

Ast Florian

"Grippin' the Grain"

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(Bone Crusher)
AttenCHUN!

(Intro - Bone Crusher [Bun B])
BC: Bone, bone, bone, bone, bone, bone, bone (This line repeats 4X)
BB: Break Em' Off (4X)
That Grippin' the Grain remix
Break Em' Off in here
UGK in here
Lil' Flip in here
We all in here, know what I'm talking about

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)
Grippin' The Grain
From the front to the back
Can you feel my wolfers bang?
Coming down bumping, knocking pictures off the wall

(Verse 1 - Bone Crusher)
87 while I'm gripping the grain
Pimping is hard though, ain't a damn thing changed
Coming down so clean, shouts out to Texas man
I'm so fresh, my nigga you didn't know
Crispy starch jeans, starched down to the floor
Heavy set exterior, deep into the floor
What's y'all bitches talking about, you niggas ain't hardcore
This here the major don
Got the speakers in the trunk, bump, bump, bump, bump

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)
(Last line in verse 1 run through 1st line in chorus)

(Verse 2 - Bun B)
Yeah!
It's Bun B, that underground king on top of ground
In that Cadi slabbed out with rags out and it's down
Chromey belts, buckles and blades that chop up and pound

See the Neon in my trunk when I'm popping surround
You be sipping on that oil, you dip off in that foil
Put that water in the pot, watch me whip it when it boil
PA I'm staying loyal, I keep letting them hang
Until they free that Pimp C, Steven Jackson get the rain
We gonna be..

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)

(Verse 3 - La Chat)

I'm riding I - 85, big body Benz with spinning tires
Bubbling eye signals on the mirror, when I turn the ride
And the inside is just plushed out, wood grain and
leather
Clothes like feathers, navigational system ready to go
where ever
Ain't that clever, TV's in the backs of the head rests of
the seats
Plus that beat, you can hear the words of twist when I'm
rolling down the streets
So beep beep, let me have a lot of room while I'm
switching my lanes
Fast like a train, styling and profiling while I'm gripping
the grain, we..

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)

(Verse 4 - Lil' Flip)

Well I'm gripping the grain and flipping the caine,
keeping my pockets fat
I got dubs on my Jag, screens on my Cadillac
I pack a gat, nigga take it cause it ain't no time for
wasting
Got a tech on my lap, plus a nine by the Play Station
I riding high, getting bent, smoking weed, passing by
Even when I'm just chilling, I still dress fly
I'm a pimp until I die, I'm putting it down for Break Em'
Off
So if you ain't riding 20's, you got to take them off
Cause you looking shitty boy, cause I run your city boy
With Big Goon, Pastor, and my nigga Tity boy
We came to get it crunk, so fire up the slunt
And if that nigga talking shit, he will get jumped
But I just came to chill, I ain't trying to have a fight
I'm trying to show you niggas how a pimp turn out a
dyke
I do this every night, motherfucker how you feel
From the land of the trill, the youngest one with a deal
I'm Lil' Flip

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)

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