

# Grits

Audio Push

Rock the boat, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits

Met me a lil gypsy that like incense and getting tipsy  
Choosing on your fella 'cause I remind her of Mandela  
Jacob on I'm flexing in, but this ain't the Old Testament  
Oktane, I'm still rapping with  
I can't tell you where rest them went  
Damn but I'm still alive, thank the man up high  
When I'm high, sitting inside my ride I'm still a stand-up guy  
Look how they come after you when you never bruised  
Look at all the friends you lose when you tell the truth  
Back against the wall still feel a hundred feet tall  
Versace on my drawers, like Lavar's sons I ball  
Been a boss since 16 I moved out my mothers  
Baby got her own green so we smoked each other out  
Picked her up in Carson, we don't fuck with Ben Carson  
VVS on glow, better resurrect your soul  
Work them hips, stir them grits  
Country fried, shake that shit  
Ah ah ah ah, it's quiet for that hatin' shit

Rock the boat, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits

She thicker than a snicker and that thang got that grip  
Don't need no Lamborghini just Mustang that's that whip  
They hate on you then shake your hand, damn that's that shit  
We coming in, busting through the line, that's that bliss  
Smooth nigga with the best flow  
By the time you get it it's a retro  
Up down, up down  
She go up down up down  
New sound what now?  
They said they put us on a black list  
Couldn't tell got back in  
Now we call that black magic  
She hit the pole pay the bills  
I don't judge, don't judge  
Everywhere I go I show love, everywhere I go I blow buds  
I don't go to no clubs  
Gotta be somebody birthday  
Your best day my worst day  
I dress like it's first day  
Focus in the work place

Put it all in my face  
Got it all back there girl  
Don't let it all go to waste  
Just landed with a fly camera  
You swerve the ship, I'm a Titanic  
When I go down, do not panic  
Take you out your body I'm outstanding

Rock the boat, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits  
Yeah rock the pole, swerve the ship  
Make it hot, stir the grits