

Grindin'

Clipse

Yo, I go by the name
(I'm yo' Pusha)
Of Pharrell from the Neptunes
And I just wanna let y'all know
(I'm yo' Pusha)
The world is about to feel
Something
(I'm yo' Pusha)
That they've never felt before, c'mon From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard
I sell it whip on whip, it's off the hard
I'm the neighborhood Pusha
Call me sub woofer, 'cause I pump bass like that, Jack
On or off the track, I'm heavy 'cuz
Ball 'til you fall 'cause you could duck to the fetti govs
Sorry my love, what I'm seeing through these eyes
Benz convoys with the wagon on the side
Only big boys keep deuces on the ride
Gucci Chuck Taylor with the dragon on the side
Man, I make a buck, why scam?
I'm trying to show y'all who the fuck I am
The jewels is flirting me, damned if I'm hurting
Legend in two games like I'm Pee Wee Kirkland
Platinum on the block with consistent hits
While Pharrell keep talking this music shit Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Patty cake, patty cake, I'm the baker's man
I bake them cakes as fast as I can
And you can tell by how my bread stack up
And disguised in this rap so the Feds back up
Watch it, like my whip, like my chick, topless
Doing a buck-six with me in the cockpit
Grindin' cousin, I got hoes for a dozen
Even Eleven-5, if I see ya keep it comin'
And my weight, that's just as heavy as my name So much dough, I can't swear I won't change

Excuse me if my wealth got me full of myself
Cocky, something that I just can't help
'Specially when them 20's is spinning like windmills
And the ice 32 below minus the wind chill
Filthy, the word that best defines me
I'm just grinding man, y'all never mind meGrindin'!

(Ahhh)

Grindin'!

(Ahhh)

Grindin'!

(Ahhh)

Grindin'!

(Ahhh)

Grindin'!

(Ahhh)Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a linin'

(Whoof)

Niggas better stay in line, when

(Whoof)

When you see a nigga like me shinin'

(Grinding!)Grindin', when you know what I keep in a linin'

(Whoof)

Niggas better stay in line, when

(Whoof)

When you see a nigga like me shinin'

(Grinding!)My grind's 'bout family, never been about fame

From days I wasn't able there was always caine

Four and a half will get you in the game

Anything less is just a goddamn shame

Guess the weight, my watch got blue chips in the face

Glock with two tips, whoever gets in the way

Not to mention the hideaway that rests by the lake

Consider my raw demeanor the icing on the cake

I'm GrindingI move 'caine like a cripple

Balance weight through the hood

Kids call me Mr. Sniffles, other hand on my nickel

Plated whistle, one eye closed I'll hit you

As if I was Slick Rick my aim is still an issue

Lose your soul in whichever palm I'm holdin'

One'll leave you frozen, the other, noddin' and dozin'

I'm grindin' JackGrindin'!

(Ahhh)

Grindin'!

(Ahhh)

Grindin'!

(Ahhh)

Grindin'!

(Ahhh)

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