Got It Made

Paul Wall

Yeah
Everything wavy, you know the vibes

Don Julio with the cran', the chicks dance (Yeah)
I throw a couple dollars just to shut up they holler (Yeah)
Bad little mama looking mean in the passenger (Woo)
Queens in my Acura, team full of bachelors (Yeah)
Old school, still cook crack in the microwave (Uh-huh)
Mini Mike Tyson back then in my fighting days (Uh-huh)
Light the Haze, little bit of Sprite, little lemonade (Yeah)
Put the right hook on the beat and your life could change
Drop many songs, have Flex dropping bombs
Overseas world tours, I get my shopping on (Facts)
He had don, he a god, he a king, he a great
Swear I can't think straight, so many things in the place
BBL booty with the slim little waist
Yo, let's get right to it, I ain't got time to waste (Nah)
Still reppin' for the streets, still diggin' in the crates
Still filling up my safe, make a killing off these tapes

I just spin the block, I just get paid
I just want the spot, I be on the wave
I just pull up throwing knots in your face
'Cause I got it made, I got it made
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Yeah, yeah, ay
Part-time rapper, full-time real nigga
Ill figure in the hip-hop field, remember
Never follow trends, stay within your own agenda
Create and innovate, that way, you have a plate at dinner
When I'm in the trenches, it's different, I feel the tension
You gotta pay close attention, watch, and listen
Everybody know my face, I can't blend in
They say the love overpower the hate, I say they tripping
But I'ma keep it pimpin' like the player's ball convention
And did I forget to mention? I'm the flyest rapper living
Do all my own penmanship when it come to these writtens
I feel like if you ain't ready, you probably shouldn't spit it
Yeah, keep a pen and pad in my grasp, it's religion
Case I gotta make another bad creation, Mike Bivins
Yeah, maintain my faith in Allah, I pray for wisdom
Blessed to be my own boss, I make all the decisions

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I got a propensity to shine and it just can't be ignored

Double doors with the marble floors, mine, not yours
Destination on course to avoid discourse
Resource from the source, planning full force
I got it all off the grind, full-time workhorse
Money long, not short, big trades, all sorts
Cadillac, not a Porsche, candy painted, of course
The top separated, I hope they don't get a divorce
A head turner, when I turn the corner, I made you look
I turn the bass up and left the whole block shook
The paint dripping like a meadow brook, I'm no rook'
But hard work and dedication really all that it took
I'm papered up like a big book, big cake
All work and no play with no breaks
Behind the five-percent tint, the glass is opaque
Smoke blowing out the sunroof 'cause I stay baked, I got it made

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