

Paul Wall

"I Ain't Hard To Find"

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If you lookin' for me, I ain't hard to find
I'll be right there, posted on that 5 9
I got a burner in my lap at all times
And a bag of sticky icky green limes

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I got that paper in them rubber bands, stacked up
And I got somethin' hidden in the stash, wrapped up
If you see purple in my cup, that mean I'm leanin' tough
I got them haters on my back, so I be strapped up

I'm in a league of my own while them haters throw
stones
But my mind on cash, I'm in the zone
I'm grippin' wood and tippin' chrome
I'm well known, my wrist is rocky like Stallone
Southlea is where I roam, the champ is here and there
is no clone

Off top, I'm well respected on many blocks
So I'm pullin' hundreds and smashin' cocks
Knockin' these broads up out they socks
I'm in the hood like wig shops, look close, I ain't hard to
spot
I'm right there at that gamblin' spot, stackin' up a fat
not

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I'm a block burner like Lil' Wayne, revisin' the game like

King James

The head turner like Slim Thug Chain
I'm bangin' hooks like Sugar Shane
I'm thowed off like Major Payne, talkin' shit like Brother
Lane
These boys talkin' down on the name
But they all washed up like Eddie Kane

The slab roof like David Blaine, it disappear like magic
Glock nineteen, made of plastic, might stretch ya out
just like elastic
I stay up on my toes till the day that my casket close
Bankrolls and fine hoes, fancy cars and starched
clothes

Weed cigars and Moet rolls, pints a bar and kushy dro
Dime collector outside the club in candy toy with the
trunk exposed
Swishahouse, baby, that's my crew, roll wit us or you'll
get ran through
We loved by few and still true, let me tell y'all just what
it do

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It's hustle time, Texas, I do this for the streets
Grindin' with no sleep because that paper what I seek
That hatin' need to cease, I'm evadin' the police
And I been hustlin' since Hulk Hogan body slammed
that Iron Sheek

My flow is outta sight but them boys is all hype
They can't see me up on that mic, so they be hatin' me
outta spite
Some potent purple Sprite, I done paid my dues
I hear the strong survive but the weak end up on Fox
News

Sleepless nights with burner in hand
'Cause now a days them jackass plot
Jealousy turn friends to foes, I'm packin' glocks around
the clock
Stackin' nots and mackin' hoes, chasin' paper and

ridin' vogues

Get that dough without the po's on five nine double O

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