

# E.S.G., Grippin' Grain

(\*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, squattin' 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