

Paul Wall "True"

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(featuring Lil' Flip)

(*talking*)

Here lizard-lizard-liazrd, uh

It's the almighty King Koopa, Chamillionaire

The color changing lizard, the Mixtape Messiah

Please stand for the ghetto national anthem, let's go

[Hook - 2x]

Forget what them boys is talking bout, I'm true-I'm true

You ridin' swangs you gripping grain, I do-I do

You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you

jamming Screw

Don't know about you, but I'm true-I'm true

[Paul Wall]

Forget what these boys is talking bout, we wipe boys
down

In South Park on MLK, on Sunday we clown

From the streets of Antoine, to the Homestead hoods

From Mo City to Studewood, it's all good

I'm ridin' on platinum grey, with Z-Ro and Trae

Gon let the top down, it's a beautiful day

Haters jealous on the sidelines, running they mouth

Cause I roll with T.I.P., the king of the South

Boys know I'm Paid In Full, so they clocking my dollas

Me, Poppy, Joe and Fox all ridin' Impalas

I'm breaking bread with Mike Jones, and Slim Thug the
Boss

It's Paul Wall, still representing Swishahouse

I'm with my boy Big Kaila, I don't bar no hater

I'm on the grind for paper, I'll holla at ya later

Forget what they talking bout, I'm in love with my
wealth

I ain't gotta say I'm true, cause true speak for itself
baby

[Hook - 2x]

[Chamillionaire]

They say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and
they say you

If she's a dime tell her I'm fine, and she'll say true-true
Turn up the bang if you into, something color changing
the rims do
Sound like a train cause when I stop, they be like choo-
choo-choo
And I'm thugging too homie, the heater kinda like Al
Bundy's hand

Believe me everytime you see me, it's gon be in her
pants
If I do a crime and you snitch, homie the heater will
snitch too
Cause if the police come around, it'll be pointing at you
Somebody give mouth to mouth to this mic, after it
melt
Cause the only rapper out rapping me is me, after
myself
I hope you internet thugs, that will swear that I ain't the
tightest
Have cyber sex with Cita, until you catch a virus
Why is he saying this, to piss boys off
I officially claim myself, the rap King of the South
The say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and
they say you
And I say naw, give that title to the late great DJ Screw,
rest in peace

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Flip]

The definition of a pimp is (me), cause I ain't doing shit
for (free)
I got my own label now, if you ain't heard it's (Clover
G's)
Now me and Will chasing the scrill, we pulling up on
chrome wheels
Nigga, your royalty check looking like my phone bill
Quick to capping picture snapping, paparazzi follow me
Yeah I'm platinum I'll slap him, if he smoke up all my
weed
I love to speed on dubs and Spre's, bitches leave the
club with me
Snitches mean mugging me, don't make me bust my
fucking heat
We popping trunks and smoking blunts, that sticky-
ickie (ooh-wee)
Last year I did a mill, now I'm bout to do (three)
I bring the heat on every track, it's five G's for every
bar
Just because I'm in a Porsche box, don't mean I like the
spa

That don't mean I like the car, you know I'm down to
break your jaw
Just because I burn rubber, that don't mean I like the tar
We ghetto stars in every state, like Pimp and Bun we
keep it trill
And if you ain't heard, it's Lil' Flipper and Chamill'

[Hook]

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