

Lyrics by Williams Vanessa

"Bumper and Grill"

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(Pimp C)

I gotta come down, I got a bangin trunk
So when I come through you feel the slab just bump
Them niggas sipin syrup and them bitches on that gin
Man hit that sweet one time for Smoke-D locked down
in that pen
I'm blowin out the window, you know I'm rollin glass
I'm bumpin that Screw, that t-a-t, that boy actin a ass
Cause down in Texas nigga, we got our own stores
We got the baddest bitches and we roll the freshest
cars
I flip to New Orleans by you clask I'm on the scene
Got dress improvement steam I step out that bitch so
clean
I poured out some liquor on the street for that fool
Todd
He was a trill ass nigga never came at me prod
Man I was talkin to Playa G just the other night
He told me about this nigga that was talkin about me
shife
Fool nigga this UGK Bun and C we run the streets
And tell your bitch ass brother he can't fuck with my
beats
So if you wanna be bangin nigga the good shit don't
come cheap
I'm talkin 7000 over 3 knock off a G
Cause fool this ain't no game nigga all about my
change
I'm comin baby Fleetwood swangin on them thangs

(Chorus 4x)

I gotta come down
I gotta stay real
I gotta break them boys off bumper and grill

(Bun B)

Now tell me what it's all about in the south
Big gold grill in you mouth
Much leather inside yo car, on yo back, in yo house
Sit in a nigga's ride the seats feel like a couch
Big keys in my pouch

Bitch if it hurt say ouch
Now if I look like a south don't try to cap
You know a nigga like me be ridin dirty with big dope
up in his lap
Oh, but when I'm shinin bitch I'm blazin
Hoes shrivin up like raisins talkin bout it so amazin
How big Bun be rollin through Texas with sexy hoes
keepin they wig done
Bustas bite the big one
From dis to dip this swisher houses
Let's flip from that maker maker to that after hours on
Scott
They always drinkin trip mixed with crush 75 or 4
Make a nigga wanna fuss, but I can't
Cause I need the rush of codeine so I can lean
I prop a pill
Cause I'm trill to the bone
Crushin with that crome

Chorus

(N.O. Joe)
What's up bruh this N.O. Joe representin gumbo
Funk in you trunk that got yo ears wide open like you
dumb ho
I'm livin larger than most a coast to coast slipper
That ice-bowl sipper that's never known to be a set
tripper
Too many diamonds for you to try to look at directly
Haters don't check me they respect me
A pistol packin, no shank, shiny grill, full tank
Checkin out these bustas thinkin they real when they
ain't
Y'all call me mister foreign
I'm comin down at navy porsche
Either way I'ma be a highway scorcher, blunt torcher
I'm catchin out doin 120 on the tallway the whole way
Turnin the corners that I once hung out
I got the boppers strung out
Walkin around with they tounge out
Naw, I stay behind the wheel grinnin
Burnin 500 dollar rubber, 5000 dollar rim spinnin

Chorus 7x

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