

Wood Grain Wheel

Slim Thug

Ay I gots ta work my wood grain wheel
Trunks steady bumpin, grillz steady comin

I takin off down the runway, broad day Sunday
Haters lookin at me, I ain't playin nuttin but gunplay
Hand on the grain, while I'm swangin down the oneway
Boppas everywhere, I see it'll be a fun day
I might as well stay up all night, 'til it's Monday
My shit will probably end up where my son stay
Got baby momma drama, cause the bitch drivin a Hyundai
And I got a rolls, G's up hoes - still down
'Til I'm down watch me act a damn clown
?? sit around makin muthafuckas frown
Flippin through my town, tryin to see what the fucks up
Boss City Ballas, bitch niggas get your bucks up
I gotta king ranch, that'll make you put ya trunks up
Lookin like them other boys ran all they luck up
Damn 'sho can't touch us, we them true bosses
You know how we do it fool, we them holdin flosses

Now I gots ta work my wood grain wheel
Hand on the steel, cause them haters on my heels
Make me a 'mil and done it before the deal
Them other boys lyin, Slim Thugga speak the real
Candy paint shinin, 5th wheel reclinin
Caddy goin topless, like them dancers at (The Diamond)
Boss, yea blindin, everybody lookin
And where I'm from, women ain't the only ones cookin
Boys gettin paid, pushin Caddy Escalades
Still roll Vogues, used to roll blades
?? braids in the phase, when we reppin for our side (Northside)
And you ain't ridin slabs, if them ain't swangas on your ride
Ready for whatever, if you think Thugga scary
I'll unload the glock, if it get necessary
Been legendary in the streets of the H
Cause I stay ridin 4's, puttin candy in your face... mayne

This drink got me leanin, I ain't smoke all day so I'm fienin
I'm feelin like I'm livin and I'm livin like I'm dreamin
My candy slab gleamin, I pass with a flash
Smashin the gas, ?? boyz on glass
Swang like I'm bout to crash, then I hook the other way
Make my slab sway, down here that's how we play
Ridin down that MLK, chunkin dueces to that Trae (Where you at, Trae?)
Niggas on the grind mayne, boys is on they J
I got diamonds on my collar, shoes say prada
Shades say the same, I'ma kill them on them mayne
While I'm workin wood grain, I'ma Hogg on the road
I make 'em move around, like them laws on they roll
Trunk steady hummin, you hear me when I'm comin
Beat hittin hard, soundin like a drummer drummin
Everyday I stay stuntin, ain't gon' to stop 'til I'm dead
On the Northside we ride blue, not the red