Blam Blam

Killer Mike

Grindtime (oh the mercy)
Yo one time for yo man this is Grindtime check and (Welcome To The Grindhous
e!) And we gonna do it West Indian Style for you this time yo sniff and cash
 on the B'

When the glock go blam blam, (boom, boom) You die you don't get jiggy done you're done done No there's nowhere to hide nowhere to run run Grindtime motherfuckers here we come come Once again when the glock go blam blam, (boom, boom) You die you don't get jiggy done you're done done No there's no where to hide nowhere to run run Grindtime motherfuckers here we come come Rude boys if you feel me bust your gun

Usually the two would be Beside me when I cruise the street Blue your feet blue your seat He who moves usually Cool it be, slow your roll These niggas here dey cool with me Rock the same shoes as me Went to the same school as me News would be, That these niggs I am tryin bring up on ya, I just called to let ya know, You need to keep the K up on ya Chop up all these credit cards Career is all that laid up on ya Skeet skeet, Move fast don't let them bitches lay up on ya You know you really wanna be rollin instead Hey there some niggas out here tryin to put a hole in yo head Hey and sold ya for bread Findin the life that we chose Fast cars and this money And these trifling hoes Keep it real!

Who wanna test-a the goon or the pride I keep it on my hips they call me onsly Go and let a few fly That made a few die Some fell straight down others handglide But none of them survive the rising of the tide Drown in they own blood Like pigs in the mud Insert a few buds Make sure he don't bud Or toss or throw away I don't hold the grub

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Amongst eachothe, we trust each brother

There's another mad situation, Sad situation That every nigga I know is in a bad situation (Situation) I'm tired of waiting, Tired of being patient, Tired of waking up wondering if we gonna make it (gonna make it) My hands are full I'm a Grindtime disciple Right hand the Bible Left hand the rifle (a rifle) We freed us boys And we both got degrees I got mine from the schools He got his from the street Told me "little nigga don't be like me" (like me) yes I didn't listen no disr especting he (now back to me) It's kind of sad That that's all I want to be A member of the game Rappin and using slang And even at career day I said the same thang Teacher shook her haid "What a god damn shame" But really motherfucker Who really should you blame I had protica my environment Workin towards retirement Just another motherfucker Trying to come up Hand above the water And Get head from your daughter But who gives a fuck Go on and sign me up Big Slim in the building nigga throw ya G'z up!

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