

## Bump And Grill

UGK

I gotta come down, I got a bangin trunk  
So when I come through you feel the slab just bump  
Them niggas sipin syrup and them bitches on that gin  
Man hit that sweet one time for Smoke-D locked down in that pen  
I'm blowin out the window, you know I'm rollin glass  
I'm bumpin that Screw, that t-a-t, that boy actin a ass  
Cause down in Texas nigga, we got our own stores  
We got the baddest bitches and we roll the freshest cars  
I flip to New Orleans by you clask I'm on the scene  
Got dress improvement steam I step out that bitch so clean  
I poured out some liquor on the street for that fool Todd  
He was a trill ass nigga never came at me prod  
Man I was talkin to Playa G just the other night  
He told me about this nigga that was talkin about me shife  
Fool nigga this UGK Bun and C we run the streets  
And tell your bitch ass brother he can't fuck with my beats  
So if you wanna be bangin nigga the good shit don't come cheap  
I'm talkin 7000 over 3 knock off a G  
Cause fool this ain't no game nigga all about my change  
I'm comin baby Fleetwood swangin on them thangs

I gotta come down  
I gotta stay real  
I gotta break them boys off bumper and grill

Now tell me what it's all about in the south  
Big gold grill in you mouth  
Much leather inside yo car, on yo back, in yo house  
Sit in a nigga's ride the seats feel like a couch  
Big keys in my pouch  
Bitch if it hurt say ouch  
Now if I look like a south don't try to cap  
You know a nigga like me be ridin dirty with big dope up in his lap  
Oh, but when I'm shinin bitch I'm blazin  
Hoes shrivlin up like raisins talkin bout it so amazin  
How big Bun be rollin through Texas with sexy hoes keepin they wig done  
Bustas bite the big one  
From dis to dip this swisher houses  
Let's flip from that maker maker to that after hours on Scott  
They always drinkin trip mixed with crush 75 or 4  
Make a nigga wanna fuss, but I can't  
Cause I need the rush of codeine so I can lean  
I prop a pill  
Cause I'm trill to the bone  
Crushin with that crome

What's up bruh this N.O. Joe representin gumbo  
Funk in you trunk that got yo ears wide open like you dumb ho  
I'm livin larger than most a coast to coast slipper  
That ice-bowl sipper that's never known to be a set tripper  
Too many diamonds for you to try to look at directly  
Haters don't check me they respect me  
A pistol packin, no shank, shiny grill, full tank  
Checkin out these bustas thinkin they real when they ain't  
Y'all call me mister foreign  
I'm comin down at navy porscha  
Either way I'ma be a highway scorcher, blunt torcher

I'm catchin out doin 120 on the tallway the whole way  
Turnin the corners that I once hung out  
I got the boppers strung out  
Walkin around with they tounge out  
Naw, I stay behind the wheel grinnin  
Burnin 500 dollar rubber, 5000 dollar rim spinnin