

## Paul Wall "Sittin Sidwayz"

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[Chorus 2X]

Sittin' sideways, boys in a daze  
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On a Sunday night I might bang me some Maze

[Paul Wall talking]

Swisha House, Big Pokey and Paul Wall baby

[Paul Wall]

It's the people's champ, I'm something like a baller  
The candy paint dripping off of the old school Impala  
I'm with that Big Bank Hank, that Poppi Joe and Box  
Trunk bump like chicken pox, turn the bass up just a  
notch  
You see them blades choppin', you see that trunk  
poppin'  
Ho's that diss me in the club, be the same ho's in the  
parking lot boppin'  
They see me in the Jag, acting bad with T Ferris  
Open mouth and showcase ice, and you gon' see about  
20 karats  
I'm what they do, you on 5-9 double O  
In the Tahoe on 24's, I'm the truth, I got that glow  
I'm out that Swisha House with Archie Lee and Couda  
Bang  
Sittin' sideways on swang, the candy paint dripping off  
the frame  
You see me acting bad, I'm showing out and pulling  
stunts  
Say cheese and show my fronts, it's more  
carrots/karats than Bugs Bunny's lunch  
It's Paul Wall baby, I got it made  
I got a cup full of that oil, and I'm paid plus I'm sittin'  
sideways

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

What it do  
I'm on the block posted up like a mailbox  
Slanging licks on the grind, putting money in my socks

A legend in the hood for gold grills and poppin' seals  
A icon on the mic for showcasing my verbal skills  
I'm in the club posted up with some gang bangers  
Still flipping the old school candy Cadillac on swangers  
I got a styrofoam white cup full of that drank  
Looking for that dank, my hustle game sharp as a  
shank

Big bank take little bank, 84's and candy paint  
Trying to find some "Honey Love" my macking game is  
top rank  
These ho's peeping me, ill hustling on the side  
Eavesdropping my conversation, trying to figure which  
car I drive  
I'm on the scene strapped up like I was bungee jumping  
Hit the corner you hear me bumping  
Look at that cold grill and woman  
The trunks popped up, my music screwed and chopped  
I'm the undisputed king of the parking lot, I'm sittin'  
sideways

[Chorus]

[Big Pokey]

Maybe O.J's, ho's be going crazy when they see me  
Sittin' sideways on them 24's  
Watch ya ho, watch ya money, watch ya clothes  
Single women's out the mold, glidin' like a ice skater  
Motor like a snot nose  
Suicide drop doors, mono blocks, chop mold  
Customized deck, cause the mono block stock lows  
Sensei, Don Key, Paul Wall in the place  
Heads up when you see us, we gon' put it in ya face  
red bones scoutin' together when I blaze  
Boys smell lemon haze, I ain't the nigga to settle  
I'm that dude with the metal, that get hot as a kettle  
From messing 'round with some cat that ain't got it  
together  
Flossing, breaking of the intersection, crossing  
Three-wheelin' acting a iz-ass on them Bosses  
S.U.C. in the door, M.O.B. on the place  
Pull up in the driveway leanin' and I'm sittin' (I'm sittin')

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