

# Luv N My Life

Paul Wall

Whoa, let's talk about them 22 inch shoes  
Feel like I'm walking on high heels, when the Escalade cruise

Hold up, sorry to be the one with the bad news  
You miscounted, that's some 23's not 22's

My bad, how bout we talk about the speakers cuzin  
My trunk's rated R, because of the speakers cussing

Now tragically we deeply thugging, and freaks we shoving  
Out them fawns, with them twenty inch neepers tugging  
See boys don't see the, candy bleeder don't leave a  
Stain on the feet-a, talk down I guarantee you  
Face be in that dirt, like a damn ant eater  
We stack mail with no envelopes (no stamps either)

Wallet is so obese, and obtuse is absurd  
Wide screen it expands, like the wings of a bird  
Observe enlighten me, never be far occurred  
Navigational system, got brains of a nerd

TV screens falling out the sky like rain  
Now open up the trunk, and lights and show the side I claim  
Candy coats, tripping off of my wide frame  
I'm balling like I just got finished, winning five dice games  
Never brag about my rims, is my mind frame  
But then my 20's turn to 22's, and my mind changed  
Swanging lanes and gripping grain, while I swang  
Cause I'm addicted to my dough, and loving my life mayn

Whoa we getting royalty checks, since 9-6  
So I'm six years, and a couple months past rich  
No they can't stop this, the top on the drop gets  
Knocked off, so now that boss hogg feeling topless

Hold up, why don't we talk about the blades that cut  
Machetes underneath the fender, cause major bust  
The speakers bump like Herby's, on a 12th grade slut  
Nick name is Petey Pablo, my trunk raise up

Ha ha damn you didn't, a man who flipping  
Black Cadillacs, with the door handles missing  
You telling boys we don't ball, they say man you tripping  
That's like saying that Jordan, couldn't handle Pippen

Look out, its time to talk about the size of the screens  
Nineteen inch laptops, when you ride with the king  
Paul Wall got TV's bigger than, most of your rims  
See us send your c.d. go back, and boast to your friends, see the

Chamill and Paul make you ball, and status fade away  
Like Reggie Miller threw up a shot, and a made a J

Whoa, why don't we talk about them DVD's  
Rush Hour 1 through 3, on three TV's

Hold up, we gotta teach these boys how to do math

Count the TV's and DVD's, and what do you have

Bread-ren, that's the equivalent of too much cash

I bet them broke niggas, can't even add

I'm a chef chopping the block, on 20 inch footing

When I drive passed, everybody get caught looking

Everybody turn around, when them 20's turn around

Everybody turn around, when them 20's turn around

Everybody turn around, when them 20's turn around

Candy paint so wet, look like the block bout to drown

I'm a chef chopping the block, on 20 inch footing

When I drive passed, everybody get caught looking, at the