

## Paul Wall

### "Lettin' Them Know"

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Lettin them boyz know that the south is much too real  
and down 4x

Kirko:

24's on my ride bad bitch up inside  
5 percent in my tint peanut butter attire  
comin down with that tre' (lean) nigga no you cant try it  
and nigga no you cant sip if none of you niggas aint  
buy it  
i hold my h-town up out the window and throw it up to  
the sky  
my pinky ring and my watch blingin they recognizin my  
shine  
a young nigga so trill reppin that eastside  
im comin down and im swangin hard so you bitches  
know what im bout

Lettin them boyz know that the south is much too real  
and down 4x

Paul Wall:

no top paper plates im glasshouse on chrome  
2 real with 2 cups in a 2 seater gettin dome  
im far away from them clones  
i-290 im gone  
got them lil faces that old money my paper seem to be  
grown  
this bad bitch wanna bone  
i met her in san anton  
then i put her on i-10 made her walk you know what my  
mind is on  
my grind is on my shine glowin pourin up my styrofoam  
if you broke and lazy and talkin down please stay up  
off my phone  
and stay up off my nuts you hoes wasnt here when i  
was alone  
i smash the broad in the parkin lot she aint never been  
in my home  
i called the chick by the wrong name but thats my bad i

was stoned  
im showin skill my cup filled im Texas trill and im way  
too gone

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