

Out There Grindin' (remix)

Lil' Flip

Remix, remix, ha ha
Is it cause them boys is out there shinin', (shinin')
Maybe cause them boys is out there grindin', (grindin')
Platinum pieces wid Canary diamonds, (diamonds)
The haters is talkin' but never mind them (never mind them)

I don't even push caine and I push the brain
Ahead of the game, came in range
Not the Rover never pullin' over
smooth like Hova gettin' older, (it's the remix)
Not the mafia but the three six is parked outside
Got you thinkin' how you got, left with a Lincoln
Me and Flip on some new shit
We stayin' alive no bullshit
Stick to the motto, pump a few bottles
fuck a few models, feel no sorrow
People said to slow my roll
But the bread's comin' fast and I know
That the platinum pieces keep me shinin'
Thinkin' of my mother keeps me grindin'
Entered the game at a young age
I'm on my own I'm out the cage
If you say I'm young and I can't get in
Use a fake I.D. with a picture of my rim
Twenty fours, might work, who knows
Skillz on the track with a platinum rapper
Pockets gettin' much fatter

I got, big rocks all in my cross
Every night a different hoe I toss
You better check the facts check the stacks
Y'all niggaz lost
How much my jewelry cost
Just ask my nigga Boss
It's winter time so you know the birds flyin' south
So spread it word of mouth, I'm tryna get 'em all
We from the Clover nigga we gon' make it through the drought
Got thirty in the vault, got fifty on my neck
A hundred on my wrist, three hundred on my check
Five hundred on my Benz, four hundred for my friends
We rollin' on lorenz, watch the spinners spin
We pimpin' hoes like Ken, we never drink on gin
My records always spin, I gotta win nigga

No matter what the mood is, in a throwback Saint Louis
Shinin' and grindin' these ain't no birds these is Canary diamonds
So quit ya yappin', rappin' before I get to clappin'
From the 2-1-4, 7-1-3 I stay on my Q's stay on my P's
I do what I do I do it wid ease, so bitch please
The topic is, the fact that I'm shinin'
Windows down and yo I'm grindin'
Not the Clipse but I got some clips
Ten stacks, and I make a hit
Then I flip to a brick and add a five
Hit the block, now it's time to grind
Pants saggin' money braggin'
Playin' a one coachin' a two

H-one, H-twos, flippin' a Jag bounce in a coupe
From state to state, bitches to models
Pop the bottle different zones
Time zone, fire's on, whooo!
I'm in jacob zone

It's the remix
Shinin' (southside)
Grindin' (northside)
Diamonds (eastside)
Never mind them (westside), ha ha
That's how we do it man
Lil flipper, underground legend
You gotta feel me, you gotta feel me
I ain't fuck off my budget
You gotta feel me, haha, whoo!