

# Oh No

Paul Wall

Oh no, there go them Texas boys banging in a fo' do'  
Top fell out the drop, crawling on 84's  
Think of taking my slab, baby I don't think so  
My heat under my seat, and I don't love you hoes  
Living it like a G, but still I gotta lay low  
Five percent or ten, but still my screens gon glow  
These haters be in my mix, and these boppers be on my dick  
Everytime I come round the corner

I'm from the land of opportunity, in God we trust  
But haters in my mix, got me paranoid and disgust  
I'm scoping out my side mirrors, when my car's in park  
It's after dark, and my slab is fresh meat to these sharks  
Boys thinking I been drinking, so I'm off my note  
But I got seventeen surprises, tucked inside of my coat  
See me strut through the parking lot, on 22's plus  
It's a must I make all haters, eat my dust  
Them jump-out boys, waiting trying to catch me slipping  
I ain't tripping, grain ain't the only thing that I'm gripping  
Boys jacking with these tow trucks, thinking they slick  
But take a trip to South Lee, and end up in a ditch  
They got my purple people eater once, the next day  
I bought a Range Rover cash, and a new set of fronts  
I've been on feet for months, I'm taking haters to lunch  
Paul Wall and Trae, hit em with that one-two punch

When I flip in my slab  
I'm fin to beat they back off, like I was legs  
Sitting low and tinted on chrome, gangstafied till I'm finished  
I'm bout to diminish these haters, when my trunk start waving  
Blue over gray, side of my drop with six T.V.'s I'm displaying  
They hate that I'm shining, with the fifth wheel falling flying down the block  
But if one of these haters, wanna jack me  
Slugs gon be flying, out the glock  
I click for no reason, this season my slab is staining they brain  
And I be known for getting reckless in Texas, gripping on grain  
Forever be pimping, 84 tipping all through the South  
Grilling boppers all through my tint, with diamonds all in my mouth  
They all in my mouth, looking stupid when I burn right past em  
Cause some of these broads be living shife, and setting up for the jacking  
But not today, cause Trae gon be flipping on top of his game  
We guerillas I'm mobbing with, ain't no stopping me mayn  
When I'm in my fo' do' solo, the slab is bound to get tossed  
And if you trying to be competition, then you bound to be getting lost

Make way for the team, when the fo' do' be coming round the corner  
These haters are goners, cause I'ma drop the top when I wanna  
I know these jackers, better think before they reach out and touch  
Cause in back of the car is the Excursion, full of thugs that'll punch  
I know they wanted to get me, but they don't know what I'm bringing  
I pop the trunk and swing the block, while jamming Slow Loud And Bangin'  
Trae and Paul Wall on a mission, and ain't no stopping it mayn  
With my hand on my heat in my seat, and the other on grain

Mo' money mo' problems mayn, the legend is true  
You better stay up on your toes, when you ride 22's

I'm rolling strapped, everywhere I go I'm watching my back  
Cause on my block, them jackers don't give a damn if I rap  
People see me being friendly, and they think that I'm soft  
But the truth is, my best friend is a sawed off  
These haters in my mix, got me losing composure  
But if they take one step closer, it ain't gon be kosher naw