

Gymc Song

Paul Wall

Its goin down, repesentin H-
Town make sure you pick up the Southern Classic
Get Ya Mind Correct Swishahouse player, N Paid in Full

I'm not the type that likes to think about the times I was broke

Reminisce on how everybody thought my rhymes was a joke
I played it fair while competitors were buying their vote
But that's life I ain't crying I cope
They talk about I owe them somethin, but they the ones that's holdin me back

They the same people bringing me down
That's why anytime I hop up on the mic there ain't no holding me back

Watch I show ya'll the meaning of clown

Until I'm under the ground

They won't disrespect or slander my name

It takes more than a strong mind to handle the fame

I'm walking one path in this broad, scandalous game

If you don't have an umbrella don't stand in the rain

It gets deep boys losing their life cause of their rappin

Get jacked lose their car cause of their cappin

Alot of cats exaggerate things that they lackin

But I'm real baby ain't no actin, just real action

Seems Only Times When I'm Balling Balling Balling Balling

Foreigns, Lacs Are Crawling, Now Hood Rats Are Calling

My Stacks Is Tall and To Them Baps and Frauds But Hey

Where Was You At The Other Day

Never See Myself, Falling Falling Falling Falling

Picture Me Falling Off from Rappin Back To Starving

No Lacs Or Foreigns, Gucci Hats Or Jordans Hey

I Couldn't Ever See The Day-ay-ay