ain't got the cash that I got,  
They don't know what my hood 'bout  
They don't know about trunks that pop on Lambo's that  
blaze tha chop  
Countin cash and stackin not, South victory back to  
Scott  
Crawlin like big crocodile, I'm diamond smile and  
Johnny watch  
I'm with my partner, box, you and you and not with 'cho  
Rick boy, yeah that's fo' sho', breakin em off, you  
already know  
Drive slow like Kanye West, and Branyan Wayans, and  
Manny Mesh  
A swishahouse chain on my chest, I keep it fresh, We  
are the best

[Chorus]

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