

# Candy

## UGK

Now my candy is so fresh, so clean  
I break them boys off when I pull up on the scene  
In my candy with ten coats sprayed tight  
And that North side royal blue is settin' off the white  
On my candy, sho' ain't the average paint  
You go to Ike tryin' to buy it he gon' tell ya, ya can't  
Have my candy, it's like a one of a kind  
And you might have a painted slab but it ain't pretty as mine  
Cause my candy, worth mo' than money can buy  
Brought it to Funkmaster Flex and seen a grown man cry  
For my candy, sittin' on nuttin' but glass  
Stoppin' traffic on the freeway when I fly past  
In my candy, got no competition on the street  
You can win a Dub car show and still can't compete  
With my candy, 'cause it's the sweetest on the block  
And I'm trill, workin' the wheel, that's why they all jockin' my candy  
Candy, painted  
(Break the boys on the ave 'cause the slab's so tight)  
Drop top, El Do', ride  
(Break the boys on the ave 'cause the slab's so tight)  
Now my candy, is sittin' tall on them Vogues  
It's like an alarm clock, wakin' up all the hoes  
My candy, is wetter than high tide  
And it's lookin' like I just had a blizzard inside  
Of my candy, got mo' wood in it than a forest  
One look'll get you hooked like a motherfuckin' chorus  
My candy, drips an unerasable stain  
It's real magic, not like that motherfucker David Blaine  
My candy, it got the woman on the front  
And a PhD in showin' niggaz how to stunt  
My candy, it got the fifth up on the back  
And it'll swang through your hood like it don't know how to act  
My candy, the 8th wonder of the world  
Like floatin' downstream when you're starin' at the swirls  
My candy, ridin' real trill, stayin' true  
And it's a legend in H-Town like DJ Screw  
My candy  
Yes my candy is so sweet  
Fadin' niggaz on these streets  
People watch as I ride by  
In my candy I'm gon' shine  
Now my candy is so smooth, so laid  
And these boys can't comprehend how the paint got sprayed  
My candy, makin' people stop drop and stare  
Pull out any car you want to but it won't compare  
To my candy, it's like a four wheel mirage  
That's too pretty to park in a motherfuckin' garage  
My candy, it's like a part of the fam'  
So lose my friends or my ends, I wouldn't give a damn  
But my candy is an extension of me  
So when you lookin' at my car you lookin at Bun B  
It's my candy, player, throwed, fly

And you can't fuck with it no matter how hard you try  
My candy, the other level of the game  
If you ask me again, bitch I'ma tell you the same  
It's my candy, yeah nigga mines not your  
Long as I got syrup to sip and Swishers to burn in my candy  
Break the boys on the ave 'cause the slab's so tight  
Break the boys on the ave 'cause the slab's so tight

Lyrics provided by

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