

# Dig These Blues

Paul Wall

Balling  
I'ma break the struts  
Leather plush, that's butter guts  
Trunk lift from remote touch  
In a bumper drop, just like my nuts  
On your chin, once again  
I'm back again, for the win  
Flawless carot cut, on the grin  
Mr. Cartoon inked the skin  
Mr. Johnny Dang iced me up  
If you ask the price, it'll hurt your feelings  
I earned it all, yeah, no stealing  
Drinking problem, so I'm ice grilling  
No feelings involved  
Never change, just evolve  
Big boss, that shot call  
Bleach white, on the white Wall  
No black magic or [?]  
Pimping wheel, got a special mix  
Rest in peace to Big Mix, broke 'em off, they gon' need a fix  
Call the flatbed, they need a lift  
They gon' need a toe  
I'm on my toes  
No love fo hoes, fo shit show

I'm 'bout to make them dig these blues  
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Make them dig these blues  
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Catolack, with extra drip  
Three of them, that's a tripple threat  
Add 80 paint a mile, dripping wet  
Trunk wave, that's a ripple effect  
Simple as that, I'm a head turner  
Bending corners, they rubbernecking  
Act an ass, I'm showing naked  
I'm first place and second  
Houston Texas, that's what I'm repping  
Whide slanging, bumper hanging  
Old school, rather aincent  
Had the link and that was color changing  
Make the payment, cash me out  
Catch me out there breaking necks  
I'ma break 'em off, so place your bets  
When I'm gone, I'll leave the whole paivment wet  
Chase the check, that's what I do  
So what it do?  
Where it's at?  
Got a big bag like I overpacked  
Trunk cracked, I'ma swang the lack  
Step back, while I work the wheel  
Showing skill, I'ma handle mine  
All real at all times  
I put it down, so dig these blues

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