

# N Luv Wit My Money

Paul Wall

Big Swangaz and Vouges  
Them 20 inches sittin low  
We Ball 24's 7's all that we know  
Screens and neon lights gon show  
When my trunk unlock pop and show  
Ya already know  
Paint drippin off the door  
Not Engaged with no lady, fall in love with em no!  
You may think I'm crazy never knew this type of love before  
I'm love with my foreign, yes I'm married to my dough....  
I'm in love with my money... mmmmm

You can catch me squeezing grain  
Sittin crooked on D's and swangz  
Color changin lizard he's insane  
Ya womans missing then he's to blame  
Charge it to the game keep the change  
Most marriages blyossom and die...  
When its over I'm tellin her bye  
But she acts like I'm tellin a lie  
While you fallin in love with a she...  
I rather be dubblin a G  
Could you see me in a car that rhymes with rent me and starts with a be  
Could you see a Bentley  
Parked in the crunkest spot in ya hood  
Candy coat on top of the hood  
And my fist on top of the wood  
Sparkling good  
Say you ain't after my change I don't believe ya  
If a skeezer ask me to feed her  
With my visa then I'm gon leave her  
Koopas don't want ya koopa don't need ya  
{ But I Love You } that's sweet  
I rather be ridin on glass feet  
With leather up under my ass cheeks  
Its not like I changed over night  
Been actin like this since last week  
Better Ask P my money stretched like an athelete at a track meet  
Seen him last week in a Jag Jeep  
{ But they don't even make them yet 'causezin }  
Ok I'm lyin I don't know what it was  
But I swear that boi was sittin on buttons  
I know you want a relationship with a balla but no thanx Look  
I'd rather be shining my twanks  
You must think this is a bank but it ain't  
Money increase and never would shrink  
Hoes that be dikin even be fightin....  
When I pull up on 20 inch titans  
'cause I got what them girls be likin  
Them uhh...

Hold on hold up a second man  
I never mack to a metro dame  
You better respect the game  
See my gecko chain and correct ya brain  
I love my car like it was my girlfriend I like to carress the grain  
Followed the wheel and I got aroused

Swung in the ditch and I wrecked the frame  
Broke up with my foreign car and fell in love with my cadillac  
The Ringling Brothers enquired to how my trunk turns flips like an acrobat  
I act a rat, 'cause I'm from the gutter  
Ya girl stutter when I pull up next to ya  
You been with the girl 6 months Paul Wall  
Is the reason she won't give sex to ya  
Why all that plex in ya  
'cause a german company made my rims  
My big body's pregant with twins I'm bout to induce a baby benz  
Ya car was fly in the hood but my candy paint just wet ya flames  
I'm sittin on 22 inch baby sitters babelous threatin ya name  
Forgot to change the diaper so when I crept in the lane I left a stain  
Everytime it rains, paint drips It makes a mess and I get the blame  
My TV's are the pet I train I can make em roll over and play dead  
My car was blue on the freeway  
But when I stopped at the light it changed to red  
You betta re arrange ya head thinkin I trick my cash to a broad...  
Go ahead and ask ya broad I got more green than the grass in a yard  
And that's so raw It ain't hard for me to get the class to applaud  
I shine like a blasting star, glass on a car more blacker than tar