

How Gangstas Roll

Paul Wall

You could catch me ridin' in da lac, top down, seat back, keepin' heat up on my lap, I'm throwed, (I'm throwed).
Every hood that I'm in, white cup in my hand, blowin' kush in the wind, I'm blowed (I'm blowed).
Any day of da week, new grill, new piece, from my head to my feet, I'm cold (I'm cold).
New shoes on my ride, bad bitch on my side, man dat's how gangstas roll (dat's how gangstas roll).

I'm higher than a top flite, throwed like a splitter, my pockets keep gettin' bigga, cuz I'm one bad figga.
Boppas n gold diggaz on the track at work, I'm hurtin' feelins in dat benz wit a deuce and a Squirt.
I'm a fillibuster for hustlaz, invadin' dem mark bustaz.
Leanin' like I'm on crutches as I ski taste slurp.
Swangin' and woodworkin' convertin' this closed curtains, for certain, I betta not spill no purple drank on my shirt.
I'm hustle for occupation, I'm grindin' paper chasin, deez boyz is steady hatin' so this pistol I'm embracin'.
Dat lac is so amazin' and da elbowz is skatin'.
Cranker wires n vogue tires, one hell of collaboration.
Amos, Farris n Slaton, we Jordan Jackson n Pippen.
Banana clip for dem snitches tryin to monkey wrench my pimpin.
Neva been caught slippin' cuz dat glock I hold, now let me tell ya how I roll come on

Comin' down in a candy lac, old skool, wavin' trunk on dem punks, act a fool, tippin' paint, drippin' wet, like a pool, breakin' brews, neck cool, it's full of jewels.
Rumor is dat dem jackas on da sideline schemin' and plottin'. but my mind on dem boppaz if I spot'em I got'em.
I got slabs I got foreigners wit da seats all plush, I got brandy wine gloss, baby please don't touch.
I got 20's I got 4's I got screens and such. boppaz yappin' cuz they say I tend to cap too much.
I got starch in my jeans and da crease so sharp.
Headlights on my ear when the night get dark, white ones on my toes brand new out the box.
Interior decoratin' the watch I'm connectin the dots.
I got stocks I got money that's a fat billfold, now let me tell ya how I roll come on

Hatin' is so contagious these days there's no cure, this new outbreak in Houston is out of hand for sure.
These boyz is steady lyin' my money is multiplyin' look close t here's no denyin' them boyz softer than fur.
Killa kush smoke I blow as the lungs inhale, gangsta leanin' on dat oil I got a story to tell.

Lawz trippin' when they see me askin' "what's that smell", raw
fed exed me some x pills we call it e mail.
Lights camera action I'm the shit and I show it, a young gangst
a hood boy, so fly and I know it.
Steady breakin' boys off, 5 karats in earlobes givin' somethin'
that you can feel, my swangas is en vogue.
I'm too cool for school all work no play, impeccable with this
pen I got somethin' to say.
My repertoire is throwed I follow tha G code, let me tell ya ho
w I roll come on