

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

Ooh yeah
Got to get on my grind
Got to get on my grind
Got to get on my grind
Oh, aah, oh yeah
Got to get on my grind
Got to get on my grind

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

Ooh

Got to get on my grind

Got to get on my grind

Got to get on my grind

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