

Gripping Grain

Z-Ro

Motherfucking Mo City Don bitch
Yeah, I know y'all hate the way we stare at y'all face

Rap game phenomenon, lyrically I drop bombs
With feddy up in my palms, and I show you why I'm the Don
Z-Ro the soldier, with a chip on my shoulder
I get you if I owe you, X your file like Scully and Mulder
Colder with the pen pimping thang, fuck bringing it to your ass
Me and that boy Den Den, gon bring it to your brain
Sit back get it together, take a chill really sit back
When I'm on swangas never hear no noise, cause them hoes don't click-clack
I'm thinking thoed about to unload, on anything that don't mind
Slapping patches up out your hair, better say better somebody to find
Straight up and down and rap flawn, these jackers ain't on
That's why I skip the slab, and I move straight to foreign
Everybody has collided with The Screwed Up Click
And when I pick up the mic and I go off, they say how he do that shit
I'm a mic wrecker, about to checkmate like checkers
A pine breasher, with 25 bags of light green on my dresser

Gripping grain, my screen is gonna fall like rain
Cause I get my-my grind and my-my shine on, I'm balling
Crawling in the turning lane, we tipping and we earning mayn
Cause we get our-our grind and our-our shine on, we hauling

Gripping grain on the feeter, switching lanes with Aaliyah
Top down low to the ground, car looking completed
Balling hard like Kobe, put two inches on tobe
Pack a seventeen shot, hope a nigga don't provoke me
Cars they smoking, with herbal incent
Mashing horses flipping tortoise, candy up like sip
Beat the toll for a dolla, as I smash right under
On the passenger of me, riding underground under
I ponder in the game, passing laws gripping grain
Screens fall like rain, leaving puddles and stains
For my grind be major, hit me on two way pager
All my tools there's a later, for a safe place hater
So when you see me in them streets, you best bow down
I'm gripping grain causing pain, hold it down H-Town
Like a king or a chief, I'm blowing endo sweets
Saving my change pushing my Range, starched up looking sweet

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Twelve inches of dope, candy coat gon float
Got a beach house in Galveston, with woofers on bump
And we gon choke on smoke, and swallow drank as we sail
Atlantic Ocean the Pacific, man I'm making my mail
From selling yale to record sales, to fatten our pocket
Murdering motherfuckers on wax, can't nobody can stop it
With the checks and a black X, and a rolex make niggas check
Got my nose wide open, smelling nothing but plex
I get deep like a dimple, complicated but simple
From rags to riches on these bitches, Screwed Up medallion with a symbol

Ain't no mo' chains and pieces, for my nephews and nieces
When the record stores get empty, my ass get money increases
You can't walk on my lawn, better leave my Vipor alone
Got a house in Sweet Water Texas, Lexus and a pond with a swan
They call me a swanga not a diss, I broke up on and made her bitch
Now affiliated on a candy coated yacht, eating on shrimp fish

Straight Profit, taking over and you can't stop it
Cause we get our-our grind and our-our shine on, we balling
Crawling in the turning lane, we tipping and we earning mayn
Cause we get our-our grind and our-our shine on, we hauling

Gripping grain, grind on and my-my shine on
Turning lane