

# Rubber Grip (feat. Fat Joe & Styles P)

## Sheek Louch

[Intro]

J [3X]

J [4X] J-J-J-J. Cardim![Chorus]

"Tryin to get my hands on a Mac with the rubber grip" [3X]

"Tryin to get my" [3X] "Mac with the rubber grip"[Sheek Louch]

Uhh, rubber grip (rubber grip) where are you? (Where are you?)

I'm lookin for you (lookin for you) can I borrow you? (Can I borrow you?)

Lost mine, had to dump it out, in a nigga's spine

Fuck it though (fuck it though) nigga shouldn'ta crossed the fuckin line

Geah! Pay attention my nigga, ain't no switchin my nigga

This is school but out here ain't no detention my nigga

(No doubt) I'm about the whips, fuck with the Bloods and Crips

In the hood with them gorillas and banana clips (whaddup?)

They don't like that I'm real, they say I make 'em sick

Cause they don't see me no more, after I give 'em dick

The price is right, the hood is quiet

Go 'head and flip, if I run to the car I'm just, I'm just...

[Chorus - repeat 2X][Fat Joe - over Chorus]

WOOO! Yeah Sheek

It's your nigga I got things for that rubber grip

That BX, that TX burn nigga, it's Crack!

Yes, on the rubber tip

N.Y. City

It's what I does[Fat Joe]

Coca! Yes niggaz, I love my rubber grip

Fingers itchin and I'm lookin for someone to hit

Aww man, this is it huh?

Niggaz been gettin shot before Scott LaRock

Every block party ended in a shootout

Midst of it all I was first to bring them tools out

Had the shotty in the Benetton bag

Deuce deuce in my sneaker make you do the running man

This is my fascination, no exaggeration

Just ask Bush, that cat'll blast the nation

God damn I love my rubber grip

I jerk off of this shit, I guess I'm fuckin sick

[Chorus - repeat 2X][Styles P]

Yeah

I'm heartless, like I'm motherless

Mac with the rubber grip, I be on some other shit

Beefin with, niggaz in the hood, and the government

Load it up, squeeze it off, nigga I be lovin it

I be doin shit, for the fuck of it  
Blame it on money cause, I ain't got enough of it  
Money over hoes nigga, never ever cuff a bitch  
My hood they gon' laugh at you, say you on some sucker shit  
Got a lot of weight to move, lookin for a trucker quick  
Mean as Don Dada, ain't nobody on no tougher shit (nobody)  
Yeah I keep the Mac, with the rubber grip  
Knife, with the rubber grip  
I'm in the basement, makin the pipe, with the rubber grip[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>