

Paul Wall

"Exposed"

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I'm Comin Down, Bangin Screw
Lookin Good, Feelin Good

You know I'm a crawl slow
Popped up sittin on my swangas & 4
Jockin all hatas with my gucci shades on
I'm a stay playa, you know playas dough
So when I come through
I got my diamonds exposed
I'm comin down, crawlin slow
I got my diamonds exposed

Well it's that grain gripper
That hold the throne
I'm straight up outta dat third coast
I split cigars, and pour up bars
So pop it seal
Let's take a toast
I stunt the most, I'm still holdin
My paint wet, and the streets soakin
I'm runnin diamonds like James on it
With the top down & windows open
Posted up just like Durant*
On South Lee with big mix
My partner Black got 2 chicks that's turnig tricks
And work for Texas
Stayin licks since I was six
With ice grill and diamond lips
So boy I'm about to pull Alboricks
Now watch your step, my paint drips
I'm dueced up in Seirra Mist
My bass loud, and I'm crawlin slow
I'm draped up, yea that's fasho
Them karot stones they make me glow
I'm slamin do's, and I'm sitting low
I been in the game since 94
I'm gettin dough, my pockets fat
And all black, just like the crow
Where tha hoe's, where that drink
Where tha money, I need that bank
Come up of out that, cash my dogg

I'm bout that bread, you think I ain't
I'm a country boy from South Texas
Better known as the land of the trill
I'm tippin 4's, and I'm flippin hoe's
And I'm comin down with it yea!

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Chamilitary Mayne!
Takin pics with this model chick
And she lookin thick, said she from atlanta
Tellin me she love my talk, and she live in texas
And love the grammer, tellin me she banged it screw
And she need a pic of my on the camera
Whole crew say that boy bad
So I looked at them and said "Gon have her"
Uhn, Playa don't have to talk
Look at my chain and ask the cost
Diamonds on my neck yea that's a house
Soon as I'm done might pass her off
Red double seal
Blue upper seal
AC blow, yea that's my frost
All of that smoke yea that's his house
In my I-M-P-A-L-A, Impala
I-M-A-P-L-A-Y-A and balla
I drop her off and say call ya tomorrow
She callin me back askin how come I ain't call her
Cause I'm chasin my paper still & you know how jealous
my papa get
You know I'm attached to my paper
Tryna hold it down like a paper clip
Pimp C had told me if you see the chick then take the
chick
And if you a playa you'll get chose
And these other boys will go pay for it

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Dirty south stand up

H-Town's finest

Don Ke

Aye, I ride big, and I shine bright

And I'm lookin good, and my swag right

My paint wet, and my slab tight

My chain gold, and my diamonds white

I'm Don Ke, and this H-Town

Them playas chose, and them hatas mad

I'm screwed up, and I'm underground

And I'm still trill like, Bun & Chad

Gucci shades, with them new lens

Crawlin slow in this blue Benz

Comin through with this bad broad

Me, her, & her 2 friends

Hatas lookin, I still ball

26's they real tall

My grill did, my rocks big, my screens on, my top fall

Popped up with them 4's on

21 but she still grown

I let her ride & get inside

Cause "I'm A G" was her ringtone

Hit the stage with my diamons hot

They don't know what my shine bout

Dirty south my grind spot

Boys hatin but I still hot

So clean in this dirty game

Still a legend with plenty fame

My ice nice like Paul & Cham

Pay attention it color change

TF Records & Swisha House

Chamillitary & SUC

Ask the streets I'm still the best

This whole state it belong to Ke

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