

## Paul Wall "Hustler Stackin' Ends"

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Auh, that hoe gangsta, live from the gridiron  
It's the people's champ, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

I gotta, do what I do 'cuz I do it so well  
Stackin' my mail and at the same time, avoidin' that  
sale  
You gotta feel all that I'm sayin' like it's written in brail  
But if not, oh well 'cuz sooner or later you will

I'm all about stackin' my bread but not the kind that go  
stale  
If you 'bout it as well, holla at ya boy on the cell  
My pockets phatter then a whale, cut deeper then a  
whail  
'Cuz I put in work and move slow like a snail

I can do my slabs out, we can play show and tell  
Laptops made by dell when the TV's fell  
In this game, either you buy or you sell  
Let's make a deal I keep it real, it ain't no cheatin' my  
scale

At the end of the trail, the truth will be unvailed  
But right now, you weak and frail, boy you scary as hell  
So go back under ya shell 'cuz you under my spell  
I never fail, I hold it down like yeah, jail

So, now you could call me what you want 'cuz I be all  
that  
See the rims under the 'lac now what you call that?  
9 times outta 10, I'm probably where them brauds at  
(But I'ma hustler, I keep somethin' to fall back)

Now you could call me what you want 'cuz I be all that  
See the rims under the 'lac now what you call that?  
9 times outta 10, I'm probably where them brauds at  
(But I'ma hustler, I keep somethin' to fall back)

Yeah, I'ma baller so a playa 'bove them rims  
I sit 24, inches above them rims  
And all these hoes, wanna flock inside the club with  
him

9 times outta 10 dimes ridin' with him

Whoa, but I can never fall, y'all off forever, ball tall  
Take mines, get out 9 then chalk y'all  
And I got hoes everyday of the calendar  
Tippin 4-5 yeah, I drive from the passenger

I talk it, I live it, admit it, you name it, I did it  
I'm pimpin' these bitches, I got it you never gon' get it  
Got somethin' in my pocket, I spit it and get a profit  
You see them 20's squattin', got the whole hood  
watchin'

Ain't nothin' change but the O's on the check  
As soon as we re-up, we gon' flood the set  
Nigga, but you can call me what you want 'cuz I be all  
that  
7-1-3, Yung Redd what you call that?

Yeah, 7 1 3, Yung Redd, my nigga Paul Wall  
Big shasta, sucka free, paid in full, yeah, yeah

Now you could call me what you want 'cuz I be all that  
See the rims under the 'lac now what you call that?  
9 times outta 10, I'm probably where them brauds at  
(But I'ma hustler, I keep somethin' to fall back)

Now you could call me what you want cuz I be all that  
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