Clipse, Grindin (Reggae Remix)

Intro & Chorus: Pusha T (Pharell
What's the size of them rims on that car nigga huh? (Grindin!)
Can they see that chain from a far nigga huh? (Grindin!)
Whatcha game be like? (Grindin!)
Whatcha change be like? (Grindin!)
So whatcha name be like? (Grindin!)
Ma, it don't get more ghetto than this

Verse 1: Sean Paul
Tell dem!!! Connnect di dot yo
Dem mi friend dem ready fi hit di block yo
Those who try fi test yuh better mek since yuh better know how
If not yo, then dem gonna lose all dem spot yo
Hail my friend and start collect di top doe
Now, with ease, takin over all territories
Please, don't come inna mi way when mi a squeeze
Mi shot can be heard from the West Indies
Smell di gun powder inna Jamaican breeze
Trees, smoke di pound by di keys
Ladies, nuff nuff like rice and peas
Top notch we top notch so tell dem nuh better stop watch
Di way how we be clockin it makin these g's
Grindin it, yo, pickin up di pace double timin it
Yo, up inna your face definin it
Hey, better get your mind in it or else yuh ago get left behind in it
Yo, grindin it, yo, pickin up di pace double timin it
Hey, up inna your face definin it
Hey, better get your mind in it or else yuh ago get left behind in it

Chorus: Pusha T (Pharrell)
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Verse 2: Simpleton
Yo! Ah! Ah! People sell dem soul a for a slice of bread
Don't watch how man business may get eye turn red
Pay attention to like how easy man dead
It's ready been written man it's ready been said
Mi travel a thousand miles just to lick a guy head
Yuh might pick up teflon mixed with led
Don't get mi angry mon or neither fled
Nuff snitches a work for CIA and feds

We beat 'em badly and mek di whole a dem dead
And this di original di badily boom skegereg
Freestyle fanatic, stayin quietly in da attic
Spittin like a damn automatic
So let mi tell yuh straight a like elastic
Watch how yuh start it, let mi tell yuh fo real yo
Gimme yo a chance, mek yo di nuff a dem dance
Let mi tell yuh full of nuff grands, let mi tell yuh still yes di shine
Now what I claim what is mine, let mi tell yuh leave that designed
Special in crime, grindin fly

[Hook: The Clipse in sing-song voice and (Pharrell)]
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining (Whooof...)
Niggas better stay in line, when (Whooof...)
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining (Whooof...)

Niggas better stay in line, when (Whooof...)
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)

Verse 3: Kardinal Offishall
Kardi, yo, yo, they just keep holdin me, won't let go, provokin me
Niggas tryin to stop my doe
Well if it isn't, Mr. Canadian (BO!!!!) Mr. Canuck
T Dot niggas (Pharrell: Grindin!) we don't give a (BO!!!!)
Mr. Kardinal steal dem fronts out of your mouth
Flip it for a pound of herb and sell it in front of your house
Badbwoy big talk put this somethin pon cock
Whine out yuh dutty claat down south to up north
Weh di man dem a seh? Five plus two yo we flip that a (Ten)
Mek di english pound di paste up plus di (Yen)
Still fire pon a fassy and grind di gal dem (How yuh mean?)
Seen, come again, we mek di green yuh know,
Swell it to di seem yuh know
Chronic supersonic tonic juggle it to a fiend yuh know
Mr. Kardinal deal with the mic rockin V.A. to the dot
Stop whinin when we (Pharell: Grinding!)

Chorus: Pusha T (Pharrell)
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