

## Take Notes

Paul Wall

The Peoples champ baby  
That be yours truly Paul Wall  
You know what I'm talkin bout  
Gettin this money all day and all night  
And you know I'm flyer than a mosquito baby cuz that's how I do  
I got expensive taste you know what I'm talking bout  
Sit back take notes already

I wake up in the morning and I yawn and stretch  
Lace up some new J's now I'm new born fresh  
Got the 501 jeans creased starched and pressed  
Expensive taste name brand hat and shirt on my chest  
Got the boppers going crazy pull up in my Mercedes  
Knocking down the ladies from Pasadena to Katy  
Most of them dudes hate me cuz I sweet talking they lady  
But don't bring her around me if your game ain't all gravy  
No time for games my mind on stacking change  
Tryin to flip this paper and change this chevy to a range  
Screen fall like rain as I maneuver the grain  
I pull up 3 screens 4 twelves 5 swangs  
Cadillac convert while my trunk do the jerk  
And the speakers in the back are drumming like Neil Peart  
Haters on high alert 3 ounces in the squirt  
Perc 10s for dessert and Pimp C on my shirt  
I I come around the corner so slow alert  
When wood grain get worked all feelings get hurt  
Gorilla poke swangers all up under the skirt  
First place in the car show in the back getting slurped  
I step on the dirt and stop traffic like a school bus  
All eyes on me I'm fly as a flock of ducks  
Chasing these big bucks Haters can suck nuts  
They flaky as pie crust and sensitive as an I touch  
Put that on the hood the corner and the block  
TV Johnny put 35 carats up on the watch  
100 til my heart stops running this paper chasing  
Draped in expensive taste my music is slow pace  
Prada is on the face partner that's shades  
And if its ain't 84s and vogues than its blades  
Crisp new levis grinding since I was knee high  
Need I say mo' fo sho you know we fly  
Jordons on the toes when you see Paul Wall  
Shopping spree at ?SL2? I crawls from the mall  
Man I'm so fly no connections no jet lag  
?Parvay? carat stones I break them off bad  
I'm a hustla chasing meal tickets on a daily basis  
I gotta get it I'm chasing them big faces  
I'm putting paper in my pocket all damn year  
So I can pull out Maserati and put carats in my ear  
The diamonds shine so clear never from Debeer  
I holla at TV Johnny he the man round here  
Partner I got my mind and on Dollar signs and signing checks  
I thinking snow cones on ear mouth wrist and neck  
I got the game in check and my wrist game's correct  
The diamond watch so shinny call it time to reflect  
I gotta call these shots partner I came to wreck  
And if you owe me lil homie then its time to collect  
I'm strapped up like a baby in the car seat

All work all day all night and all week  
No sleep a hustla up on the creep  
Getting my cash up bread stacked extra steep, baby

Know what I'm talking bout  
And if you got a problem with me getting my paper  
Then hit me at my website [www dot kiss my ass dot com](http://www.kissmyass.com)  
Know what I'm saying We in here Know what I'm talking bout  
Sweatshop I see you baby  
P.F. James what up  
My partner Skinhead Rob rolling it up  
We bout to get tore up  
T Barker I see you baby  
Already