

Sippin' Tha Barre

Paul Wall

Sip sippin tha barre
Grippin tha grain
I got 17 karrots in my piece and chains Ya'll open a map and take a trip down south
Come on over to houston, texas welcome to the swisha house
It's the land of the trill
Coming straight out the block
I got my mind on my hustle
Im tyrna make it to the top
So I put in work and stack at night
Determination is all I got
On the grind I sceme and plot
Whatever it takes to raise my stock
Im breaking bread out here try to survive
On my new water with these sharks prayin I stay alive
Im putting up numbers like garnett on that 610 south
Aint nothing soft about my block 'cept the packs of the south
This here that people's champ talk
This the expressions of a g
And ima be chasin after them g's until I R.I.P.
Its paul wall baby
What it do be bangin screws since '92
Pat pat, lil kee kee, funky hawk and the rest of the crew
So whos next on that plex
Im flippin slab and weavin hood
Wit'screens hanging down from the roof im ballin like a real playa should im
They got you thinking houston, texas the home of david carr
But really its candy paint playas sippin on barre
Take a ride wit a star straight outta that loone star state
Lil michael watched the train and told me I gotta hold my weight
Motovation is the key when you moving them keys
Entropenuaters out the game outta
The 713
See one of the keys to my success
I switched up like rick maddox
While maintaining my composings to become one of the baddest
I stick to the g code in my el g'est clothes
While im tippin on 4 4 's with these scuicide doors
I buy dro and pro pow for my dogs that died in the past
Prayin to god I stay flow just to make this hustle last
Its prime time im obeying the laws
While my life is on trial
Im tyrn knockout pieces chain and throw some ice on my smile

Its all work and no play while im out here punching in clock
Its hustlermania out here grinding on the block im tryna ball baby
From the 3rd coast trenches where the killers don't think
Where them boys be slugged up and tatted up with that ink
These lil cowards tryna sas and make the character of a g
But im squashing all of that chatter keeping it real and being me
Its g's up and marks down when im making my round
While im up in nyc with dipset we shutting it down
Shouts out to keenan martin holding it down in the low coast
While im on the block grinin tryna hold my post
Im glass house on the grill my necklace glow like toxic waste
Im iced out like frozen food
Sippin on the ski taste
Im moving time on my grind
It aint no time for playing games
Thats why I hustle 25/8 accumulating
This change
I got them diamonds up against that wood grippin grain and sippin good
Bustin time thats my hood gettin money is understood
Im on the hustle baby all night and all day
100 d up in my safe
Safe to say that boy is paid
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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