

Grindin'

Chris Webby

Yeah,
I love girls,
What's the matter with that?
And they like me back
As a matter of fact.
See I'm at the bar
Grabbing a drink,
Give 'em a wink.
If she smiles
I'll be over there quick as an eye blinks.

And I think you lookin' real sexy, yo.
If you wanna hit the dance floor,
Let me know.
I'm already thinkin' about hittin' it
Or licking it like licorice.
Wishin' the perfect image
It change up the sun into me.

Your style,
Girl I'm diggin' it.
She stay fly
And if she got the fresh kicks on
I gotta say hi.
I be
Highly
Skilled with the rhythm
Don't try me.

Step up in the club,
No I.D.
Like I don't give a fuck
That I'm 19.
Find me at the bar doin' work,
Lookin' for the girl here with the shortest skirt.

Now go back forth,
Right left,
Pull it,
Push till you're running out of breathe
With me.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.
Back forth,
Left right,
Grab it,
Tongue goin' at it all night
With me.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.

Screamin' Ay Bay Bay
In the club
So make way.
Just had a pay day,
Ya need vajayjay,
Okay?

Now y'all ain't ready for this,
Girl so just stop.
Take a break real quick.

Not smoother,
Slick,
But my game's still sick.
I'll make Tila Tequila stick to the dick.
Listen to this;
Hip-hop song soon as I enter.
For stop on the list,
To the closest bartender.
Checkin' on the list
As to find me a chick.
After I sing right out my peoples
And drank a bit.

Taking shot after shot after shot after shot.
If I got money,
Then why not?
I got lyrics,
And rhyme hot.
I got the hottest bitches on campus on my-
What?
'Cause it's all about the sex man,
Just jump on the dance floor
And grind like an X-Game.

Now go back forth,
Right left,
Pull it,
Push till you're running out of breathe
With me.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.
Back forth,
Left right,
Grab it,
Tongue goin' at it all night
With me.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.
Stay grindin' on the dance floor.

One time
And two steppin',
I'm two steppin'.
I rhyme with perfection,
I grind with aggression.
I'm from behind
On the side in resection.
Got it on her mind,
But the grind's my profession.
If she get blogged
Cup a wine for refreshment.

On the dance floor
Tryin' to find a contestant.
So try to find a contestant,
What a shame
Even if you're fine
You're a freshman.
Three of four options,
Never nothing less than.

Dimes do it
Never find my dimension.
No.

Eights and nines,
And two or three sevens,
And if you line 'em up
It's booty meet heaven.
A couple shots here and there
Feeling invincible.
Mami over there
And her friend's irrisistible.
I scored 3,
And called it the hattrick,
The transition from the dance floor
To my mattress.

Just grind with me,
Yeah, grind with me.
Yeah,
Drop it to the floor
Girl, grind with me.
Just grind with me,
C'mon and grind with me.
If you hustle on my rocket
And you grind with me.
Now, grind with me.
C'mon and grind with me.
My sexy women and the bar
Just grind with me.
Now grind with me,
Get on your grind with me.
Who can grind with me?
Now baby grind with me.
Yeah.
I'm feelin' good.
Stay on that grind, baby.
But you got a bag full of dubs in your pocket,
And a fat ass baggin' all up on your shit,
Stay grindin'.
Holla.