

# Grindin

Ras Kass

If you like what you see, make a movie  
Get ya grind on, playa haters, always lose  
It's about fun, gettin money, layin in the cut  
We everything you need, now what's up

It's the nigga you love to hate, '98  
Now how much cheese can one black nigga take  
Convertible Jag XK8 wit customized plates  
Playmates jumpin out my birthday cake  
See we be on one, so raise the roof  
Or we gon tear the club up, hosin daisy dukes  
I made you lose, orange juice mixed wit Indo  
I be doin my thug dizzo, that's for shizzo  
C Arson baby, born and raised  
Back in the Kay kays, when we was babies  
Now, I get around like a circle  
Squeezin on ya lady fat ass like a girdle  
Latino cute, she was built somethin fierce  
21, had a tongue and a bellybutton pierced  
Playa, I think your wifey wanna politely bite me  
Play Marv Albert, but that hurt boo, blow lightly

And all the ladies say  
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)  
And all the hustlers say  
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)  
And everybody say  
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)  
And all the niggas say  
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)

Let's take you back to the basics  
I smack a rapper's ass like a dominatrix  
Life is cruel, faces and misdemeanor cases  
More chedda, the more better  
Family trunk tight,  
wit my grandma dressin all you chickens on fight night  
I'm flossin in Vegas, like dream come true  
Whippin a '98 cream, V1-2  
Of course, you be seein me in one two  
Or me, three, lazer cut key boo, one on Peach Tree  
One on Crenshaw, one on one-two fifth  
Walkin in a B-Boy stance, holdin my dick  
I'm sick, flippin scripts like nixel plicks on chicks  
If they ridin on my Navy, like fleas and tits  
You need to just, catch us in the club  
Tear drunk minimum, freak 'em from the back, then I'm bendin 'em  
And it don't stop, til the fat lady sing  
But where Roseanne Barr at any way? Knowwhatimean?

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A material girl in a material world  
Read her lips from 'cross the crowd, she said give me your world  
But you can have a piece of my love tonight  
I gets my swerve on like D.U.I.  
True lies between two thighs, no shame in my game  
Tryin to take over the world like Pinky and the Brain  
Gotta get a lotta C.H.I.P.S. like Eric Estrada  
And gotta get a lotta hits like a fly swatter  
Kick it to up scale hoochies, the one who wear a thousand dollar dress  
And still got five on it stress  
Don't get it twisted, why you over there lookin at me  
If you ain't comin home tonight, let's get it on tonight  
Blame it on the Alize, Moet, the Chronic, the mic and strobe lights  
Yeah, I'm knowin, that's why women keep they panty lines showin  
Grindin, and grindin, and grindin

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