

## Letoya "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?  
Im 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

I see you with the candy paint  
Do you got them dollas mayn?  
Its 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, its 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 whats the deal?  
Cause I wanna be your baby, drivin you crazy  
Cause we act a fool where Im from  
Houston, Texas keepin it screwed up  
And you can bet, a thug is what Im used to  
Cause its what Im all about, want you to holla out

*[Chorus]*

I see you with the candy paint

Do you got them dollas mayn?  
Its 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]

Let me hear you screw it, its 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)

*[Killa Kyleon]*

Thats 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 thats a Texas thang mayn, you wouldnt  
understand  
We got that country grammer just like the St.Lunatics  
In Texas (we screwed up!) Thats how we be doin it!  
(Thats 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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Its 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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*[Bun B]*

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

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