

## Dirty "Woodgrain"

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We grip our..  
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We grip our..  
We grip our..

(Hook)

We grip our hands up on that woodgrain  
And roll this 'Lac up through yo hood  
Like da frozen mayn  
We got the good green bitch  
That cost a nut of yo mayn  
And got them quarter cuts of oxy snow candy 'cain

(Verse 1)

Now if you catch me in yo hood, creepin' slow  
Hands gripped on that grain  
I'm tryina catch some sales  
Cause I got mo' dope to slang  
I'm talkin' bout, quarter-ki's  
All the way up to forty ki's  
You wouldn't believe, how many g's  
I make in one week  
For those who bleed, let me introduce you to frost  
This nigga soft  
But to get a hit of this here gon' cost  
And all work we floss, so test it  
Put a lil' on ya toungue  
Can't you tell my shit the bomb?  
By the way yo shit got numb?  
Oh this that "gotta get'cha some"  
All the way down from Peruvian  
The shit I got, abusin' them  
They O.D., so we losin' them  
Man I keep a sack of fat rocks  
Nothin' but forty slugs  
One hit of this buddy-bud  
It'll put you on yo butt  
If Peter Piper picked that pepper  
Nigga, well I pick that herb  
Make my way to the hood  
So I can sell fresh wood, on the curb

Gotta stay about my cheese  
Nigga, cause I love that cash  
If you sittin' up on some g's  
We gon' have to lic yo ass

(Hook)

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(Candy 'cain)

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(Candy 'cain)

(Verse 2)

I pick my wood from that stack  
Let's call him Sugar Man Jack  
I get my blow from the mouth so  
Cause it's easy to crack  
He got the finest gritty-green  
And the purest of 'cain  
That's why I'm a weathered entrepreneur  
From the product I slang  
I love them ho's  
But not the ones that get they hair done, plus nails  
I'm talkin' bout ass, onions, elbows and sells  
We got them freaks, pops  
Goin' for bout eight-fifty each  
And sellin' blocks of rock-n-roll  
For about fifteen a piece  
I know you like them nutty-butters  
We got them five-for-three  
And got some twentie's and dime push-ups  
Lemon-lime and peach  
I'm off on the road every night  
Tryin'a grind to eat  
And off on my stove, wit' a light  
Bustin' down a ki  
If Baskin & Robin's got thirty-one flavors  
Then I got sixty-two  
My two newest flavors  
Chocolate-wood, and pearly white blue  
We got that green-kiwi baby

It's so sweet and delicious  
And gaurunteed to get'cha high  
Everytime ya lick it  
Now, if Jimmy crack corn  
Then I crack rocks  
I chop 'em up in blocks  
So they can fit in my sock  
As long as them twinkie's keep on turnin'  
Then we won't ever stop  
Watch all them junkie's on Pirelli's  
When we pull on yo spot  
(Yo spot, yo spot, yo spot)

(Talking)  
For all them niggas out there ridin'  
Wit' they hands up on the wood  
Keep on ridin'  
Yean heard?

(Hook)  
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(Candy 'cain)

(Verse 3)  
We sold up all the blocks  
We stack up all the rocks  
We work around-the-clock  
Nigga, we twenty-four hour shop  
We might not ship 'em in  
But boy we move 'em out  
I might not be no man  
Now, but I got plenty clout  
I speed it for that low  
Then get it out my hand  
If you from outta' town  
Nigga Texas will advance  
You might not like my scheme  
But that's just how I grind  
I once was told  
That you can't make no cheese  
Off nickles and dimes

Now I'm yo candy-man  
Sellin' plenty frozen 'cain  
We keep 'em fresh  
So let me tell ya how we cook them thangs

We get ounce of sugar  
Mix it in a pipe  
Add a cup of milk, some chopped ice  
And keep it topped  
We put it in the deep-freezer, let it hard rock  
You gotta bust in on the floor, cause it's a hard block  
Now get yo ice-cream scooper  
So you can skeet them goods  
And when you hit the hood  
Keep yo hands up on the wood

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