

# Grindin'

Clipse

Yo, I go by the name  
(I'm yo' Pusha) Of Pharrell from the Neptunes  
And I just wanna let y'all know (I'm yo' Pusha)  
The world is about to feel  
Something (I'm yo' Pusha)  
That they've never felt before, c'mon

From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard  
I sell it whip on whip, it's off the hard  
I'm the neighborhood Pusha  
Call me sub woofer, 'cause I pump bass like that, Jack  
On or off the track, I'm heavy 'cause  
Ball 'til you fall 'cause you could duck to the fetti govs  
Sorry my love, what I'm seeing through these eyes  
Benz convoys with the wagon on the side  
Only big boys keep deuces on the ride  
Gucci Chuck Taylor with the dragon on the side  
Man, I make a buck, why scam?  
I'm trying to show y'all who the fuck I am  
The jewels is flirting me, damned if I'm hurting  
Legend in two games like I'm Pee Wee Kirkland  
Platinum on the block with consistent hits  
While Pharrell keep talking this music shit

Grindin'! (Ah)  
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Patty cake, patty cake, I'm the baker's man  
I bake them cakes as fast as I can  
And you can tell by how my bread stack up  
And disguised in this rap so the Feds back up  
Watch it, like my whip, like my chick, topless  
Doing a buck-six with me in the cockpit  
Grindin' cousin, I got hoes for a dozen  
Even Eleven-5, if I see ya keep it comin'  
And my weight, that's just as heavy as my name  
So much dough, I can't swear I won't change  
Excuse me if my wealth got me full of myself  
Cocky, something that I just can't help  
'Specially when them 20's is spinning like windmills  
And the ice 32 below minus the wind chill  
Filthy, the word that best defines me  
I'm just grinding man, y'all never mind me

Grindin'! (Ah)  
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Grindin'! (Ah)

Grindin' (Whoooof), when you know what I keep in a linin' (Whoooof)  
Niggas better stay in line, when (Whoooof)  
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grinding!)

(Grindin') Grindin', when you know what I keep in a linin' (Whooof)  
Niggas better stay in line, when (Whooof)  
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grinding!)

My grind's 'bout family, never been about fame  
From days I wasn't able there was always 'caine  
Four and a half will get you in the game  
Anything less is just a goddamn shame  
Guess the weight, my watch got blue chips in the face  
Glock with two tips, whoever gets in the way  
Not to mention the hideaway that rests by the lake  
Consider my raw demeanor the icing on the cake, I'm Grinding

I move 'caine like a cripple  
Balance weight through the hood  
Kids call me Mr. Sniffles, other hand on my nickel  
Plated whistle, one eye closed I'll hit you  
As if I was Slick Rick my aim is still an issue  
Lose your soul in whichever palm I'm holdin'  
One'll leave you frozen, the other, noddin' and dozin', I'm grindin' Jack

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