

Grind

Birdman

And we gon' grind, I said we gon' grind, yeah I said we gon' grind, yeah...

I'm grindin' ya'll.

Fuck it we gon' get it on em'
Pop it and split it homie
Livin' and hustle on em, grindin' till we billions on em
More money new lens, more money new benz
More money two twins, what we toatin' homie
Got it from the bottom raised to the top with it.
Hundred million rock with it, hundred mill drop with it
Got the Benz and the phantom like way back
Hard to fit the cars in my hood, bitch touch that
model drinkin' out the bottle with it
On the island with it, money and power with it
Watch the lil nigga jam on you bitches
While I'll be sittin' on the island nigga fuckin' these bitches
One hundred

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Same clothes
three days
watch me get my grind on
My auntie say I smoke too much that's why a nigga mind gone
I can't stop hustlin' I get it from my Dad
All I know is bumps, keys, stacks and zip-lock bags
rental car tinted out
time to hit the interstate
Got a fetish for ferrari's and bad bitch I can renovate
seeI ain't talkin' penny weight, I'm talkin big pun,
I'm talkin breakin' ya'll down till the last union
Poppy know my forte, I get 'em and drop 'em
They want 'em up the rug, we shak'em down and re'rock 'em
I gotta get it it's all about a dollar
I do it everyday so I do it blue collar

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See I came across the state line, know I had to get mine
A hundred mill for the ticket
a full out straight grind
You know I had to get back where I started,
Know I had to get back what I lost, new fleet that I ordered
Got more chips clippin' out the other lips
Bag full of birds homie born hood rich
Came from the rockets, straight to the top
That's how we gettin' it big money won't stop

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