

# Hittin' Curves

Grits

Spinnin in the ride  
Swervin in the ride  
Spinnin in the ride  
Swervin in the ride

Hittin Curves  
Charlotte Baby Woo Hoo  
Hittin Curves  
Charlotte Baby Woo Hoo

Can't block in the zone  
We prone different to the unknown  
Put the flip to the trip  
Forced to break bones  
Fresh rebreak we then break heads  
Listen to all the people  
They really feel scared  
When they hear whats said  
We likely to feel grown  
Men landin on reds  
Put us up by the boot strap  
Strippin curves Dodgin traps  
Don't move at a slow pace  
Hand us the mike  
We'll move the whole place  
This for each and every hood  
Eighteen average wood  
Southside green cuffs  
Tell me what you want and  
Tell me what you know because  
Rockin ain't an option  
That ain't the purpose of my concoction  
Producin toxins in the abyss  
Boxin you in so you don't miss  
Me gettin you rockin Nashville  
Grind a minute in a minute  
Now do me and my crew  
I'm a sinner how 'bout you?

Swervin we rollin we servin  
hittin them curves and then we  
Pushin them verses and curses  
They must be broken yea  
Takin them Tennessee ballaz  
Changin a lance cause they brought us  
No contradictions cause now we propositions

I'm in the turn  
Make the Chevy burn  
Rubbin every turn  
Changin lanes  
While the body sways  
Heavy to the right  
Like my life  
Hit them curves swerve  
As I deserve to turn back  
Down the one way

Cruisin to life  
I learn lessons every block  
Countin blessins like rocks  
As I bubble in the struggle  
In the classical priests  
Releasin pressure like  
These moguls at the back of my seats  
And speakin clearer than these sweeders  
When I'm over these beats  
Check the navigation to see what direction to take  
To lead a generation headed for colission with fate  
On the darker side in the ride look at the rear view  
At full speed searchin for a u-turn in safe view  
Hittin Curves!

[Chorus]