

Dat Boy Grace f/ Z-Ro, Wood**"4's & 3's"**

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[Hook - 4x]

I say them 3rd Coast G's, roll on 4's and 3's
Popping trunk and blowing skunk, the dropper's raining
TV's

[Grace]

We Southside G's swang 4's and 3's, customized B-L-
A-D's
Pulling up on droppers and choppers, and both be
raining TV's
Customized candy paint dripping, everyday all day
parlay sipping
84's and 4's on the crack jump Lac, but the V-12 20 is
tipping
We Southwest thoed and we tripping, steady bouncing
turn on crunk corners
Fin to do that blue like Screw, and see my candy street
raised diploma
First the Lac in the wind, Escalade navigating the
Hummer
Gripping my wood it's understood, blue candy gray
leather runner
Chopping boys up for the summer, like B.G. bitch I'm a
stunner
Straight Profit soldier sitting swoll, low key down low on
the under
Doing my thang as I swang, on nothing but 4's and 3's
Live by my life on the hustle, stay on my Q's and P's
Stack a thee put out c.d.'s, and keep my big body
swanging
Up in the S as I blast, parlaying smoking and drinking
Hogging the lane we swang, the 4's and tre's be
poking
We Southside riders true gliders, tipping on haters we
taking

[Hook - 4x]

[Z-Ro]

I'm a killer for real you better ask somebody, me and F-
A-T up in a black Mazeratti

Z-Ro pimping the pen and getting dividends, with a
shank that'll finger fuck your body
I'ma do my thang when I grip the grain, turning
everybody head in the turning lane
Running up on me murder mayn, I'm sipping on
codeine fuck a hurricane
And I'ma roll on 4's running up the block, I ball out of
control at Ridgevan at the spot
20 shots out a glock with a beam on top, and
everybody go to running in the parking lot
TV's in the head rest got killer for stress, a lil' Gucci
unit everytime I dress
You don't get another chance with a first impress, so
when I pick up the mic a nigga bound to wreck
Nigga what's up vato como estas, leather coat pipe
bomb with chrome on red tires
I'ma shoot to kill steady flipping in a coupe deville,
Guerilla Maab make a motherfucker neck break
Trying to watch it's so obvious that be geeking, I know
they be trying to stop
Steady reclining tops, I got a beam on niggaz don't act
right I bet they gon mind my dot
Z-Ro and Grace making a motherfucking get away, put
the shit back in the Jag
So put the white cup back in the pack, and I'ma put a
pad back in the pen Benjamin Franklin back in the stack
If you swang tonight you gon ride, fuck around and get
crunk and that ass gon slide
Gripping the grain up in the turning lane, coming down
South mayn nothing but that Southside

[Hook - 4x]

[Grace]

When we rolling we swelling, true playas sit fat down
South
Knocking our cavities freezing gravity, blue baguettes
in the mouth
Sevilles and wheel spokes turning, codeine drank and
we burning
When we cock heat up in cognito, steady dipping the
shermes

[Wood]

I'm coming down I'm showing up, I'm po'ing up I'm
popping trunk
I'm mashing candy coated car, and that Grace he got
the skunk
We ride on 4's and ride 3's, on V-O-G-U-E's
Radios touch screen, and the TV DVD
You can see the trunk waving, leaving every city

location

Counter-clockwise smoking weed, and it's burning in
rotation

Skating across the Interstate, the laws want to arrest a
G

Cause I'm with the S.U.C., in a SUV and our recipe
Is blow on the dank and, po' up the drank

Drive a slab like a tank and, stack up all your bank

Cause it's all about the dolla, playa M-O-B

I ride on 4's and ride 3's, it's the W double O-D

[Hook - 10x]

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