

Paul Wall "Slidin' On That Oil"

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Slidin' on that oil, got me leanin' to the side
Hittin' switches, got me leanin' in my ride
I'm comin' down, grill's so icy
I'm comin' down, never seen nothin' like me

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I'm a Kush Smoka, 20 inch hundred spoke-a
Comin' through with a hundred round supa soaker
Still suited in Joker, scandalous in cartoon
6 dudes wired, real sharp as a harpoon

I'm bowin' down, doin' it, I stay in the box
Steady ridin' dirty, steady duckin' the cops
I'm burned out, lit up, maskin' my fears
Man, it's hard to stay focused
When they're blasting your peers

I only fuck with real dealers and killers who really ride
Trust when they bust they're triggers who really died?
They figure he really high, figure they're really right
Figure not to dance, they figure he really might

Get it how you live on the grind for mine
Only roll with motherfuckers that are fine with dyin'
Got a mindless nine, keep it right under my front seat
Lookin' for no trouble if it bubble we done beat

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I got Swangas and Vogues on my Cadillac dropper
When I pull up to the light, baby, I'm a show stopper
Boys talkin' down, need to start talkin' proper
My security guard is an AK chopper

I'm a juero pistolero with a fistful of metal

You fuckin' with my perro, I'ma split your sombrero
Treatin' enemies like elbows, gettin' 'em off me
Got access to silencers, I'm killin' 'em softly

That oil got me sleepy and jealous got me strapped
So I slide off in the Lac' with a Glock in my lap
Still sittin' sideways, Caddy Corner on them thangs
Swangin' in and out the lane with some ice in my fang

Champagne sontinental, drank and diamond dental
Got four old schools with the help of a rental
Get's mental off the oil with a touch of that sprite
Two hundred dollar bliunts, homie who got the light?

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