

The Explosion

"Grippin' Grain"

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(*talking*)

Say Slim, what's the deal baby
(Making this money man) uh-huh, true that true that
Check this out, it's going down over here
On the South, so I'm bout to come over
There on the North and scoop you up
We gotta put it down, boys ain't feel us in 9-9
With that Braids N' Fades, it's Y2K baby
Know I'm tal'n bout, candy coated still putting it down
Still swanging and banging ha, boys gon feel us man
Boys gon feel us, wha-wha-wha-wha-wha-what

[Hook: DeShawn Hill]

My love, have you ever seen a
Candy coated Exursion, swang and bang
Still gripping grain
(Northside man huh, Southside what)

[E.S.G.]

See I'm a wide body roller, wood grain remote
Controller
Blades on Escalades, electric shocks on Range Rovers
Man the game over, when me and Slim pull up
You see us flossing on chrome, with the styrofoam cup
I got a eight and a liter, swanging on the feeter
In the Bentley watching BET, I'm tripping off of Cita
Cristal margaritas, we some block bleeders
My balling tire size, can't ride in two-seaters
Man I need Excursion, or my Navigator
My big body Denali, sqauatting like a Florida Gator
Tell them playa haters, E.S.G. I don't bar
50 cash and dash, like my name was Peter Warren
I parallel parked it, ghetto starts cost to Mars
Man my rims cost more, than some boys cars
Hit the Boulevard, with the nine on my lap-lap
Southside on the map-map, Screw tape tap-tap

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

Now when I come down, I be throwing up the North

Shwoing off
Six gallons of gloss, on my 7-9 Boss
I floss the candy cream gleam, when I pull on the scene
My four 18's and screens, got my shit sitting mean
My drop top is a supreme, king of a young team's
dream
Like a diamond it bling-bling, when it's hit with sun
Beams
Shoot more spiders in my ring, when I glide up the
Block
I got a trunk full of knock, about to bust air shocks
I'm shutting down the parking lot, when you see me
ride
See me sitting high with pride, sliding on the buck
Hide
Looking pretty, on a tour all across my city
Sipping drank by the pint, about to bust my kidney
From the North to the South, we gon represent
I'm getting bent behind tint, pros by the air vent
I spent a lot of cash to shine, but it came in handy
Cause like a child, Slim Thug is so in love with candy
Huh

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now when I come down, I be throwing up the South
Ice in our mouth, Wreckshop and Swishahouse

[Slim Thug]

We got the braids and fades, and ride 4's and blades
Looking laid in the 'Sacci, or the Gucci shades

[E.S.G.]

Candy red smash, syrup make you lean fast
19 with screens, playing Sega Dreamcast

[Slim Thug]

That candy blue or that green, gon keep our slab
Looking clean
Watching a movie on my screen, when I pull on the
scene

[E.S.G.]

In the new Coupe, chunk the deuce out the hoo-doo
Taper fade playa made, Iceberg or FUBU

[Slim Thug]

And I splurge the Iceberg, and drink gallons of syrup
With a Y-2G bird, valeted on the curb

[E.S.G. & Slim Thug]

See them boppers still bopping, them choppers still
Chopping
Them tops still dropping, the trunk still popping
Slim Thug and E.S.G., for the Y2K

[Slim Thug]

Man I still got my braids

[E.S.G.]

Man I still got my fade, huh

[Hook]

Northside man huh, Southside what - 2x

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