

Why You Peepin Me

Paul Wall

I'm a hustler, ladies man of course a playa
My behavior, is somewhat similar to the majors
Cause I be running game, everything that I say
To a girl, is all derived from my immaculate nature
When I pronounce, my articulate game
It appears that I've obtained, more game than I claim
All I ask is for her name, and she ain't never the same
Am I just that cold, or are these other cats lame
My conversation, is top of the line
I'm spitting lyrics, to every last bopper that's fine
It's like I'm rapping to the chick, she wanna stop and rewind
And analyze my wordplay, while I'm dropping a dime
Is it they pheromone, that's attracting my style
Or my luminance exuberant, expensive smile
Either way I'm warmed up, and running game for miles
I keep em on file, I holla in a little while

Why you peeping me, do you like what you see
I bet you never, met a playa like me
You staring at me, wondering just who I be
I'm sure you'd like to know, why a playa like me so thoed
I'm coming at you with game so cold, you just got chose
If you wanna roll, then let's go

Look here, I'ma be real with you
Lil' mama's all up in my picture, want me to stick her with my dill pickle
My supreme, you need physique and superb
My play on words, got em feeding me ordures
I'm making honey dips, lose they composure
They begging me to come over, so they can get closer
They want closure, from drinking they self sober
Hoping that if they bend over, they'll get bit by my cobra oh
Girls is firing, to get rear ended
By my extended cab, my sweet talk is splendid
I come with game sharper, than Gillette Mach 3
One of a kind conversation, you can't out talk me
They want position is this competition, they on a mission
Wishing that they was kissing, on my composition
They got ambition, they dream to manage my extension
But this convention, into intermission

On the real I got a mouthpiece, that'll have em
Dismantling they robe, and laying naked on my couch seats
It don't take much, everytime my mouse speaks
I notice that the region, around they crouch leaks
I graduated, from the MUSHU Academy
Is that the reason, why these girls boyfriends mad at me
Too much of my sugar, might give em a cavity
And oh no we can't have that, now can we
My premeditated, propaganda
Got em in they birthday suit, like a peeping Tom's dancer
Yeah they sexy, and I know that I'm handsome
But don't ask the question, if you don't want the answer
That means don't ask, if I remember your name
I probably don't, but I bet I might remember your brain
Straight up, I'ma tell it to you simple and plain
I got game, is there any more questions