

Charlie Boy

"Bumpa Grill"

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This For Them Fords oldsmobiles Buicks And Them
Chevys/
Cadillacs 24 Inches High Slidin On Pirelli/ Candy Coded
Gloss air bags lower Scrape Tha Belly/ Beat In Tha
Trunk Turnin Buildins Into Confetti/ Country Gramma
Like Nelly We Speak Wit A Drawl/ But Slow us up Like
In Our Slabs We Creep And We Crawl/ Hit A Button You
Know Tha Roof And Screen Fall/ Jamin Screwed Up Tela
Though We Aint Too Tired To Ball/ Rootbeer Candy
Coded
Caprice Flippin Like Im Da Law/ See Dat Shirt On That
Bop Got Enough knock To Pop It Off/ Oldhead cats
Tellin
Me Charlie You Need To Knock It Off/I Just get Liquor
then see Im Bout To Pop Tha Braw/ Im From The Dirty
Third Were We Keepin It Raw/ Yo Slab Up Against Ours
U Think That You Beatin Us
(Naw) we pimp Yo Rocka Slabs Down In Da South Be
Nasty
Yall/ Think That Is Sumthin Just Wait Till We Pull
Out Them Classic Cars/ Candy Paint Drip Like It Was
Fresh Out Of Molasses Jar/ Futuristic Got Costimization
Is Way Past the stars Mane!!

[Chorus:]

I Got My Mind On Foriegn But Im Swangin The Bumpa
Grill [x13]

Aint No Need In Askin Boy Yes Im A Winner/ burban On
24s Wit Vvs in the Spinner/ Leather Seats And My Name
in Dimonds Rest In Tha Center/ Tha Only Time that This
Whip Gettin Caressed Is In Tha Winter/ Neva A Beginer
Im An Iced-Out Champ Lift Tha Braclet On My wrist and
catch a icedout Cramp/ Im A Dogg And My Woofers
Barkin
Nuthin But Freeon Cuz Its Powered By An Iced-Out Amp.

Platinum princess cuts or invisible sets/ going up
against us is like you making invisible bets/ you can't
see us envious niggas wanting to be us/ untamed
already

off of the chain you cant free us/ from the south
platinum
metal VVS diamonds in mouth/ swangin ridin in my
slab
showing boys what we bout/ think you got anybody
better
well put up ya cheddar/ and tellem Charlie boy said
get up go get'em and bringem out/ deaths in the long
star state/ hurting gathers muthafucka every thing
is still great/ country boy not from the city but me
be making my way/ cuz me grind and me hustle me
making
my pay/ from no ice to iced up broke guys to priced
up/ me slangin CDs in the hood like me were selling
white stuff/ multimillion dollar enterprise keeping
the white cup & me pouring up me fours & a pound of
dro to light up/ gleam from head to toe shine from
my ear to my grill/ got numonia cuz my chain keeping
my chest on chill/ southern comfort come down & see
just how we live/ diamonds in our mouth kno what I'm
talkin bout that's how it is.

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