

Grinder

Kevin Gates

Because I'm a grinder (oh oh oh oh oh)
I get money for real (oh oh oh oh oh) [x2]

Let the light hit on the ice
The chain keeps swinging
Love women with ass but they names keep changing
Move a lot of way
My section ain't safe
Definitely protective of any physical preference
Might forget to pray but get much respect up in heaven
Graw got a loud sound (Ugh)
Make them bow down
Blinded by the silver lining
In the grown cloud
You ain't wylin
Okay you don't bounce
You get blown blown
Tryna' frown like you won't get found
Somewhere down town
By a killer in the inner seat
And where you ride around

For a long time I been getting paper
I could never mind stepping on you haters
See I don't know what you think but they feel I'm retawdid
Know it's a name for it but I don't know what to call it

For a long time I been getting paper
I got my money right, bitch get out the way

Because I'm a grinder (oh oh oh oh oh)
I get money for real (oh oh oh oh oh) [x4]

Being the subject of the reprocutation
Where they blans round
You ain't busting it ain't no discussion
You can stand down
First I tell my home boy
Point me and his bitch out
Then I let my pants sag
Then I pull my dick out
Turn my phone off
Don't want no phone calls
Too many women
They get sick me with them phone calls
It go ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring
But my mind is on hustling
When I was dead broke
Weren't nobody trying to fuck with me
Now I dead game
People try to get in touch with me
Now my dreads hang
I ain't ringing in the city streets
You mad because your kids and your baby momma feeling me

For a long time I been getting paper
I could never stepping on you haters

My home boy tripping because he's an alcoholic
Know it's a name for it but I don't know what to call it

Because I'm a grinder (oh oh oh oh oh)
I get money for real (oh oh oh oh oh) [x4]

For a long time I been getting paper
I could never stepping on you haters