

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
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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]