

Paul Wall "Sippin' Tha Barre"

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Sippin' tha barre, grippin' tha grain
I got 17 karats in my piece and chain
Sip-sippin' tha barre, grippin' tha grain
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Now open a map and take a trip down south
Come on over to Houston, Texas, welcome to the
Swisha House
It's the land of the trill, I'm coming live from the block
I got my mind on my hustle, I'm tryna make it to the top

So I put in work and stack at night, determination is all I
got
On the grind I scheme and plot whatever it takes to
raise my stock
I'm breaking bread out here trying to survive
I'm under water with these sharks praying that I stay
alive

I'm putting up numbers like Garnet on that 610 south
Ain't nothing soft about my block except the packs of
the south
This here's that Peoples Champ talk, it's the
expressions of a G
And I'ma be chasing after them G's until I R.I.P.

Its Paul Wall baby what it do? Been banging Screw
since '92
Fat Pat n Lil Kee Kee, Phunky Hawk and the rest of the
crew
So who's next with the plex, I'm flipping slab and
waving hood
With screens hanging down from the roof
I'm ballin' like a true playa should

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They got you thinking Houston Texas the home of
David Carr
But really it's candy paint playas sippin' on barre
Come take a ride wit a star straight outta that lone star
state
Where Michael Watts trained and told me I gotta hold
my weight

That motivation is the key when you moving them keys
Entrepreneurs up in the game outta the 713
See one of the keys to my success, I switched up like
Greg Mattix
While maintaining my composure to become one of the
baddest

I stick to the G-code in my Algiers clothes
While I'm tippin' on 4 4 's with these suicide doors
I buy dro and pour a 4 for my dogs that died in the past
Praying to God I stay afloat just to make this hustle last

Its prime time I'm obeying the laws while my life is on
trial
I'm tryna knockout piece and chain and throw some ice
on my smile
It's all work and no play I'm out here punching that
clock
It's hustle mania out here grinding on the block I'm
tryna ball baby

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From the third coast trenches where the killers don't
think
Where them boys be slugged up and tatted up with that
ink

These 'lil cowards tryna assassinate the character of a
G
But I'm squashing all of that chatter keeping it real and
being me

Its G's up and marks down when I'm making my
rhymes
I'm up in NYC with Dipset and we shutting it down
Shouts out to King and Martin holding it down in the low
post
While I'm on the block grinding tryna hold my post

I'm glass house on the grill my necklace glow like toxic
waste
I'm iced out like frozen food sippin' on the ski taste
I'm over time on that grind it ain't no time for playing
games
That's why I hustle 25/8 accumulating this change

I got them diamonds up against that wood grippin'
grain and sippin' good
Hustle Time that's my hood getting money is
understood
I'm on the hustle baby all night and all day
100 thee up in my safe it's safe to say that boy is paid

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