

# Know What I'm Talkin' About

Paul Wall

Know I'm tal'n bout, already  
I'm just saying though

It's going down, know I'm tal'n bout  
(Know I'm tal'n bout)  
I'm on the grind, know I'm tal'n bout  
(Know I'm tal'n bout)  
Every penny nickle and dime, well I still got time  
Every dolla that I can find, know I'm tal'n bout  
(Know I'm tal'n bout)

I gotta get that money, I gotta get that cash  
I gotta stack bread, cause I'm spending it fast  
I got habits, that I just can't break  
Just got a brand new car, cash on fifth gray  
If I see it I want it, if I buy it I flaunt it  
A Kenyon Martin high school jersey, worth at least five hundred  
Everything I got authentic, from the clothes to the chain  
A twenty thousand dolla mouth, man I love this game  
Everything changed, when I started getting that money  
From the land of milk and honey, when I smile it's sunny  
Isn't it funny, how people say that money changed me  
I ain't worried what they broke ass, think bout me  
I'm riding on 83's, my rims are classic  
24's under the Avalanche, looking Jurassic  
Paint change like mirages, you don't know when you pass it  
I'm big balling till I lay in a casket, already

I'm a neighborhood trend setter, getting that cheddar  
Nobody does it better, I'm a cash money go-getter  
Looking clean riding spinners, on these Lone Star streets  
Spitting game laying pipe, to these all star freaks  
We the boys pulling up, in them candy coated cars  
A couple more in the garage, we some neighborhood stars  
Check the wrist check the mouth, check the ice on the neck  
You disrespect we put a price on your neck, watch your mouth  
I'm on that South Lee, 8900 block  
I hustle nonstop, to earn everything that I got  
I'm hot I swang and pop trunk, the block done got crunk  
Got plex we got pumps, cause partna we not punks  
I got chunks of paper, filling my pocket  
Don't knock it you can't stop it, just sit back and watch it  
The fifth wheel I drop it, I got cheese in my hot pocket  
We slow it down and chop it, know I'm tal'n bout

You can hear me in my drop, a block away  
The fifth wheel bow down, unlock and pray  
The IRS, wanna know what I bought today  
I wonder which lap top, I'll watch today  
If lil' mama wanna bop, she got to pay  
I'm in a Benz big 6, like Dr. J  
I wonder which car lot, I'll shop today  
I be balling real big, the proper way  
Respect it or check it, but best not neglect it  
You don't really wanna see, the parking lot get hectic  
We big ballers, and big trucks with big ass rims  
Blueberry with no stems, make strangers friends

Tighten up no slack, cause them people be watching  
Them jump out boys be plotting, homie you ain't forgotten  
In jail or in a coffin, or a hospital coffin  
But I'm none of the above it ain't me, know I'm tal'n bout