Mike Jones feat. Killa Kyleon, Paul Wall, What Ya

[Chorus 3x] What ya know about switching lanes holding wood grain What ya know about switching lanes holding wood grain What ya know about switching lanes holding wood grain What ya, what ya know about, what ya, what ya know about [Mike Jones] What ya know about that candy paint with butter guts V-b-s, princess cuts with purple stuff up in my cup I'm grippin on that grain man, switching lane to lane man In my Rover Range man, like Collie on them heaven thang I'm in the parking lot with my candy apple drop Hop inside, press a button, watch my top pass out See I'm a hustler on my grind, the four vogues fit for reclining Watch me smile and show my grill so y'all can see that I'm a shine 2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo' Thats my cell phone number hit me up on the low I'm from the city of the clutch where the music screwed up I'm switching lanes, holding grain, about to tear the curb up, baby [Chorus 2x] [Paul Wall] What ya know about some vogue tires and 84's Candy paint red cherry blossom drippin off the door I'm from the place where our smiles stay iced out Diamonds in our mouth, baby jammin on this Swishahouse I'm Paul Wall the peoples champ, the trunk popper I'm something like a chick magnet catching all the boppers We used to ride choppers back in 9-8 Still jammin grey tapes in this Lone Star state I'm from the place we be sippin on prescription cough syrup It's some icy white shoes and a tall tee shirt I got the trunk on crack with neon lights in the back We still jammin Robert Davis what ya know about that baby [Chorus 2x] [Killa Kyleon] Pulling up holding, got the top folding Got vogues on my lo' when I got the drop strolling Got Now 'N' Later paint (paint) Peter Pan guts (guts) 15's banging I can beat a man up Big grill in the lady, gat in the waist See the 5th wheel sleepin when I'm sliding away Poppin my trunk, you see the lights glowing Me and Paul Wall leaning, you see the Sprite pouring It's an H-Town thang when you riding on swangs In that candy coated frame grippin on that wood grain You call 'em hoes, we call 'em bops You call 'em rags, we call 'em drops Killa! [Chorus 2x]