

Grillz Gleamin

DJ Drama

They grill—they grill—they grill gleamin'! (gleamin'!)
You know Bohagon had to come through to fuck with y'all, man!
Chea, I'm is world-renowned, we mobbing through your town
Smoking good and pouring rounds, big rims that go around
On peanut butter seat, suede leather, cut a crease
I blow smoke up through the roof, spit poetry off the booth
I'm gon' come through shining hard, dirt roads or boulevards
Plenty hoes and plenty cars, I don't deal, I just play the cards!
This here that Gangsta Grill, that other shit ain't for real
That other shit ain't the real, listen here, this what it is (What it is!)

Well, it's that thick chick that's on the scene
Got the crown on my head so you know it's me
And even if you don't, niggas the bling
And I roll with a group of niggas holding things!
Big bank boss chick with the ass poked out
Rise to the top, yeah, bitch, laugh now!
Got a Competition? No, all the other bitches back down!
Looking for a nigga that's riding clean
Got a nice-ass car and a grill that gleam!
Down-ass-nigga is what I really need
Don't got what I want? You on the wrong team
Know on the low-key, you hoes are gon' see
When I walk through the club, all eyes are on me!
Grind to the finish, I hustle with more cheese
I'm a cool-ass chick, the know me
Ballin' Princess, yup, never slacking
Talking that shit to me ain't what it is
I can be jazzy with my heels on
Or thug it out with Timbs and a Gangsta Grill!
I'm a smart chick, I'm bankin' on mills
Sad 'cause I'm around, they hate when I'm real
Down with the Mob, I'm all about the bills
If you go against me, I'mma thank you still!

Yeah!

I got diamonds on my neck and diamonds on my wrist
Yeah, they say I fuck with shorty, I got diamonds on my dick
Ay! Yeah, they ask me "How does it feel?"
I ain't got a Paul Wall, but I got a Gangsta Grill
45 stacks, add tax, that's 50
Nigga real, shorty, ask Jon and 50
I got something for them boys that wanna come get me
I'mma hit you with this semi, damn right I'm
Diamond, yeah!
Neck gleamin' and glistenin', blue and yellow like Michigan
Yeah, my nigga tote pistols and keep a couple grand in his hand
Don't stand a chance, I must remind you
Bitch, I'm Diamond, I'm still gon' blind you
Talkin' shit and I will come find you
Whippin' is some shit with Diamond
Simon says show me your wrist
Shit and diamonds wanna take a piss
I don't care, you can call me Miss
Razzle Dazzle or Twinkle, bitch!
You need a chick like me, I'm honest
Diamonds on my feet and stomach

A boss bitch that's always stuntin'
See the bling before I'm comin'
I'm rich, bitches! So go on and hate
And a nigga got money in the bank
On the streets I got that work
Hit a lick, I got that stank
Hpnotiq off in my drink
You wanna wife me, but you know you can't
Ho, I'm shining for a reason
Make a nigga think he dreamin'
'Cause you know your girl be...

[Hook]