

## Paul Wall

### "2 Mph"

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"Sippin, sippin on lean, sippin, sippin on bo"

[Bun B]Comin down grippin grain, diamonds up  
against the wood  
Tops drop, blades chop, trunk is popped, I'm lookin  
good  
Swangin down the boulevard, chunky deuce, the fifth is  
shinin  
The queen is ridin shotgun and Finger's behind me  
So never you mind me, I'm just hustling, grindin  
My pockets are heavy and my diamonds are blindin  
My pistols are loaded and cocked so know that I'm  
ready  
I'll die for my family dog but I'll kill for my fair day  
R.I.P. to my baby bro, UGK until  
It ain't no stopping this movement, you lose on the real  
Cause we keeping it trill, that's from ashes to dust  
We got paper to make and fake nigga's asses to bust  
If you down for your hood, and you bangin that Screw  
Put your sets in the sky, cause this one is for you  
Keep on keepin it true, fuck haters and again  
Cause we don't play the game to say we play, we play  
to win

[Hook: Mistah F.A.B. X2]Leanin to the side, you cain't  
speed through  
Two miles per hour, so everybody sees you  
Ridin by myself, with the pistol in the do'  
"Sippin, sippin on lean, sippin, sippin on bo"

[Mistah F.A.B.]Candy on my big wheel, yeah man I'm  
still a kid  
Twenty-six, rims same age as me, can you dig?  
Ridin down the block, knockin pictures off your wall  
Just showin off my grill made by Paul Wall  
Alpine speakers in my grill on blast  
Like my boys in Texas, hittin corner on them slabs  
Seat laid back, you know how us pimps be

Keep your head up Bun B, rest in peace Pimp C  
A mill' on mine rolled back to back and young

millionaires  
we haven't scratched  
Rhyme through the hood and habitat,  
candy paint look like some cabbage patch  
Haters hot, they mad at that, Chamillionaire, how F.A.B.  
get that?  
Two dimes in a car, how bad is that? King of the jungle,  
you an alley cat  
Prince of the coast brought Cali back, just threw some  
D's on a Cadillac  
Smoke so much, got cataracts, been rollin up for a  
matter of fact  
F.A.B. get love where F.A.  
B. is at, from the Bay to the South where them slabs is  
at  
Oakland down to Houston, only rollin with them savage  
cats

[Hook X2]

[Chamillionaire (Over Hook: Chamillitary mayne,  
yeah)]It's gon' be, F-A-C, T to the Feds gon' mess with  
me  
And F-A-B, when they see, mixtape money yes they pay  
me  
Mugabe, Inspector G, bring 'em all cause they cain't  
get me  
Ten vehicles parked in the yard, pick your choice, I'll  
get that key  
Take that jet out to West, let's swang and get our  
swerve on  
Hit that strip in my whip, gon' strip and let them sexy  
curves show  
Vehicle sittin very low, pimp that caddy very slow  
They like "Yeah, Chamillionaire, the realest I done  
heard holmes"

[Paul Wall]I'm leanin to the side sideways, sittin  
crooked

My Jolly Ratchet paint got all of the people lookin  
I'm beatin down the block, givin the streets an ass  
whoopin  
Peep the way a player move, take notes lil young-un  
I'm movin slow mo', leanin off a potent fo'  
Pistol in my lap, plus another one in the side do'  
You know I'm just a young hustler all about my doe  
Gettin cake and stackin up that paper, I need mo'

[Hook X2]

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