

Al-D

"Grippin Grain"

Visit "[Grippin Grain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

f/ K-Rino, Ronnie Spencer, Yungstar

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]

Gripping on wood grain
Keep on, keep on, keep on moving
Banging, swerving lane to lane

[Al-D]

Gripping on grain, while the 15's bang
Know you wonder if it's thunder, where the fuck is the
rain
Lane to lane dripping blue, puffing on coo-coo
Candy wetter than do, banging nothing but Screw
Reclined on buck, like I'm stuck in the mud
Ripping my mug cause I'm thug, sipping straight out
the jug
Ghetto thoed we ghetto known, wih mo' ice on my heart
Boy got mo' ice, than a W march
Bout to knock my trunk off, with this shit down South
Knocking pictures off your wall, when I pass by your
house
Know your spouse is your trojan, if you love her than
get her
Cause she stuck on a G, like a god damn sweater
Hotter than a baretta, trying to give it up fast
Left her stupid like cupid, and put a plug in her ass
Swanging glass moving fast, as I dash through your
hood
Picking splinters out my palm mayn, gripping on wood

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 2x]

[K-Rino]

Hear them niggaz bumping, but they can't forget
Swanging down bumping tip, champagne under the
tent
Trend setter, red beam for plexing
Crawling, living the life of a Texan
Get down your block three in the morning, waking the
hood up
Crawling purple passion, up in my cup

I-10 to 71, mash the gas to Austin
Chrome glossing, big bossing flossing
Block to block spot to spot, no need for tripping
Still collecting my ends, in the 2K dimension
Twist a leaf out the leaf, as I crawl through the street
Waiting on the sunrise, praying a G on deep
It's a Sunday a fun day, and I crawl down Sunnydale
Sparkling sun rays, making the game prevail
Jazzy broads whispering, boppers shaking they tail
You can do what you do, I'm all about my mail

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 2x]

[Yungstar]

Lights, camera, action it's on
Bang out my garage, and I'm on 20 inch chrome
Grab my phone, cause I'm calling Al-D
When they see the buttons, don't try to compare me
She gon stare G, so you better get her
I'm coming down, and I'm banging the Hardest Pit of
the litter
Down South, keep our name out your mouth
And we'll get it on, and we known to buy a house
And buy the block it don't stop, with shoes and socks
Bet the top drop, and let the bumper unlock
But me I'm rolling foreign, never ever alone
Swanging left and right, with alarm cats knowing
Paints I be pouring, and you know I'm so wet
Getting me a ticket from the laws, you wanna bet
They can't stand me, pulling off they say you dripping
too much candy
Yes I can't stand it, I'm the drank and drip bandit
You can't handle it, bought the ice that sunk the Titanic
Don't panic, when you see me riding with Janet
On the escapade, riding a Escalade
Break these boys off with techs, my chest plate

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 4x]

[Ronnie Spencer]

We gonna swang, we gonna bang
We gonna grip on wood, baby - 4x

Visit [Al-D](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.