Lil' Flip, Out There Grindin' (Remix)

(feat. Play, Skillz)

Remix, remix, ha ha

[Hook]

Is it cause them boys is out there shinin', (shinin') Maybe cause them boys is out there grindin', (grindin') Platinum pieces wid Canary diamonds, (diamonds) The haters is talkin' but never mind them (never mind them)

[Skillz]

I don't even push caine and I push the brain Ahead of the game, came in range Not the Rover never pullin' over smooth like Hova gettin' older, (it's the remix) Not the mafia but the three six is parked outside Got you thinkin' how you got, left with a Lincoln Me and Flip on some new shit We stayin' alive no bullshit Stick to the motto, pump a few bottles fuck a few models, feel no sorrow People said to slow my roll But the bread's comin' fast and I know That the platinum pieces keep me shinin' Thinkin' of my mother keeps me grindin' Entered the game at a young age I'm on my own I'm out the cage If you say I'm young and I can't get in Use a fake I.D. with a picture of my rim Twenty fours, might work, who knows Skillz on the track with a platinum rapper Pockets gettin' much fatter

[Hook]

[Lil' Flip]

I got, big rocks all in my cross Every night a different hoe I toss You better check the facts check the stacks Y'all niggaz lost How much my jewelry cost Just ask my nigga Boss It's winter time so you know the birds flyin' south So spread it word of mouth, I'm tryna get 'em all We from the Clover nigga we gon' make it through the drought Got thirty in the vault, got fifty on my neck A hundred on my wrist, three hundred on my check Five hundred on my Benz, four hundred for my friends We rollin' on lorenz, watch the spinners spin We pimpin' hoes like Ken, we never drink on gin My records always spin, I gotta win nigga

[Hook]

No matter what the mood is, in a throwback Saint Louis Shinin' and grindin' these ain't no birds these is Canary diamonds So quit ya yappin', rappin' before I get to clappin' From the 2-1-4, 7-1-3 I stay on my Q's stay on my P's I do what I do I do it wid ease, so bitch please The topic is, the fact that I'm shinin' Windows down and yo I'm grindin' Not the Clipse but I got some clips

Ten stacks, and I make a hit
Then I flip to a brick and add a five
Hit the block, now it's time to grind
Pants saggin' money braggin'
Playin' a one coachin' a two
H-one, H-twos, flippin' a Jag bounce in a coupe
From state to state, bitches to models
Pop the bottle different zones
Time zone, fire's on, whooo!
I'm in jacob zone

[Hook]

It's the remix
Shinin' (southside)
Grindin' (northside)
Diamonds (eastside)
Never mind them (westside), ha ha
That's how we do it man
Lil flipper, underground legend
You gotta feel me, you gotta feel me
I ain't fuck off my budget
You gotta feel me, haha, whoo!