

Lethal

"Gangsta Grillz"

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[Bun B]

All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the...

Blowin up on H-Town [x3]

Tell me what ya'll know about this H-Town chick

All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the...

Make the beat chop chop [x3]... (H-Town)

I like them gangsta grillz
Ridin through like 'did you see those big wheels?'
Pop the trunk and let me feel, I got chills
Now whatchu know about a ballaa, shot callaa
Now wontchu tell me wat it do- Where you from?
I'm from Houston, keepin it screwed up
Aint whatchu used to, tippin on 44's
On the note we stayed graded up, south-ayed it up
Gangsta Grillz Lyrics

I see you with the candy paint
Do you got them dollas mayn?
It's all about the heavy weight
Let me hear ya holla ya mayn
Houston, you know wat it do
Let me hear ya holla mayn
LeToya just too much for you
Let me hear ya holla

[Bun B]

All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the...

Blowin up on H-Town [x3]
Let me hear you screw it, it's Houston, H-Town

All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the...

Make the beat chop chop [x3] (H-Town)

I got a thang for them gangstas with grills
Top to bottom like he's spendin big scrill
So watcha into, tell me homie what's the deal?
Cause I wanna be your baby, drivin you crazy
Cause we act a fool where I'm from
Houston, Texas keepin it screwed up
And you can bet, a thug is what I'm used to
Cause it's what I'm all about, want you to holla out

[Chorus]
I see you with the candy paint
Do you got them dollas mayn?
It's all about the heavy weight
Let me hear ya holla ya mayn
Houston, you know wat it do
Let me hear ya holla mayn
LeToya just too much for you
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[Bun B]
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Blowin up on H-Town [x3]
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Make the beat chop chop [x3] (H-Town)

[Killa Kyleon]
That's right, they know who is it
Run it.
4 tires, 4's spinnin like a ceilin fan
Seats reclinin, smokin pine with the wheel in my hand
Diamonds shinin, gangsta grill look like a hundred

grand
Now that's a Texas thang mayn, you wouldn't
understand
We got that country grammer just like the St.Lunatics
In Texas (we screwed up!) that's how we be doin it!
(that's right)
Cause round here, it aint all about the canabope?
Cause boy sittin fat with tacs taller than the alamo?

[Chorus]
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It's all about the heavy weight
Let me hear ya holla ya mayn
Houston, you know wat it do
Let me holla mayn
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Make the beat chop chop [x3] (H-Town)

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