

Bone Crusher, Grippin' The Grain (Remix)

(Bone Crusher)
AttenCHUN!

(Intro - Bone Crusher (Bun B))

BC: Bone, bone, bone, bone, bone, bone, bone (This line repeats 4X)

BB: Break Em' Off (4X)

That Grippin' the Grain remix

Break Em' Off in here

UGK in here

Lil' Flip in here

We all in here, know what I'm talking about

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)

Grippin' The Grain

From the front to the back

Can you feel my wolfers bang?

Coming down bumping, knocking pictures off the wall

(Verse 1 - Bone Crusher)

87 while I'm gripping the grain

Pimping is hard though, ain't a damn thing changed

Coming down so clean, shouts out to Texas man

I'm so fresh, my nigga you didn't know

Crispy starch jeans, starched down to the floor

Heavy set exterior, deep into the floor

What's y'all bitches talking about, you niggas ain't hardcore

This here the major don

Got the speakers in the trunk, bump, bump, bump, bump

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)

(Last line in verse 1 run through 1st line in chorus)

(Verse 2 - Bun B)

Yeah!

It's Bun B, that underground king on top of ground

In that Cadi slabbed out with rags out and it's down

Chromey belts, buckles and blades that chop up and pound

See the Neon in my trunk when I'm popping surround

You be sipping on that oil, you dip off in that foil

Put that water in the pot, watch me whip it when it boil

PA I'm staying loyal, I keep letting them hang

Until they free that Pimp C, Steven Jackson get the rain

We gonna be..

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)

(Verse 3 - La Chat)

I'm riding I - 85, big body Benz with spinning tires

Bubbling eye signals on the mirror, when I turn the ride

And the inside is just plushed out, wood grain and leather

Clothes like feathers, navigational system ready to go where ever

Ain't that clever, TV's in the backs of the head rests of the seats

Plus that beat, you can hear the words of twist when I'm rolling down the streets

So beep beep, let me have a lot of room while I'm switching my lanes

Fast like a train, styling and profiling while I'm grippng the grain, we..

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)

(Verse 4 - Lil' Flip)

Well I'm gripping the grain and flippng the caine, keeping my pockets fat

I got dubs on my Jag, screens on my Cadillac

I pack a gat, nigga take it cause it ain't no time for wasting

Got a tech on my lap, plus a nine by the Play Station

I riding high, getting bent, smoking weed, passing by

Even when I'm just chilling, I still dress fly
I'm a pimp until I die, I'm putting it down for Break Em' Off
So if you ain't riding 20's, you got to take them off
Cause you looking shitty boy, cause I run your city boy
With Big Goon, Pastor, and my nigga Tity boy
We came to get it crunk, so fire up the slunt
And if that nigga talking shit, he will get jumped
But I just came to chill, I ain't trying to have a fight
I'm trying to show you niggas how a pimp turn out a dyke
I do this every night, motherfucker how you feel
From the land of the trill, the youngest one with a deal
I'm Lil' Flip

(Chorus 2X - Bone Crusher)