

Yungstar, Grippin Grain

(Chorus)

Grippin grain grippin grain
We grippin grain and poppin trunks upon ya
(them yung g's are so real)
We roll thangs sweet reeling round ya corner
(tell me whats the deal yeah yeah)
We grippin grain and poppin trunks upon ya
(can you feel me)
We roll thangs sweet wheelin round ya corner
(them yung g's are so real)

Well I'm grippin grain candy stains presses cuts and pinky rings
Viper jets and choo choo trains it aint my fault I hog the lane

Living life well give me a call
Blind the guard whats happening boys
Fancy toys we bring the noise
C-Nile flipping youngster star

We got candy cars body guards walkie talkies cellulars
84's remote controls TV with the VCR

Watching a flick school or click
Drop another platinum hits
Watching my weight get back and braid
Got em all like halamade

Millionaire rapstar billionaire with Jaguars
Beauty queens with no flaws when I pass they show bras
I'm lil made sashay shade all my clothes Taylor made
Lorenzos and razor blades flip and Yungstar getting paid

Dropping our weight chop a blade
Blaze the hay got hoes for days
Acrobats Bentley and Jag Bentley with the paper tags
Me and ducoup in the coupe drop the top and raise the roof
Diamond rocks in every tooth c nile all about the loot

Now I can't sleep at night
Pulling out my ice the day will come for us to ride on leather
I'm not worried bout a thing popping diamonds on my pinky ring
We grippin grain and popping trunks upon ya
Now there was playa plex with the Eastcoast
But the Southside holding it down we grippin grain
We grippin grain and popping trunks upon ya
I just wanna roll with you

We grippin grain down south cause its time to get paid
Big willie new come phillie money hopping on blades
Ass sinking in leather but there aint nuthin better
Than a top dropper trunk popper Down South go getter
No chasing cars in the sun rocks go rockin no fun
Now im waving my one cause my job is done
Nationwide here I come praise wood in my trunk
Swinging wide bubble eyes banging screwed or fuked
They didn't believe I can wreck it but I don't no what they expected
>From a nigga whose neighborhood is strait drug and Benz'
Holding down our plexes swinging wide in my Lexus
Smooth spot haters crawl as I floss through Texas
Feelin good on the lean tossed up looking clean
Baggettes bezetines 50 rocks in my ring
Though my diamonds don't glitter when I'm up on the scene
And they be jockin but lockin Kool-Aid looking clean

(Chorus)

They telling me its going down on the southside of town
We grippin grain
We grippin grain and poppin trunks upon ya
I just wan to roll with you

And now you see just how it goes 3rd coast throwin down for sure
Ain't a roley on the hoes we throw got wheels and dough
Gotta gleam some more it's 3 or 4 CD blowin
My ac blowin candy glowing all across the nation
Drop my weight somebody hatin

I'm lil pat carrying yung grippin grain just for fun
Candy beatin me in the sun hop out the truck called number one
Playa would feeling good showin off you wish you could
Diamonds up against the wood

Does his thing near every hood

Showin up skated up 20 inch on truck to truck pinky close to clut

You looking real good keep showin up

Jump in the hearse driving in circles dropping screen watchin Urkel
Turn the channel now im watching Kirk

Eject that tape out cut the verse from the side to back in the Cadillac
Still two corners round Mr. Crat
Slangin gots a hun' showed sum yung
And the niggas all got lil Barbara sprung
Raise the wheels aint fuck with the real
flipping double 0 seal in the racer feel
Blaze to kill buy some here candy red they gots to spill
(Chorus)