

Yes
Grind
Yeah
Running up the sets again
I'm having fun with it, you know them ones
These niggas are struggling out here
Boom

Just got me a sprayer pump
Came out in my Nike suit, and my red dunks
Came out in the right mood, Imma clean up
Been up since the stars, sun and the clouds touched
And I done about 20 shots, and I parked up
Stepped out the whip, yo saw, they were starstruck
Young bucks, so I just wait, and they all blushed
Wrote Grind on their school books, they were all touched
Boom buck what I've heard new stuff
Told him all that I've bought, he said 'Ah, fuck! '
Hung up, look for some creps, for the last touch
Tried some Air Force in the 9, got a size up
DJs ringing my line for some hot dubs
Claim that they're playing some hard stuff, but it's not us
Didn't wanna to play our tunes, when we Now they're all up in our shit like
some bum-fluff
Stop now, go back 4 lines, feel my new style
In my new clothes, I put them in my nice house
Stayed in, took a nice nap, for a nice while
Woke up, feeling all fresh and it's night now
Came out, drew a hot ting, fucked her brains out
Change out of the sweaty suit, and it's stained out
Line rings, so I run quick to the trap house
Bagged up about 30 draws, now I'm staying out

Ain't my swagger great?
My little shop in West End, that's my swagger place
Stepped in with a happy face
Told him give me two course, like a Canapé
I'm a black yout'
That cute, chicks looking like I'm that yout'
Fat zoot, black boots, cap Went Spiderman 3, with the black suit
Been in the trap like 3 months
Go and get your own dough, this ain't a free lunch
Fam I make my own dough, look at me stunt
Fur coat packs a mean punch
, leave blunt
I can do this all day just let the beat run
Sweet tongue, he runs when the beats done
You just took my whole flow, made a cheap one
I can make a mixtape before the weeks' done
When you make a CD it's kinda weak son
You could drop a CD, get a weeks' run
'Ard Bodied months later, that's the streets done
'Ard Bodied that's the streets one
Hollowman and Dubz on the streets tongue
Drop Walk in da Park, that's my heat done
They'll be banging me again, like a re-run
Fam I'm just chilling

I just kicked the door off, left the shit swinging
No nit picking, no dick clinging
Four years and not bats, got the fifth in him
It was hard luck
Went to throw the towel in, you can ask Buck
Now we roll up and we park up
Jump out of the whip, women starstruck
They're like 'ah fuck'
That's that nigga that always drops the hard stuff
Little dark sluts
Wanna laugh up, touch my arse up
Fuck a hard nut
Niggas know me from the hood, when the star-struck
You'll be seeing stars, duck
Ain't talking coffee shots when my star-bucks