

Paul Wall, They Dont Know

[Snippets from U.G.K. songs Bun-B (Pimp-C)]

They don't know what that scar bout'
They don't know what that bar bout'
They don't know what that candy car bout'

or smokin' that joint about
Texas is the home of the playas and pimps
Showin' naked ass in the great state of Tex'
3rd Coast Born I mean we're Texas raised

(Texas muthafucka that's where I stay)

[Paul Wall]

All ready!
What you know about swangaz and vogues
What you know bout' purple drank
What you know bout' poppin' trunk, neon lights, candy paint
What you know about white shirts, starched down jeans with a razor crease
Platinum and gold on top our teeth, big ol' chains with a iced out piece
You don't know bout' Michael Watts
You don't know about DJ Screw
What you know about "MAN! Hold UP", I done came down and what it do?
They don't know about P.A.T

What you know bout' FREE PIMP C
What you know bout' the Swishahouse man
What you know bout' the S.U.C

We keep it playa, ain't no fake
When we holdin' plex whenever haters hate
We listen to music screwed and chopped
Down here in this Lone Star state
Outta towners be comin' around
Runnin' they mouth and talkin' down
but you don't know nuthin' bout my town
either hold it down or move around

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[Mike Jones]

MIKE JONES!
Me and Paul we actin' a fool
When screens fall I'm packin' a tool
I'm texas raised, texas made
We grind daily no minimum wage
I represent the home of candy cars
Screw music and purple bar
Trunk bangin', fifth hangin'
84's and vogue swangin'
Belt-buckles we wear in Texas
Rag-tops lay down on Lexus
Diamonds shinin' from grillin' necklace
Haters hate cuz we well respected
Paul Wall and Mike Jones

Who one of the throwedest on the microphone
We sittin' high on 20 inch chrome
Tryin' to get our shine on
I said, Paul Wall and Mike Jones
Who one of the throwedest on the microphone
We sittin' high on 20 inch chrome
Tryin' to get our shine on
I crack a smile and show platinum mouth
Every time I rap I rep Swishahouse
I spit a verse and head straight to the vaults
5 G's for me to even open my mouth

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[Paul Wall]
All Ready!
Hold on, hold up a second cuz
boys comin' down blue or red
Down here pimpin' ain't dead
Grindin' daily to stack my bread
I from the place where girls jump fly
Now a days the brauds pimp brauds
Cuz they got more game then most these guys
You'll get set up and then you'll get robbed
You don't know bout' chunkin' a deuce
You don't know bout a southside fade
Down here we be ridin' d's
But you don't know about choppin blades
Texas southern or Prarie View
What you know bout' battle of the bands
Down here we got ghetto girls
Like wings, chicken or Timmy Chan's
You can catch me ridin' swangs
What you know about sippin' syrup
You don't know about pourin' it up
Purple drank some speeches slurred
You don't know bout' the way we talk
Boys say we got country words
But I don't really care what you heard
Cuz you don't know bout' the Dirty 3rd

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