

# Z-RO, Gripping Grain

(\*talking\*)

What, in this bitch fucking with Z-Ro  
Motherfucking Mo City Don bitch  
Yeah, I know y'all hate the way we stare at y'all face

[Z-Ro]

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

[Hook]

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

[Den Den]

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

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

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

[Hook]

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