

Crumble The Satellite

Paul Wall

You can buy real shit but you can't buy real
And just cause your shirt say it, that don't make you trill
They don't love you 'till you dead or gone to jail
And when your free, they the ones praying that you fail
We'll see who call Al Rucker for my bail
And who call 222 tips with the tail
Only god knows and he won't tell
They say real friends are just a tale
A myth, a legend told too well
I learned the hard way, loyalty is an on going sale
Free Rich The Factor, that's a true whale
You don't appreciate heaven til you go through hell
A white cup is my holy grail
My cup full but I ain't had my fill
I got old bread but it ain't stale
And these Johnny Dang diamonds, they ain't come from Zales
Most bitches in the world are male
I think I hit it on the nail
Doctor Oz say kush is better for you than kale
Crumble up the satellite, time to cure my ails

Yeah, yeah
Crumbling, satellite
Crumbling, satellite

In my lane strong, Karl Malone
Jazzy, little something with me with her mind blown
Word is bond, my cologne lingers, she remembers
Shakin' underneath my fingers, but paper is my mission
Gettin' it yeah, but I'm tryin' to continue this
Grind time consumin' but you get out it, whatever you put into it
That's true shit
When I come through without the roof
Chunk a deuce and ask what it do
A whole lot, girl
Yeah, you're right, crumble up that satellite
And we gon' pull a heist tonight
Assassins on motorbikes
I kill the beat that precise
Always feel a little bit better after I smoke and ride
I'm not going home
Outsiders stand outside, catch me in my low-rider
Look in my eyes, you see a whole empire
My niggas ain't on yo' side
Zodiac killer, dollar signs
Mind bendin' cookin' rhymes in the dope kitchen
Got em all gettin' high

Yeah, yeah
Crumbling the satellite, yeah
Crumbling the satellite, yeah

High again like the wind
I don't need no Vicodin or vitamins
For marijuana, corners I try to bend
And I got friends who get, just as high as I do
To smoke an ounce a day is natural

I don't have to try to
Having weed is vital, to my life existence
Try and take it from me, it's resistance
Jumping fences, with my, grass
As I, dash, hauling ass, to Denver
With a thirty pound stash in the back
What's that? sheeeeeit, this that satellite
Gettin' high, as a kite
Watch me pass by you like, zoom
(It's a bird... fuck... it's a plane)
It's a nigga smokin' Mary Jane, devein, divine
Whatever, you call it, but long as you call me it's fine
Cause I want to smoke me a muthafuckin pound of this satellite
Cause I ain't never comin' down, ever

Crumbling the satellite, yeah
Crumbling the satellite, yeah