

# State To State

Paul Wall

Free! Paul Wall!  
And we coming with the bump bump buuum!  
Early! Yeah! Uh! It's The Roc, Swishahouse and we  
Dumping on y'all hating ass niggas  
And we hit yall with the Bump Bump buuum  
Early! Uh! Yeah! Uh!

Y'all better keep your weapons close  
It's Philly and Paul Wall  
And this is the way we ball bring the raw  
To your city got them semis  
If you really want war  
We gon bring it to your doorstep  
Vests and them hoodies  
And we pop pop pop  
Through your body  
Put the rest in your fitted  
And this is the way you fall to the ground  
An' you shaking nigga  
State prop cock game and we gun a hater down  
And we take a hater's pounds  
And we sell a hater's bricks  
And we the main reason why they chicks is not around  
Somebody tell them that they're rockin' Houston  
Swishahouse got that knockin' Houston we come and lock shit down

Real niggas stand up point em we gon gun 'em haters down come around you hear that...  
And all my real bitches step up come to wipe a player down smoke a pound with him  
Real niggas step up we gon gun 'em haters down come around you hear that...  
And all my real bitches step up come to wipe a player down smoke a pound with him

I hear these haters talking seem like they're getting louder  
These sweet cupcakes softer than some clam chowder  
I'm from the city to proudly serve crack rocks?  
For twenty dollars get you higher than an astronaut  
I keep a Glock in my state prop jeans  
Floating on cloud nine goin' off codiene  
I chuck a deuce to a hater  
I'm on a mission for paper  
I got Lil' Hawk with me serving dope fiends like a waiter  
I'm on the south B with my boy do you  
Big bank take little bank baby tell me what it do  
These boys talking loud but they ain't saying a thang  
But Paul Wall and Freeway will make 'em sang

It's the Swishahouse state prop chain gang  
.45 cal big Glock bang bang  
I keep the tupperware tucked in my underwear  
Rain down thunder on these suckers make the clutter clear  
Let's get one thing clear I run with grizzly bears  
Bite you in your back and make you straighten out your chest hair  
I'm 100 baby no time for playing games  
I got a garden full of carats hanging in my chain  
I keep a player bought my paper fuck a hater

Cause the real turn fake switching over like a crossfader  
I'm squashing chatter climbing up the ladder  
Cause my goal is to make my pockets fatter baby Paul Wall