

Grits - Freestyle

Inspectah Deck

Gotta hang out there
Niggaz keep counting us out (yeah yeah yeah yeah)
Niggaz ain't acting nice (back again)
Raider Ruckus (y'all muthaf**kers thought I was dead)
Plans into this shit... (the Urban Icon, HG's, UDZ's)
Nigga, I got a... (the Unda Dogz, Live Son, the shit is crazy, yo)

I be House Gang, from the pits we blew
On your ass, like the Ravens, number 52
Nickel plates on the "get-u's", my chicks be true
Chain hang from my nuts, and the whips be new
On the block like the mailbox, airing for block
Neighborhoods watch, so we gotta share for the cops
Watch you glaring at pops? I don't sleep, stay aware from the p
lots
Bump 'em off right there in the spot
This is harder than a prison wall, shut up and listen y'all
HG's, UDZ's, physically fit to brawl
S.I.N.Y., certified, keep, out of town pussy on the passenger s
ide
And crews, east side, splashing the five, mashing the drive
Big face nigga, fashion is live
Like son, check the bodies 'fore you buy that gun
f**k with HG's, nah, don't try that son
Here's a jewel for you kid, you can eye that one
Or you can get it f**ked up and just die that young
I'm from the home where the buffalo roam
And niggaz don't give a flying f**k, talk with signs up
Walk with the nine tucked, leave your eyes wide shut
Size you up for a cut, of a single buck

Yeah, we from the grits, y'all
S.I.N.Y., 10304, my nigga Live Son on the track
Yeah.. "The Fugitive" Carlton Fisk, what's good?
La Banga... Donnie Cash, strong arming this shit
Raider Ruckus...