

# Recognize My Car

Paul Wall

Oh, we gotta slow it down

I like to drive real slowly  
Riding clean, everybody wanna be my homie  
Pop trunk show me, boppers wanna blow me  
They recognize my car even if they don't know me  
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That's why I like to drive real slowly

Well it's the slow flow professional, the greatest of all  
Adverb superb on point like Chris Paul  
It's the original Wall, poking out while I crawl  
Trunk popped up tall as the fifth wheel fall  
From H Town to Bean Town all the way to New York  
Broke 'em off, left 'em broke, slab God I'm the GOAT  
I don't mean to gloat, the paint so cleaner than soap  
Exterior wineberry with the inside [?]  
Oh yeah, the Cadillac flow is quite crucial  
Leather seats butter cream, softer than a poodle  
When I'm clean I tend to drive a little slower than usual  
If you take a picture, I got first right refusal  
I'm the [?] so basically that mean I'm the big shit  
My competition nothing but pig shit  
I whip out competitors quicker than Bisquick  
Fine mamacita with me and she a misfit

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Ayo my neck is freeze, make a lot of dough and the extra cheese  
Gotta make the bars match the beat when you mess with Pete  
No sapphires in my stones, just fire in my stones  
Even my tires Firestone  
Monday I'm the Mercury, LA weather  
Tuesday suede leather, Bobby Boucher sweater  
Wednesday we at the wash and they hittin' the wheels  
Thursday we in the 'Lac and she clackin' the heels  
Friday kick back, move a package and chill  
Money green [?] laid back in the hill  
Saturday makin' change, do my thing in the hearse  
Sunday pick up my kids and I swing 'em to church  
You know it's real when Pete Rock reaching out for a verse  
You gotta murder it worse, then you further rehearse  
I got the fifteens bumpin' in the trunk of my Benzo  
Watch 'em when they try and act cool but pretend though  
Cruising like we at the beach, coolin' in my Jaguar seats  
Actually everything I'm doing is a masterpiece  
Fresh from Italy, Carrera GT  
And my man Wais P in the Porsche next to me (Come on)

Feel the breeze from the sea when the top down  
Couple G's off the beats, time to shop now  
V's wanna plot now when they see my blow-bling  
I'm gettin' love in Houston like Yao Ming, that's why...

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