

# Grind

Childish Gambino

Ooh, aah, oh yeah  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind  
Ooh, aah, oh yeah  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind  
Fallin' out, ooh, down  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind  
Oh, fallin' down, oh yeah  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind

I turn 'em like Tina, I don't tote ninas  
But a nigga walked up and get served like subpoenas  
And I ain't broke neitha, I got a in-between  
So when I say about a million what I mean is bitch  
fiend  
I gotta keep grinding, my name Tony Hawk  
'Cause I grind with my boys sometimes at the park  
A heavy-ass kid, easy on the cake  
Until I got to New York and I started losin' weight  
And when I say "weight," I do mean "weight"  
Now I'm thin like the line between love and hate  
Cause I used to go skate  
Nigga I'm paid, this kid don't play like a high-top  
fade  
I don't get laid, I'm back at the studio  
The closest girls get is watchin' old Derrick videos  
Girls don't get it, say I work too much  
Pass boo the cell phone and say, "Girl, be in touch"  
But we won't be in touch, I know that for sure  
You ain't in love with me, you like my décor  
Christian Dior, pastel and Jack  
If it's in hot pink then it's on my back  
I'm young and I'm black and the world is my oyster  
Watchin' Top Chef on my European sofa  
These niggas so fake like an old toupee  
So clear call this shit Blu-Ray

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Take me to a hospital, call me Ebola  
And a nigga flow sweet, so I spit Coca Cola  
And my boys sold boulders, but I gotta do it my way  
We grindin' the same, but we usin' different pathways  
Gotta make ends meet, a means to an end  
And I hate seein' niggas usin' "grind," for pretend  
This ain't pretend, and I ain't pretendin'  
We eatin' out late like I hang with the gremlins  
Call David Geffen, we about to switch places

The game is a hold, got a pocket full of aces  
Boy, I'm a phenom, I can't be stopped  
Had my RA pager on my first day at 30 Rock  
Headed for big things like I'm runnin' Salma Hayek  
Four Seasons plus no more work at the Hyatt  
I'm fly and I'm high like a pilot  
But you can't see me like an eyelid, vibin', uh

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Aah, aah  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind  
Fallin' out, ooh, yeah  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind  
Got to get on my grind  
Yeah