

Gangsta Grillz (feat. Mike Jones & Killa Kyleon)

LeToya

All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the Blowin' up on H-Town
Blowin' up on H-Town
Blowin' up on H-Town
Tell me what y'all know about this H-Town chick All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the Make the beat chop chop
Make the beat chop chop
Make the beat chop chop
(H-Town) I like them gangsta grillz
Ridin' through like 'did you see those big wheels?'
Pop the trunk and let me feel, I got chills
Now what chu know about a ballaa, shot callaa
Now won't chu tell me what it do- Where you from?
I'm from Houston, keepin it screwed up
Ain't whatchu used to, tippin on 44's
On the note we stayed graded up, south-ayed it up I see you with the candy paint
Do you got them dollas man?
Its all about the heavy weight
Let me hear ya holla ya man
Houston, you know what it do
Let me hear ya holla mayn
LeToya just too much for you
Let me hear ya holla All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the Blowin' up on H-Town
Blowin' up on H-Town
Blowin' up on H-Town
Let me hear you screw it, its Houston, H-Town All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the Make the beat chop chop
Make the beat chop chop
Make the beat chop chop
(H-Town) I got a thang for them gangstas with grills

Top to bottom like he's spendin' big scrill
 So what cha into, tell me homie what's the deal?
 Cause I wanna be your baby, drivin' you crazy
 Cause we act a fool where I'm from
 Houston, Texas keepin it screwed up
 And you can bet, a thug is what I'm used to
 Cause its what I'm all about, want you to holla out I see you with the candy paint
 Do you got them dollas mayn?
 Its all about the heavy weight
 Let me hear ya holla ya mayn
 Houston, you know what it do
 Let me hear ya holla mayn
 LeToya just too much for you
 Let me hear ya holla All bout the candy paint
 All about the '4's baby
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 All about the sound baby
 All about the Make the beat chop chop
 Make the beat chop chop
 Make the beat chop chop
 (H-Town) That's right, they know who is it
 Run it.
 4 tires, 4's spinnin 'like a ceilin' fan
 Seats reclinin', smokin' pine with the wheel in my hand
 Diamonds shinin', gangsta grill look like a hundred grand
 Now that's a Texas thang man, you wouldn't understand
 We got that country grammar just like the St. Lunatics
 In Texas (we screwed up!) that's how we be doin' it! (That's right)
 Cause round here, it ain't all about the canaboep?
 Cause boy sittin' fat with tac's taller than the Alamo? I see you with the candy paint
 Do you got them dollas man?
 Its all about the heavy weight
 Let me hear ya holla ya man
 Houston, you know what it do
 Let me holla man
 LeToya just too much for you
 Let me hear ya holla All bout the candy paint
 All about the '4's baby
 All about the sound baby
 All about the Blowin' up on H-Town

Blowin' up on H-Town
Blowin' up on H-Town
Let me hear you screw it, its Houston, H-Town All bout the candy paint
All about the '4's baby
All about the sound baby
All about the Make the beat chop chop
Make the beat chop chop
Make the beat chop chop (H-Town)

Songwriters

SHELTON, KAYLA/GRAHAM, SHANNON L./JONES, MIKE A./LUCKETT, LETOYA NICOLE/ALLEN,
TERRY/RILEY, KYLE JERODERRICK Published by

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