

# Respect My Grind

Paul Wall

See your rhyme's the kinda rhyme, that's flooded with punch lines  
My rhyme's the kinda rhyme, that make niggas punch nine  
One what dumb-dumb, the police gotta come down  
And keep the kids from crying, too late cause you done dying  
Raps dying without me, I need to breathe some breath in it  
It seems like it's a shortage, of real niggas left in it  
Ain't no if's and's or but's, somebody is deaf in it  
The game got a lot of rappers, but I am the best in it nigga move

Fake niggas step aside, cause them real niggas coming through  
You can try to stop my shine, but there is nothing you can do-oo  
We ready, we ready for you  
So respect my hustle my struggle, my mind and my grind  
I can make it to the top, when they was saying I would lose  
Now I got my middle finger, talking back to you  
I done paid my dues, to get me respect where it's due  
So respect my hustle my struggle, my mind and my grind

Gotta grind, gotta stay on my grind  
If your scheme ain't bout green, your transaction get declined  
If your scheme ain't bout green, I forgot it nevermind  
If your team ain't my team, get in line and get behind  
I'm next up in line, headed up there with Jay-Z and them  
Big E and Em-inem, and I can't even swim  
But ain't too many niggas I know, that go as deep as them  
And me uh-um freestyle, naw I don't need a pen  
It's me your kin, the one major labels love to call  
Got Chamillionaire on the line did you get him, naw  
Yep I kept with it, the rapper got slept with it  
Said my mixtapes was cool, and my album had no depth in it  
Niggas criticizing Koopa, now Koopa addressing it  
Stop crying playa, go get a dress and go dress in it  
Or put your money against my uppercut punch, and let's win it  
Your right eye swollen shut, and your left get left squinted Koopa

I'm the people's champ, you the people's chump  
You talking BFI trash, but you still a punk  
I'm on the road to success, and I'm ready to drive  
I'm in the fast lane, you still trying to catch a ride  
I heard it through the grapevine, you been talking down  
But you be riding my dick, soon as I come around  
I know you see me shining, I know it hurts your heart  
I'm one hundred percent, I've been it from the start  
I always kept it real, you always kept it fake  
I always showed love, you always showed hate  
You think the game owe you, but you ain't got a clue  
If you be good to the game, it'll be good to you  
You claiming that you real, but you like a piece of glass  
I can see through your lies, you falling off fast  
You trying to sprint as fast as you can, the whole race  
But you'd be better off, keeping at a steady pace stay in ya place