

N*E*R*D*, Grindin

[Pharrell]

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

[Pusha T]

From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard

I sell it whip on whip, it's off the hard

I'm the...neighbourhood pusha

Call me subwoofer, 'cause I pump "base" like that, Jack

On or off the track, I'm heavy cuz

Ball 'til you fall cause you could duck to the fetti gov's

Sorry my love, what I'm seeing through these eyes

Biz 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

[Pharrell]

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

...(Hu-huuh...)

[Malice]

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 pot 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 me

[Pharrell]

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

...(Hu-huuh...)

[The Clipse]

Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining (Whoof...)

Niggas better stay in line, when (Whoof...)

When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)

Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining (Whoof...)

Niggas better stay in line, when (Whoof...)

When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)

[Malice]

My grind's 'bout family, never been about fame
From days I wasn't 'Abel/able', there was always 'Cain/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
with two tips whoever gets in the way
Not to mention rocket meaner the icing on the cake
[Pusha T]
I get grinds like cripple
Balance weight on my nipple
Kids call me Mr. Sniffles
Other hand on my nickel
...
It's like may name was name was Slick Ric
My aim is still an issue
lose your soul in whatever palm I'm holdin' it in
Wanna leave you whole but I'm grindin' Jag