

# They Don't Know (feat. Mike Jones)

## Paul Wall

yThey 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'  
3rd 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 it do?  
They don't know about P.A.T  
What you know bout' FREE PIMP C  
What you know bout' the Swishahouse man  
What you know bout' the S.U.CWe 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 aroundThey don't know what that scar bout'  
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3rd Coast Born I mean we're Texas raised  
(Texas muthafucka that's where I stay)MIKE JONES!  
Me and Paul we actin' a fool  
When screens fall I'm packin' a tool  
I'm texas raised, texas made  
We grind daily no minimum wage  
I represent the home of candy cars  
Screw music and purple bar  
Trunk bangin', fifth hangin'  
84's and vogue swangin'  
Belt-buckles we wear in Texas  
Rag-tops lay down on Lexus  
Diamonds shinin' from grillin' necklace

Haters hate cuz we well respected  
Paul Wall and Mike Jones  
Who one of the throwedest on the microphone  
We sittin' high on 20 inch chrome  
Tryin' to get our shine on  
I said, Paul Wall and Mike Jones  
Who one of the throwedest on the microphone  
We sittin' high on 20 inch chrome  
Tryin' to get our shine on  
I crack a smile and show platinum mouth  
Every time I rap I rep Swishahouse  
I spit a verse and head straight to the vaults  
5 G's for me to even open my mouth  
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They don't know what that bar bout'  
They don't know what that candy car bout'  
or smokin' that joint about  
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3rd Coast Born I mean we're Texas raised  
(Texas muthafucka that's where I stay)  
All Ready!  
Hold on, hold up a second cuz  
boys comin' down blue or red  
Down here pimpin' ain't dead  
Grindin' daily to stack my bread  
I from the place where girls jump fly  
Now a days the brauds pimp brauds  
Cuz they got more game than most these guys  
You'll get set up and then you'll get robbed  
You don't know bout' chunkin' a deuce  
You don't know bout a southside fade  
Down here we be ridin' d's  
But you don't know about choppin blades  
Texas southern or Prarie View  
What you know bout' battle of the bands  
Down here we got ghetto girls  
Like wings, chicken or Timmy Chan's  
You can catch me ridin' swangs  
What you know about sippin' syrup  
You don't know about pourin' it up  
Purple drank some speeches slurred  
You don't know bout' the way we talk  
Boys say we got country words  
But I don't really care what you heard  
Cuz you don't know bout' the Dirty 3rd  
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  
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