

**Cormier Gordon****"On Dubz"**

Visit "[On Dubz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus]

Pull up to the club, and I'm so throwed on Dubs  
Wide frame, fucking up the mode on Dubs  
Candy paint, fresh out the shop on Dubs  
Big six hundreds, missing tops on Dubs  
Got niggas on the block, in a drop on Dubs  
Hiding behind tent, trunk knock on Dubs  
We gon represent the North to the South, on Dubs  
When your bopper's on jocks, she get tossed on Dubs

[Dougie D]

Now what these motherfuckers really know about Dubs  
I take a sip, and I flip in that candy coated bug  
Showing out I'm showing in, its the daddy that they love  
While the Ferrellis spinning, just like right here they on  
Dubs  
The hoes gon bop, the tops gon drop for real  
I slide to the detail shop, just to shine up my rims  
I grab the remote with the Clarion, with the screens lit  
When I swang by the block, little kids be like ooh he the  
shit  
That's the way that we does it, down in the Dirty turning  
heads  
Bubble eyed, customized, flipping that blue or that red  
Niggas don't fuck with no 17's, we on 20's instead  
Man you heard what I said, that's the way that we  
rolling until I'm dead  
Up on Dubs

[Chorus]

[Lil B]

Wide body four do', skating up the block  
Relax on buck eyed, while my bumper unlock  
Its the way that we do it, on the Dirty Dirty South  
Hit the club showing love, diamond grills in our mouth  
(on Dubs), we like to steal the show  
Yokohama on the tire, a.c. blow snow  
Underdawgs in the mix, sideways on a switch  
Leaving all hatas sick, screens lit watching flicks  
(on Dubs), I'm tipping up Few Quay

Turning up on pump slow, just to hit the beltway  
Headed down I-10, candy paint in the wind  
Riding twins they Lorenz, in a big body Benz

[Chorus]

[Lil Head]

I'm on Dubs, bitch I'm out here loving this game  
Just like these bad hoes, how they loving my name  
Y'all know me Lil Head, yeah done knocked the fame  
I'm a Houston hot boy, peep the platinum chain  
I'm on Dubs, when I hit the parking lot  
Screens lit, trunk pop leave the do's unlocked  
Will a nigga steal my shit, playboy best not  
Guerillas ready to mob, and they will bust shots  
I'm a certified nigga, nationwide nigga  
Smooth and laid back, like some Moonshine liquor  
Walks in Guerilla Maab, better show us some love  
Paint the orange drop, pulling out on Dubs (on Dubs)

[Trae]

Bubble lighten up the night when I skate by (on Dubs)  
Screens lit with a bad bitch on the buck eyed (on Dubs)  
Chunking deuce out the roof, when I crawl (on Dubs)  
More 18's, making hatas call the laws (on Dubs)  
A four-four grain waver, a lane glass paint stainer  
A pop trunk swang banga, plus a Screwed Up  
entertainer  
A drop top rearranger, strapped up with one up in the  
chamber  
A block to block curve banga, with bops on jocks like  
Drena  
Cause I'm a Dirty South shiner, with fifth wheels on  
recliner  
A princess cut that'll blind you, and looking Big like  
Tymers  
If you don't know where to find us, the nigga with  
chrome on the twins  
With glass drop a Benz, three deep with twins and a  
friend and setting trends

[Chorus]

On Dubs - 8x

Visit [Cormier Gordon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.