

Chose Me

Paul Wall

She told me I'm the fliest, I don't disagree
Swiss made, rich footwear made from Sicily
Come around me talkin' down, bro you missin' me
Want a meal ticket, playa hatin' ain't the recipe
Why hate cause you saw me in an eye 8
Ya bitch was lookin at me, you was lookin' eyerate
Now you searchin' for my flaws like spygate
Investigatin' why I got food on my plate
Don't mistake me for a mauge, no I ain't
Straight up outta texas, only real ones in my state
You got a side bitch? Bro, I got side cake
Give a fuck about a bopper, no I can't
Why you hatin' on a playa? check ya hoe, mane
Talkin' down, droppin' salt, you got no game
And all that pillow talk shows you are soo lame
Startin' all this drama for some fame, man ya bitch chose me

Ya bitch chose me, ya bitch chose me
Ya bitch chose me
You know the rules to the game, man
Ya bitch chose me, ya bitch chose me
Ya bitch chose me
You know the rules to the game, man
Ya bitch chose me

Bad mothafucka with a set of gators on my feet
Catalytic drippin' wet, color of that picture peach
Mink coat on my back like a cat
Black panther, as serious as cancers
Ridin' like a dancer, answer the question
Suggestion, I'm pressin' the issue
Soft as a tissue, miss you, miss me?
Baby, wanna kiss me, but we gettin' bubbly
Dippin' and duckin', bobbin' and weavin'
Achievin' my dream and cold and
About your bitch; she fien and schemin'
She wanna be down, wanna be 'round
Need the cost to be the boss, she in the lost and frown
And now that she sees the light, I pimp like
Fillmore Slim with a dap of dynamite, aight?
You know how they hoes gonna be, they on me
Muthafucka, ya bitch chose me

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I got a bitch in [?], 1500 for the handjob
I pick her up at 6 while them other bitches fag off
I'm in the H town, I'm ridin' with the Slab God
Drop me off your treasures homie, once I get this pack off
Bitches love this California mouth piece
She sai [?], she wanna know 'bout me

She in my IG DMs, bitches shove me money like "Daddy, let me in"
But I'm picky when it comes to sellin' pussy
It's a 50 thousand dollar fee to fuck with me
And na, I don't rock gators with 5 thousand flavors
No more ads on the internet
My bitches get 60 grand to go on a business trip
Pimps catchin' feelings lookin' weak
Oh, you mad at me, homie? Ya bitch chose me

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