

## **Martyn John And Beverly**

### **"Grippin Grain"**

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(Chorus)

Grippin grain grippin grain  
We grippin grain and poppin trunks upon ya  
(them yung g's are so real)  
We roll thangs sweet reeling round ya corner  
(tell me whats the deal yeah yeah)  
We grippin grain and poppin trunks upon ya  
(can you feel me )  
We roll thangs sweet wheelin round ya corner  
(them yung g's are so real)

Well I'm grippin grain candy stains presses cuts and  
pinky rings  
Viper jets and choo choo trains it aint my fault I hog the  
lane

Living life well give me a call  
Blind the guard whats happening boys  
Fancy toys we bring the noise  
C-Nile flipping youngster star

We got candy cars body guards walkie talkies cellulars  
84's remote controls TV with the VCR

Watching a flick school or click  
Drop another platinum hits  
Watching my weight get back and braid  
Got em all like halamade

Millionaire rapstar billionaire with Jaguars  
Beauty queens with no flaws when I pass they show  
bras  
I'm lil made sashay shade all my clothes Taylor made  
Lorenzos and razor blades flip and Yungstar getting  
paid

Dropping our weight chop a blade  
Blaze the hay got hoes for days  
Acrobats Bentley and Jag Bentley with the paper tags  
Me and ducoup in the coupe drop the top and raise the  
roof

Diamond rocks in every tooth c nile all about the loot

Now I can't sleep at night  
Pulling out my ice the day will come for us to ride on  
leather  
I'm not worried bout a thing popping diamonds on my  
pinky ring  
We grippin grain and popping trunks upon ya  
Now there was playa plex with the Eastcoast  
But the Southside holding it down we grippin grain  
We grippin grain and popping trunks upon ya  
I just wanna roll with you

We grippin grain down south cause its time to get paid  
Big willie new come phillie money hopping on blades  
Ass sinking in leather but there aint nuthin better  
Than a top dropper trunk popper Down South go getter  
No chasing cars in the sun rocks go rockin no fun  
Now im waving my one cause my job is done  
Nationwide here I come praise wood in my trunk  
Swinging wide bubble eyes banging screwed or fucked  
They didn't believe I can wreck it but I don't no what  
they expected  
>From a nigga whose neighborhood is strait drug and  
Benz'  
Holding down our plexes swinging wide in my Lexus  
Smooth spot haters crawl as I floss through Texas  
Feelin good on the lean tossed up looking clean  
Baggettes bezetines 50 rocks in my ring  
Though my diamonds don't glitter when I'm up on the  
scene  
And they be jockin but lockin Kool-Aid looking clean

(Chorus)  
They telling me its going down on the southside of  
town  
We grippin grain  
We grippin grain and poppin trunks upon ya  
I just wan to roll with you

And now you see just how it goes 3rd coast throwin  
down for sure  
Ain't a roley on the hoes we throw got wheels and  
dough  
Gotta gleam some more it's 3 or 4 CD blowin  
My ac blowin candy glowing all across the nation  
Drop my weight somebody hatin

I'm lil pat carrying yung grippin grain just for fun  
Candy beatin me in the sun hop out the truck called  
number one

Playa would feeling good showin off you wish you  
could  
Diamonds up against the wood

Does his thing near every hood

Showin up skated up 20 inch on truck to truck pinky  
close to clut

You looking real good keep showin up

Jump in the hearse driving in circles dropping screen  
watchin Urkel  
Turn the channel now im watching Kirk

Eject that tape out cut the verse from the side to back  
in the Cadillac  
Still two corners round Mr. Crat  
Slangin gots a hun' showed sum yung  
And the niggas all got lil Barbara sprung  
Raise the wheels aint fuck with the real  
flipping double 0 seal in the racer feel  
Blaze to kill buy some here candy red they gots to spill  
(Chorus)

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