

# Al-D, Grippin Grain

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]  
Gripping on wood grain  
Keep on, keep on, keep on moving  
Banging, swerving lane to lane

[Al-D]  
Gripping on grain, while the 15's bang  
Know you wonder if it's thunder, where the fuck is the rain  
Lane to lane dripping blue, puffing on coo-coo  
Candy wetter than do, banging nothing but Screw  
Reclined on buck, like I'm stuck in the mud  
Ripping my mug cause I'm thug, sipping straight out the jug  
Ghetto thoed we ghetto known, wih mo' ice on my heart  
Boy got mo' ice, than a W march  
Bout to knock my trunk off, with this shit down South  
Knocking pictures off your wall, when I pass by your house  
Know your spouse is your trojan, if you love her than get her  
Cause she stuck on a G, like a god damn sweater  
Hotter than a baretta, trying to give it up fast  
Left her stupid like cupid, and put a plug in her ass  
Swanging glass moving fast, as I dash through your hood  
Picking splinters out my palm mayn, gripping on wood

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 2x]

[K-Rino]  
Hear them niggaz bumping, but they can't forget  
Swanging down bumping tip, champagne under the tent  
Trend setter, red beam for plexing  
Crawling, living the life of a Texan  
Get down your block three in the morning, waking the hood up  
Crawling purple passion, up in my cup  
I-10 to 71, mash the gas to Austin  
Chrome glossing, big bossing flossing  
Block to block spot to spot, no need for tripping  
Still collecting my ends, in the 2K dimension  
Twist a leaf out the leaf, as I crawl through the street  
Waiting on the sunrise, praying a G on deep  
It's a Sunday a fun day, and I crawl down Sunnydale  
Sparkling sun rays, making the game prevail  
Jazzy broads whispering, boppers shaking they tail  
You can do what you do, I'm all about my mail

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 2x]

[Yungstar]  
Lights, camera, action it's on  
Bang out my garage, and I'm on 20 inch chrome  
Grab my phone, cause I'm calling Al-D  
When they see the buttons, don't try to compare me  
She gon stare G, so you better get her  
I'm coming down, and I'm banging the Hardest Pit of the litter  
Down South, keep our name out your mouth  
And we'll get it on, and we known to buy a house  
And buy the block it don't stop, with shoes and socks  
Bet the top drop, and let the bumper unlock  
But me I'm rolling foreign, never ever alone  
Swanging left and right, with alarm cats knowing  
Paints I be pouring, and you know I'm so wet  
Getting me a ticket from the laws, you wanna bet  
They can't stand me, pulling off they say you dripping too much candy  
Yes I can't stand it, I'm the drank and drip bandit  
You can't handle it, bought the ice that sunk the Titanic  
Don't panic, when you see me riding with Janet

On the escapade, riding a Escalade  
Break these boys off with techs, my chest plate

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 4x]

[Ronnie Spencer]  
We gonna swang, we gonna bang  
We gonna grip on wood, baby - 4x