

They Don't Know

Paul Wall

You don't know 'bout Michael Watts
You don't know 'bout Michael Watts
You don't know 'bout Michael Watts
You don't know 'bout Michael Watts

What you know 'bout the Swishahouse man
What you know 'bout the Swishahouse man
We listen to music screwed and chopped
Down here in this Lone Star state

They don't know what that scar 'bout
They don't know what that bar 'bout
They don't know what that candy car 'bout or smokin' that joint
about
Texas is the home of the playas and pimps
Showin' naked ass in the great state of Tex'
Third Coast Born I mean we're Texas raised
(Texas muthafucka that's where I stay)

All ready!
What you know about swangaz and vogues
What you know 'bout purple drank
What you know 'bout poppin' trunk, neon lights, candy paint
What you know about white shirts, starched down jeans with a razor crease
Platinum and gold on top our teeth, big ol' chains with a iced out piece
You don't know 'bout Michael Watts
You don't know about DJ Screw
What you know about "MAN! Hold UP", I done came down and what i t do?
They don't know about P.A.T
What you know 'bout free pimp see
What you know 'bout the Swishahouse man
What you know 'bout the S-U-C
We keep it playa, ain't no fake
When we holdin' plex whenever haters hate
We listen to music screwed and chopped
Down here in this Lone Star state
Outta towners be comin' around
Runnin' they mouth and talkin' down
But you don't know nuthin' bout my town
Either hold it down or move around