

# Everybody Know Me

Paul Wall

Come on  
We back baby  
Swishahouse, T.F.  
Mr. Lee, P. Wall

I got the screw tape playin in the deck, so I drive slowly (slow)  
Got them swangers pokin, yeah the slab hold me (hey)  
Everybody know me (know me) -  
Cooler than a fan (fan), money in my hand  
Stashed in them brown paper bags with them rubberbands (bands)  
I ain't got to say nothin, everybody know me (know me)  
Everybody know me (know me), everybody know me (know me)

Ballin is a habit, that money I got to have it  
I'm an addict for that paper, my hustle is automatic  
My presence is so Jurassic, these lames is so tragic  
I'm lightin that Cali cactus, so I'm higher than an attic  
I'm choppin up the block like a garbage disposal  
So the boppers' proposition an indecent proposal  
I'm cool like popsicle, been grindin since I was little  
On this pool pick narratin these proverbs and riddles  
I'm fresh like green bananas and fly like Continental  
'Cause I stay up on my grind late night like Jimmy Kimmel  
In that pomegranate slam with the roof convert  
Five stars under the skirts, call it famous footwork  
That Cali is active when Lil' Keke got the trees lit  
Tiltin the bumper kit, I'm flippin with the screens lit  
Ridin with the Big Dogg, we (Breakin 'Em Off)  
Sippin the stuff to cure my cough, pardon me, I'm throwed off

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(Roll it up), smoke it up, break it up, (throw it up)  
Speed it up, slow it up, cut it up, screw it up  
Do it up, who involved? (who involved?) Do it to 'em Uncle Dogg (Uncle Dogg  
)  
Everywhere I've flown and gone, been know to bounce some balls  
My entourage, stay in charge, I could never camouflage ('flage)  
Doggy do it extra large (large), coppin to a lesser charge (charge)  
Paul Wall your next in charge, S is hard, reppin hard  
Press 'em hard (what?), tech in core (what?), blast 'em like Nessie Mars (wh  
at? what?)  
Yes a star, I'm a bad mother (mother, mother)  
I'm the only rapper known by your grandmother (mother)  
And your preacher and your teacher, ain't that a trip? (trip)  
Moshi moshi acuagru ain't that a bitch? (biatch)  
That's Japanese little homie, you should learn to mingle (mingle)  
See Snoop Dogg is international and bilingual ('lingual)  
I'm in the game, got the fame and the money mayne (mayne)  
And everybody know my motherfuckin name (name)

Uh huh, come on  
Correct me if I'm wrong but God damn I'm fly  
In my famous stars and straps, no suit, no tie  
I got the heavy starch crease, so I'm sharp as an ice pick  
I'm swangin and bangin and holdin grain like a vice grip  
I'm high as a ceiling fan, I'm flyer than Superman  
I'm hot as a frying pan, 'cause baby I'm the man  
And I'm leanin like a kick stand, stackin up them grands  
From T Wet to Batan, that wood grain up in my hand  
Roll it up and pass it, as I cruise through traffic  
Slow motion candy ocean on this antique classic  
I'm superseedin my quota, out collectin these dimes  
My speech slurred 'cause I'm leanin like a half passed nine  
I'm tippin down on them craigers, I'm skatin like Darren Harper  
With a trunk full of speakers beatin hard like Travis Barker  
The money in the stash, paid for make stack  
I'm swangin till the fo's clack, drinkin codeine extract