

Get Yo' Grits

Mac Dre

[Hook: Mac Dre]

Bitches wanna get licks
Niggas wanna get blood
We all wanna get rich and have phat cars and clothes
Bitches wanna get licks
Niggas wanna get blood
We all wanna get rich and have phat cars and clothes

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]

I play, laugh and smile but I know life ain't no joke
You could be filthy rich one day and the next morning wake up broke
I'm glad I learned my lesson, way back in '87
I was wide around the mouth, buying burritos at 7Eleven
Boy I used to think it was all about jewelry, cars and fits
'Til an OG told me, "young nigga get yo' grits"
Now I get grits in sums that are lump
Heart like Roy Jones, mind like Donald Trump
Cash, R-U-L-E-S everything around me, it's obvious
So hustle I must D-O if he O
He gonna pay a nigga like Reno 'cause he know
You don't play with me or my skrill
Boy I'm hella cool but don't make me kill
Just soak up this pimping tip
And listen to me when I say get yo' grits

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[Verse 2: Mac Dre]

I steady fiend for green and I'm clocking it fat
'Cause life has no meaning when your pockets is flat
Boy, gotta have that cheese, on this game I'm scrambling
Quick getting spitting, mittens handling Hamiltions
U, G chasing, replace them H-O-E's who make no cheese
No time to be wasting my conversation making G's
Savage about it, not without it, let me hear you shout it
My cabbage sprouted, jackers scouted, boy I don't doubt it
Niggas is hungry homie, lonely without their grits
Bitches be phony homie for chips, ain't that a bitch
But I don't break and I won't fake, gotta keep it real
And they gon' hate, 'cause I'm gon' make a motherf*cking meal

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[Verse 3: Mac Dre]

Money makes this world spin
Not your man or girlfriend
I keep my mind on that dollar, turning down nothing but my collar
Gotta take care of me and my seed
Buy what I want not what I need
A nigga want something substantial made
Don't want no damn financial aid
Getting them checks from the G-O-V
You better H-U-S-T-L-E
'Cause day in, day out, big skrill's what it's all about
Boy I love my bank roll
Don't feel cool if it ain't swole
Gotta get cabbage gotta get chips
Gotta be a savage and get my grits
Ready for funk nigga, who want drama?
Collecting mail just like 2Pac's mama
Crestsider, Romp rider, might of robbed your bitch
Gotta get my cabbage biscuits gravy and grits

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[Outro: Mac Dre]
Yeah, y'all ain't feeling a nigga though
I'm hungrier then a motherf*cker
Gotta a dime of Mexican money
I bet you after this shit drop I'm gonna be real fat boy
You know what I'm saying?
I'm hungry as a short mouth wolf right not
I'm gonna eat
To that big head motherf*cker on that hundred dollar bill
I'm coming after you baby
Yeah, you better keep running
Nah there ain't no running I'm gonna catch your ass
I'm gonna have a million of you motherf*ckers
Right there sitting up on the window
In Wells Fargo bank, real large baby
It don't stop, young [?] up in this bitch, fresh out
Boy full of that Top Ramen, [?] running through his veins
Yeah he hungry too, and you know he gonna get it
You know he gonna get it

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