

# Grippin The Grain (C&S by Bigpimpin91)

## Bone Crusher

Attention!

Bone

Bone

BoneGrippin' the grain

From the front to the back

Can you feel my woofer's bang

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wallGrippin' the grain

From the front to the back

Can you feel my woofer's bang

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wall87 while I'm gripping the grain

Pimping is hard though, ain't a damn thing changed

Coming down so clean, shouts out to Texas man

I'm so fresh, my nigga you didn't knowCrispy starch jeans, starched down to the floor

Heavy set exterior, deep into the floor

What's y'all niggaz talking about, you niggas ain't hardcore

This here the major don

Got the speakers in the trunk, bump, bump, bump, bumpGrippin' the grain

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From the front to the back

Can you feel my woofer's bang

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wallI got my body capris and heavy Chevi's wit TV's

Triple gold D's, don't have to be some 20s just to sho fa me

Tha candy paint when it flips it has to draw attention

Not to mention, tha high performance, motor chrome up in itThe major beat that gone here it from like 2 blocks

away

Quakers quakin', 'haps I'm tha beats around the place

It don't matter where ya from, tha chop shop, I'll show you chrome

We keeps it pimpin', representin', let these hatas know weGrippin' the grain

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From the front to the back

Can you feel my woofer's bang

Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wallAl Pine, Poncho keep stompin', if ya feel me baby, tell me

somethin'

Shorty, I keep swurvin', observin' tha ones they observin'

Fresh beats we keep servin', now they grabbin' they ears, on tha curvin'

I stay cooly, whooly, tell me somethin' fresh, ya heard me?Grippin' the grain  
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From the front to the back  
Can you feel my woofer's bang  
Comin' down, bumpin', knockin' pictures of tha wallNiggaz pimpin' through tha streetz, smokin' on some 5-5  
Girls in tha wind, every time I ride by  
Pull in wit tha gigiglo, pull up at tha liquor sto  
White Beige goods, Lexus, sweet potato pieLike I'm so high, 4 as I lean, wit that thang by my side, it's toe 16  
So fresh, so clean, baby boy comin' by down  
From them bows to tha wheel, blowin' dro feelin' drilled  
To them hoes they then feelGrippin' the grain  
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Songwriters

HARDNETT, WAYNE JR. / JOHNSON, AVERY L. / BROWN, CHESTDRA / WILLIAMS, MARCUS /  
BROWN, DANPublished by

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