

Yellowcard

"Gruff Express"

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Yo, this the one right here Tone....yeah this that shit
right
here....Herb McGruff....the crime Dog, Harlem World,
N.F.L.....

Verse 1:

Ya'll know who holdin', get money while you dozin'
jewels frozen, hit skins with two trojans
Harlems on the rise, the new slogan
all of these guys get blew open
whole crew totin'
to Hell with that braggin' and boastin'
I'm'a put my mag in motion, leave all you fags floatin'
wrapped up, don't get yourself capped up
try and act up, watch the Four-our make you back up
Dums Dums, you know where the clique come from
flip bricks, goin' in on sticks for Lumpsomes
Harlem World baby, up in ya girl crazy
in a tinted out V-12 pearl Mercedes
Six pusher, mackin' all these Hookers who took us
thats my stick man, he don't say shit, keep the cooker
beat and whoop ya, knock yo ass out cold
pass ya gold, Teflons harass ya soul
and death become you
clap you, take everything from you
fuck a rumble, watch you stumble in the jungle
Hell here, hear me? nothin' like Bel-Air
niggas sell here, mad bitches on Welfare
fuck the Mayor, I'm tryin' to make a Million bucks a year
they wanna see me try, watch this villian duck the chair
Kingpinnin', doin' my thing, grinnin'
stayed in the bing in prison
ripped this cat for a ring that glistened
pullin' off them stings like a tradition
stay schemin' like Latin Kings up in the system
move with wisdom, catch 'em with these duded thats
gonna twist 'em
Uz' lift 'em, every nigga he knew gon' miss 'em
Gruffy, man you either hate me or you love me
nothin' in between that, I mean that
for Greenbacks, rob niggas, sell fiends crack

lay 'em down flat, where my Man's Two pound at?

Chorus -

Can't nobody do it better
it makes me happy countin' cheddar, yeah
Wine-n-dinin', diamonds shinin'
pushin' Benzos with tinted windows, yeah

Verse 2:

Hold my head and polly
lay low from Federalli's
when I squeeze shit get hot like Red Tomales
tecks and Shotty's, hot ones catchin' bodies
respect my robbery, Poppi you copy?
gimme them bricks, masterminded plenty of sticks
sip Remy with chicks, cock the Semi on dicks
Yo, these slugs ain't got no name
watch yo' frame
I almost shot a dame who came to cop Cocaine
squeezed on the Oye
Two-Thousand Grams of raw Yay
took the bricks, wiped the prints off the doorway
Four-Four spray, connivin' like Keyser Soze
flippin' pies, robbin' them Spanish guys on Broadway
crime Doggy, Cartier shines from Maury's
Dapper Don, average cat rap beyond
strap be on, Desert storm gat be warm
what the deal is, I'm'a show you niggas what the real is.

Chorus 2X

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