

# Gangsta Grillz

## DJ Drama

It's all about the candypaint, all about the 4's mayne  
It's all about the slab baby, all about the  
Blowin' up in H-Town, blowin' up in H-Town, blowin' up  
Tell me what y'all know about this H-town chick  
[Incomprehensible]I like them gangsta grillz  
Riding through like did you see those big wheels  
Pop trunk and let me feel, I got chills  
Now what you know about a baller, shotcaller  
Now won't you tell me what it do, where you from  
I'm from Houston, keeping it screwed up  
And what you used to, tippin' on 44's  
On the north they stay braided up, south faded up  
I see you with ya candypaint, do you got them dollas man  
It's all about the heavyweight, let me hear ya holla man  
Houston you know what it do, let me hear ya holla man  
LeToya just too much for you, let me hear ya holla  
It's all about the candypaint, all about the 4's mayne  
It's all about the slab baby, all about the  
Blowin' up in H-Town, blowin' up in H-Town, blowin' up  
Let me hear you screw it, it's Houston, H-Town  
It's all about the candypaint, all about the 4's mayne  
It's all about the slab baby, all about the  
Makes the beat chop, chop, makes the beat chop, chop  
Makes the beat chop, makes the beat chop, H-Town  
I got a thang for them gangstas with grillz  
Top to bottom like he spendin' big skril  
So what you into, tell me homie what's the deal  
'Cause I wanna be your baby, driving you crazy  
'Cause we act a fool where I'm from  
Houston, Texas keeping it screwed up  
And you can bet a thug is what I'm used to  
'Cause that's what I'm all about, want you to holla out  
I see you with ya candypaint, do you got them dollas man  
It's all about the heavyweight, let me hear ya holla man  
Houston you know what it do, let me hear ya holla man  
LeToya just too much for you, let me hear ya holla  
It's all about the candypaint, all about the 4's mayne  
It's all about the slab baby, all about the  
Blowin' up in H-Town, blowin' up in H-Town, blowin' up

Let me hear you screw it, it's Houston, H-Town  
It's all about the candypaint, all about the 4's mayne  
It's all about the slab baby, all about the  
Makes the beat chop, chop, makes the beat chop, chop  
Makes the beat chop, makes the beat chop, H-Town  
4 tires, 4's spinning like a ceiling fan  
Seats reclined, smokin' pine with wheel in my hand  
Diamonds shinin', gangsta grill lookin' like a 100 grand  
Now that's a Texas thang, mayne you wouldn't understand  
And we got that country grammar just like the St. Lunatics  
In Texas we screwed up that's how we be doing it  
'Cause 'round here, it ain't all about account and brokers  
Boys sitting fat with stacks taller than the Alamo  
I see you with ya candypaint, do you got them dollas man  
It's all about the heavyweight, let me hear ya holla man  
Houston you know what it do, let me hear ya holla man  
LeToya just too much for you, let me hear ya holla  
It's all about the candypaint, all about the 4's mayne  
It's all about the slab baby, all about the  
Makes the beat chop, chop, makes the beat chop, chop  
Makes the beat chop, makes the beat chop, H-Town  
H-Town, H-Town

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