

DJ Clue F/ The Lox

"24 Inches Woodgrain Grippin"

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[Chorus]

I put 24 inches on the Brougham
Call my baddest bitch and tell her daddy comin' home
Pull up at the light and them thangs keep spinnin'
I'm bustin' down a Philly, finna fill it with a 20
That liquor got me swervin', E&J is what we sippin'
Just pulled it out the shop, so that paint still drippin'
Got that thang flip-flop, so the flop keep flippin'
Keep that 45 cock when I'm woodgrain grippin'

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

I woke up Friday morning, right before I washed my ass
My nigga Keke called me, told me "Boy, come get your
Lac"
I'm happy as hell cause I been waitin' for the call
He told me that he sprayed it last night with stone wall
"You got 31 Flavors, and boy you need to see'em
But you need you some rims, so meet me down at
Emmet Neil's
And Pimp while you thinkin', I'mma tell you how to kill
her
Take off them Gary Payton's and sit that bitch on Andre
Miller's"
I call up LaKiera, that's my main thoroughbred
Cause right 'fore I hit her, I get some flame-thorough-
head
Now when she suck it, she don't play when she catch it
Could it be I run with J and Scarface down in Texas?
But I'm down in Alabama where the ballers love flexin'
Keep my 45 cocked just in case I feel threatened
I pulled up at the light and them hoes almost fainted
I hearin' screamin' out, hollerin' "Keke must'a painted
it"
Yeah, yeah

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: G-stacka]

I'm choppin' down your block in a big body Brougham
Candy flip-flop, 24 inch chrome
Spinnin' like four windmills, enough to give off wind

chills
And all this dro smoke is startin' to fog up my
windshield
I'm sittin' more high than four deers, stacked on top of
four hills
And if I sip 'bout four beers, I'll need four blunts to
straight kill
I'll show you how that bass feel, four 15's off in the rear
Beatin' so hard off in your ear, when you get out you
can hardly hear
Mix E&J with Belvedere, so my mind ain't never clear
My 4-5 been with me so goddamn long feel like my
souvenir
You wanna know what's truly real? How many times my
candy flip
The sun make my paint look like a fruity bag of M&M's
Hoes love the way it drip, so they holla "Let me ride"
So it's me and Pimp with 'bout twenty-four hoes inside,
every night
Takin' flight, in my Fleetwood full of hood freaks
And if that thang is candy paint, it must got sprayed my
Keke

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Both]
(In singing-rap style)

[Big Pimp] We push Caddies with gold spokes, vogues
with mo-mo
[G-stacka] They sit high, they sit low, 20's and 24's
[Big Pimp] We got hoes that dike hoes, suck dick, and
snort blow
[G-stacka] We got niggas that smoke dro, push bricks,
and elbows
[Big Pimp] Thirty-one clear coats drip wet like Mop 'n
Glow
[G-stacka] Spinners that chop fast, spinners that chop
slow
[Big Pimp] Gators of all soles, furs, and perm fros
[G-stacka] We ride with 44's that's tucked off in our
clothes

[Chorus]

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