

Gangsta Grillz

Letoya

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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