

# **Bone Crusher Ft Lady Ice & Marcus "Grippin' The Grain"**

Visit "[Grippin' The Grain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

AttenCHUN

Grippin' the grain

From the front, to the back

Can't you feel my woofers bang?

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Grippin' the grain

From the front, to the back

Can't you feel my woofers bang?

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

87, while I'm gripping the grain

Pimpin' 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 beneath your floor

What's y'all niggaz talking about, y'all niggas ain't  
hardcore

This, here y'all, the Major Don

Got the speakers in the trunk, bump, bump, bump,  
bump

Grippin' the grain

From the front, to the back

Can't you feel my woofers bang?

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Grippin' the grain

From the front, to the back

Can't you feel my woofers bang?

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

I've got my body capris and heavy Chevi's wit TV's

Triple gold D's don't have to be, some 20's just to sho  
fa me

Tha candy paint when it flips, it has to draw attention

Not to mention, tha high performance, motor chromed  
up in it

The major beat that gone here it from like 2 blocks

away  
Quakers quakin', I'm still makin tha beats around the  
place  
It don't matter whether from tha chop shop, I'll show  
you blow  
We keeps it pimpin', representin', let these haters know  
we

Grippin' the grain  
From the front, to the back  
Can't you feel my woofers bang  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Grippin' the grain  
From the front to the back  
Can't you feel my woofers bang  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Al Pine, won'tcha keep stompin'  
And if you feel it, baby, tell me somethin'  
Shorty, I keep swervin'  
Observin' tha ones they observin'

Fresh beats, we keep servin'  
Now they grabbin' the ears, on tha curvin'  
I stay coolly, whooly  
Tell me somethin', fresh, ya heard me?

Grippin' the grain  
From the front to the back  
Can't you feel my woofers bang?  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Grippin' the grain  
From the front to the back?  
Can't you feel my woofers bang  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Niggaz pimpin' through tha streets, smokin' on some 5-  
5  
Girls in tha wind, every time I ride by  
Pull in wit tha gigiglo, pull up at tha liquor store  
Brown and beige goods, like some sweet potato pie

Mind's so high, 4 as I lean, wit that thang by my side,  
it's toe 16  
So fresh, so clean, baby, Marc, comin' down  
From them bows to tha wheels, blowin' dro, feelin'  
drilled  
To them hoes, they then feel

Grippin' the grain  
From the front to the back  
Can't feel my woofers bang  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Grippin' the grain  
From the front to the back  
Can't you feel my woofers bang  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

Grippin' the grain  
From the front to the back  
Can't feel my woofers bang  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall

...

Visit [Bone Crusher Ft Lady Ice & Marcus](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.