

Pilot Speed

"Grippin' On The Wood"

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[Verse 1 - Big K.R.I.T.]

I'm on some superfreak shit like
Rick James, I could get it
When I'm moving lane-to-lane
Bentley car, superstar, candy sweet
Gripping that stick like an icicle
Sweet like a candy cane
Get down on it at the drop of a dime
I'mma candy nigga, keep it coming all the time
Pimp c, sweet Jones, jr, ?
Do you like it from the front or
Do you like it from the back?
I'mma do some pop rocks, good and some ice packs
I'm the real, so trill, keep you cumming
On my mat, I'm on like boosie
Drop it down like a pro, give it to me like
When we make em get down on the floor

[Hook]

Pimping on the good
Gripping on the wood
Every fucking day a young nigga live good
Got a pocket full of cheese
Yellow on my dick
Every fucking day I'm on some pimped-out shit
Gripping on the wood
Every fucking day a young nigga live good
Got a pocket full of cheese
Yellow on my dick
Every fucking day I'm on some pimped-out shit

[Verse 2 - Bun B]

Man, I'm sitting tall, ballin
24s I skate around
See me up in these streets, dripping paint
My plate is scraping now
We picking paper up and I'm shutting haters down
Tell em "what's the skinny?"
But I'm still throwing my weight around
Trill: I don't play around
Leave that to the children

I'm about to be? leave em red like Helen mirren
Wood wheel steering, and vogue tire turning
Big money earning like I came from mount vernon
Got the swisher sweet burning
Got my money on my mind and I'm about to make a
killing
When them vogue tires peeling and the 5th wheel drop
And the trunk door's raising, I recline the ragtop
Everybody just stop like their time's been frozen
But to damn near go blind from the shine of the chosen
It ain't no more supposing
Already understood, I'm repping pat, my hood
When I'm gripping on the wood, baby

[Hook]

Gripping on the wood
Every fucking day a young nigga live good
Got a pocket full of cheese
Yellow on my dick
Every fucking day I'm on some pimped-out shit
Gripping on the wood
Every fucking day a young nigga live good
Got a pocket full of cheese
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[Verse 3 - Pimp C]

?
Bitch, I don't know you
Never seen a pimp? ho let me show you
Wood grain when I roll through
Candy painted my slab
Put some screens in the front, ike turner
In my trunk, and a diamond tip on the back
It's a fuckmobile, cause I fuck them freaks
You lame as fuck, so she fuck with me
Don't be surprised when she leaves your side
I'm everything that you call defeat
Y'all niggas lame, y'all niggas floss
Mr pimp c, I'mma break em off
Super-tight since '86
? could've been my pa
But, forever all day nigga
This new ugk nigga
You don't know what I'm bout then step aside
Fuck up out my face, nigga
Gotta hold my nuts, keep it oh-so trill
Pop my trunk while I work my bills
Drop my top and crack my?
Cause your bitch be on my d, ho
Got a song with bun, I got the?

Country rap tunes til the day I die
Out for the shrimp, blowing up like a blimp
Rotating the tires

[Hook]

Gripping on the wood
Every fucking day a young nigga live good
Got a pocket full of cheese
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