

## Paul Wall "Why You Peepin Me"

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*[Paul Wall]*

I'm a hustler, ladies man of course a playa  
My behavior, is somewhat similar to the majors  
Cause I be running game, everything that I say  
To a girl, is all derived from my immaculate nature  
When I pronounce, my articulate game  
It appears that I've obtained, more game than I claim  
All I ask is for her name, and she ain't never the same  
Am I just that cold, or are these other cats lame  
My conversation, is top of the line  
I'm spitting lyrics, to every last bopper that's fine  
It's like I'm rapping to the chick, she wanna stop and  
rewind  
And analyze my wordplay, while I'm dropping a dime  
Is it they pheromone, that's attracting my style  
Or my luminance exuberant, expensive smile  
Either way I'm warmed up, and running game for miles  
I keep em on file, I holla in a little while

*[Hook]*

Why you peeping me, do you like what you see  
I bet you never, met a playa like me  
You staring at me, wondering just who I be  
I'm sure you'd like to know, why a playa like me so  
thoed  
I'm coming at you with game so cold, you just got  
chose  
If you wanna roll, then let's go

*[Paul Wall]*

Look here, I'ma be real with you  
Lil' mama's all up in my picture, want me to stick her  
with my dill pickle  
My supreme, you need physique and superb  
My play on words, got em feeding me ordurves  
I'm making honey dips, lose they composure  
They begging me to come over, so they can get closer

They want closure, from drinking they self sober  
Hoping that if they bend over, they'll get bit by my  
cobra oh  
Girls is firing, to get rear ended

By my extended cab, my sweet talk is splendid  
I come with game sharper, than Gillette Mach 3  
One of a kind conversation, you can't out talk me  
They want position is this competition, they on a  
mission  
Wishing that they was kissing, on my composition  
They got ambition, they dream to manage my  
extension  
But this convention, into intermission

*[Hook]*

*[Paul Wall]*

On the real I got a mouthpiece, that'll have em  
Dismantling they robe, and laying naked on my couch  
seats  
It don't take much, everytime my mouse speaks  
I notice that the region, around they crouch leaks  
I graduated, from the MUSHU Academy  
Is that the reason, why these girls boyfriends mad at  
me  
Too much of my sugar, might give em a cavity  
And oh no we can't have that, now can we  
My premeditated, propaganda  
Got em in they birthday suit, like a peeping Tom's  
dancer  
Yeah they sexy, and I know that I'm handsome  
But don't ask the question, if you don't want the answer  
That means don't ask, if I remember your name  
I probably don't, but I bet I might remember your brain  
Straight up, I'ma tell it to you simple and plain  
I got game, is there any more questions

*[Hook - 2x]*

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