

**Paul Wall & Chamillionaire****"Luv N My Life"**

Visit "[Luv N My Life](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Paul Wall]

Whoa, let's talk about them 22 inch shoes

Feel like I'm walking on high heels, when the Escalade  
cruise

[Chamillionaire]

Hold up, sorry to be the one with the bad news

You miscounted, that's some 23's not 22's

[Paul Wall]

My bad, how bout we talk about the speakers cuzin

My trunk's rated R, because of the speakers cussing

[Chamillionaire]

Now tragically we deeply thugging, and freaks we  
shoving

Out them fawns, with them twenty inch neepers  
tugging

See boys don't see the, candy bleeder don't leave a

Stain on the feet-a, talk down I guarantee you

Face be in that dirt, like a damn ant eater

We stack mail with no envelopes (no stamps either)

[Paul Wall]

Wallet is so obese, and obtuse is absurd

Wide screen it expands, like the wings of a bird

Observe enlighten me, never be far occurred

Navigational system, got brains of a nerd

[Hook]

TV screens falling out the sky like rain

Now open up the trunk, and lights and show the side I  
claim

Candy coats, tripping off of my wide frame

I'm balling like I just got finished, winning five dice  
games

Never brag about my rims, is my mind frame

But then my 20's turn to 22's, and my mind changed

Swanging lanes and gripping grain, while I swang

Cause I'm addicted to my dough, and loving my life  
mayn

[Chamillionaire]

Whoa we getting royalty checks, since 9-6

So I'm six years, and a couple months past rich

No they can't stop this, the top on the drop gets

Knocked off, so now that boss hogg feeling topless

[Paul Wall]

Hold up, why don't we talk about the blades that cut

Machetes underneath the fender, cause major bust

The speakers bump like Herby's, on a 12th grade slut

Nick name is Petey Pablo, my trunk raise up

[Chamillionaire]

Ha ha damn you didn't, a man who flipping

Black Cadillacs, with the door handles missing

You telling boys we don't ball, they say man you tripping

That's like saying that Jordan, couldn't handle Pippen

[Paul Wall]

Look out, its time to talk about the size of the screens

Nineteen inch laptops, when you ride with the king

Paul Wall got TV's bigger than, most of your rims

See us send your c.d. go back, and boast to your friends, see the

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

Chamill and Paul make you ball, and status fade away

Like Reggie Miller threw up a shot, and a made a J

[Paul Wall]

Whoa, why don't we talk about them DVD's

Rush Hour 1 through 3, on three TV's

[Chamillionaire]

Hold up, we gotta teach these boys how to do math

Count the TV's and DVD's, and what do you have

[Paul Wall]

Bread-ren, that's the equivalent of too much cash

[Chamillionaire]

I bet them broke niggas, can't even add

[Paul Wall]

I'm a chef chopping the block, on 20 inch footing

When I drive passed, everybody get caught looking

Everybody turn around, when them 20's turn around

[Chamillionaire]

Everybody turn around, when them 20's turn around

[Paul Wall]

Everybody turn around, when them 20's turn around

Candy paint so wet, look like the block bout to drown

I'm a chef chopping the block, on 20 inch footing

When I drive passed, everybody get caught looking, at  
the

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [Paul Wall & Chamillionaire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.