

## Paul Wall "Thinking Of You"

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[Chorus 2X: Female voice] (Paul Wall) + [Lil' Flip]

I'm thinking of you

I'm thinking of you

I'm so confused

Tell me what should I do

(I got cars to bring) bring

(money to take) take

(charges to make) make

[I just gotta get paid]

[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

Your freinds say "I think he just wanna hit"

I'm from the streets I think I really wanna brick

I ain't gotta trick (why?)

'cause that's my nature (nature)

If you got you a bad ho I ain't gon' hate cha (I luv ya)

I'm bout my paper (paper)

I'ma holla later (HOLLA!!!)

'cause when I pull up we in stretch navigators (ooohhh  
wwweee!!)

The women runnin to the bar saying "buy me a drink"  
(ok)

Hoes runnin to my car saying "buy me a mink" (hell  
naw)

That's how it go when you ain't used to the finer thangs  
(finer thangs)

What's next you want me to buy your ass some  
diamond rings (diamond rings)

You want a wedding band (wedding band)

I'm still a bacholor (bacholor)

So if you got a bad broad i'll snatch heer

I'm never tricking my dough (dough)

I'm never lickin 'em low (low)

I'm quick to let them know (know)

That I'm gon' let them go (go)

If they ain't got no dough (dough)

You gotta have somethin (have somethin)

You go to the mall make sure you grab somethin (grab  
somethin)

You gotta shop for me (me)

I can't shop for you (you)

I'm on my grind everyday I can't stop for you (you)

you you you you you you...but you know what..I'm still thinking of you

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Lil' Flip]

Like Yogi bear you my boo

I'm so hooked on you

All you gotta do is call and I'm comin through

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Late night creepin' girl you know my style

Tree in guts in the front you know my smile

We used to go to school together but we didn't used to kick it

Now we grew up I finally got them bitches

We going on a date it ain't no walking in the park

We can go and get a room because I got some weed to spark

I'll tell you about me you tell me about you

And if you play it right I might start calling you boo

Just cook for a nigga, right a hook for a nigga

And if I say the law is coming then look for a nigga

So don't listen to your friends

'cause they see me in the Benz on 20 inch Lorenz

And they wanna get in

They just wanna take your man

'cause I got ice on my band

But I'm sick of the bullshit

I ain't playin'

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Flip]

Now you got an attitude 'cause I'm never at home

Now I wonder why you never answer your phone

I put money down now I'm bout to cancel that home

'cause when I'm outta town you just wanna roam

You dancin at clubs, dancin' with thugs

You need to be out tryin' to find your man some dubs

For the big ol' Lexus

That I put in your name

When you came to me

You didn't have no game

But I taught you the game

I showed you the hustle

I showed you the streets

I showed you my muscle

We been through the struggle

The money went double  
And once you put it in the pot  
The coke will bubble  
If you get us in trouble  
I got your back  
Whether you right or wrong  
I'ma leave it at that  
Your my perfect match  
I love your hips  
I like your skin tone, I like your lips  
Whoo..

[Chorus]

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