

Clipse, Grindin' Remix

(feat. Baby, Lil Wayne, Noreaga)

We back y'all...

[Clipse]

What's the size of them rims on that car NIGGA? (GRINDIN')
Can they see that chain from a far NIGGA? (GRINDIN')
Whatcha game be like? (GRINDIN')
Whatcha chain be like? (GRINDIN')
So whatcha name be like? (GRINDIN')
Ma, it don't get more ghetto than this...

[Noreaga]

See I'm grimmy minded, you've been blinded
Lookin for a peep like mine you can't find it (you can't find it)
You need the Clipse and NORE, gotta rewind it ([BEEP BEEP])
Nowadays you get on that run and get finded (GRINDIN')
You know I got guns, why you actin like my daughters?
You know I got sons... (GRINDIN')
Naw, we won't speak fam, aimin atcha collar bone
Hitcha in ya cheek fam (GRINDIN')

[Pusha T]

From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard
I sell it whip on whip, it's off the hard
Stand on that temple nigga, spit that cris nigga
Throw that chair, make em recognize this
Raw, playa looka here, I'm great in the kitchen like mornin cookware
Uncle Jamima, wit my braids wrapped
In 3-minute recipes for cookin flap jack
Coke price through the roof, SL blew the coupe
My niece askin how my rims bigger than a hula-hoop
Cuzzo, I make the block holla, take it back to childhood
How the scale titer-totter, as I evolve
Weight grew heavy, it was kinda like my buddy just fell off the see-saw
Bricks in the muffler, mack 11 touch ya
Virgina's hustler, I'm here motherfucker...

[Clipse]

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[Baby overlapping Clipse]

Ay, ay 22's on new cars
BOY BOY, step it up BOY
Money...
Money...
Stunna...

Big tymin in a bubble-eye Lex, so fly (so fly, so fly)
I cook/cut crack, that's the sizin
Them big, big rims on Tarzan, we shinin
Me and Wheezy (holla holla) no rims can see me (holla holla)
New Benz for teezies (holla holla)
Cadallac truck beamin, fo sheezy

[Lil Wayne]

From hood to hood, which nigga, yard to yard
They on your hairo cuz I got that heroin and that raw
Check the rims on my car

Naw, don't check em, no cuz they stuffed wit blow
Macy baby still in the kitchen
jet with a lil bit curved on the shit I'm pitchin
You need a hit like Mark McGwire, come holla
I watch the bass at home, I'm umpire, HOLLA

[Clipse]

Grin-din, when you know what I keep in a linin (WHOOOF...)
Niggas better stay in line when (WHOOOF...)
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grind-IN)
Grin-din, when you know what I keep in a linin (WHOOOF...)
Niggas better stay in line, when (WHOOOF...)
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grind-IN)

[Malice]

213 South cross the Baybridge wit it
Bring the triangle, then mail, come and get it
The time in the kitchen, I dare not mention
When my cell phone echo, I swear they listenin
'89 was my beginnin y'all
Young snot-nosed, Cash Yams in a tennis ball
Cops swore we was playin catch, NO
We was at a stretch, no shorts, beg till you outta breath
I ducked the feds, they seein my weight grow
Streets love Malice for his comeback gracial
If they got popped, we made sure they made bail
Cuz if not, we be scared they gon tell
Patty cake, that's me, bake the pies
Pie wrecked, mixed that, scrape the sides
Grindin', glock 9 in a line in
Make God strike a nigga dead if he lyin

[Clipse]

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