

## Paul Wall "Respect My Grind"

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[Chamillionaire]

See your rhyme's the kinda rhyme, that's flooded with  
punch lines

My rhyme's the kinda rhyme, that make niggas punch  
nine

One what dum-dum, the police gotta come down  
And keep the kids from crying, too late cause you done  
dying

Raps dying without me, I need to breathe some breath  
in it

It seems like it's a shortage, of real niggas left in it

Ain't no if's and's or but's, somebody is deaf in it

The game got a lot of rappers, but I am the best in it  
nigga move

[Hook]

Fake niggas step aside, cause them real niggas  
coming through

You can try to stop my shine, but there is nothing you  
can do-oo

We ready, we ready for you

So respect my hustle my struggle, my mind and my  
grind

I can make it to the top, when they was saying I would  
lose

Now I got my middle finger, talking back to you

I done paid my dues, to get me respect where it's due

So respect my hustle my struggle, my mind and my  
grind

[Chamillionaire]

Gotta grind, gotta stay on my grind

If your scheme ain't bout green, your transaction get  
declined

If your scheme ain't bout green, I forgot it nevermind

If your team ain't my team, get in line and get behind

I'm next up in line, headed up there with Jay-Z and  
them

Big E and Em-inem, and I can't even swim

But ain't too many niggas I know, that go as deep as  
them

And me uh-um freestyle, naw I don't need a pen

It's me your kin, the one major labels love to call  
Got Chamillionaire on the line did you get him, naw  
Yep I kept with it, the rapper got slept with it  
Said my mixtapes was cool, and my album had no  
depth in it

Niggas criticizing Koopa, now Koopa addressing it  
Stop crying playa, go get a dress and go dress in it  
Or put your money against my uppercut punch, and  
let's win it  
Your right eye swollen shut, and your left get left  
squinted Koopa

[Hook]

[Paul Wall]

I'm the people's champ, you the people's chump  
You talking BFI trash, but you still a punk  
I'm on the road to success, and I'm ready to drive  
I'm in the fast lane, you still trying to catch a ride  
I heard it through the grapevine, you been talking down  
But you be riding my dick, soon as I come around  
I know you see me shining, I know it hurts your heart  
I'm one hundred percent, I've been it from the start  
I always kept it real, you always kept it fake  
I always showed love, you always showed hate  
You think the game owe you, but you ain't got a clue  
If you be good to the game, it'll be good to you  
You claiming that you real, but you like a piece of glass  
I can see through your lies, you falling off fast  
You trying to sprint as fast as you can, the whole race  
But you'd be better off, keeping at a steady pace stay  
in ya place

[Hook]

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