

# Get Your Grits

Mac Dre

Bitches wanna get licked, niggaz wanna get blowed.  
We all wanna get rich and have fat cars and clubs.  
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I play laugh and smile, but I know life ain't no joke.  
You could be filthy rich one day.  
And the next morning end up broke.  
I'm glad I learned my lesson, way back in '87.  
I was wide around the mouth, by them burritos, 7-11.  
Boy I used to think it was all about jewelry, cars and fits.  
Till an O-G told me, young nigga get yo grits.  
Now I get grits and sums that are lum.  
Heart like Roy Jones, mind like Donald Trump.  
Cash R, -U-L-B-S.  
Everything around me is a. B.S.  
So hustle, I must deal with he-o.  
He gonna pay a nigga like real 'cause he know.  
You don't play me or my scrill.  
Boy I'm hella cool but don't make me kill.  
Just sake up this pimpin' tip.  
And listen to me when I say, Get yo grits.

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I steady fen for green and I'm clocking it fast.  
'Cause like has no meaning when yo pockets is flat, Boy.  
Gotta have that cheese on this came I'm scrabblin'.  
Quit getting' spittin' mittens Hamilton Hamilton's... Uh.  
Cheese chase and replace in them hate yo wigs who make no cheese.  
No time to be waistin' my conversations making G's.  
Savage about it not without out it, let me hear you shout it.  
My cabbage sprouted, jackers scout it, boy I don't doubt it.  
Niggaz is hungry homey, lonely, without they grits.  
Bitches be phony, on me for chips, ain't that a bitch?  
But I don't brake, and I don't fake, gotta keep it real.  
And they gone hate, 'cause I'm gone make, a mothafuckin' meal.

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Money makes this world spin.  
Not yo man or girlfriend.  
I keep my mind on that dollar.  
Turnin' down nothin' but my collar.  
Gotta take care of me and my seed.  
Buy what I want, not what I need.  
Nigga want somethin' substantial made, I don't want no damn financial aid.  
Getting' them checks from the G.O.V.  
You better s-u-d-l-e.  
'Cause day in, day out,  
Big skrils what it's all about.

Boy I live my bankroll.  
Don't feel cool if it ain't too old.  
Gotta get cabbage, gotta get chips.  
Gotta be a savage and get my grits.  
Ready for funk nigga, who want drama?  
Collecting mail just like 2Pac momma.  
Cress sider, romp rider, might of robed yo bitch.  
Gotta get my cabbage, bitchches, gravy and grits.

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Yeah, ya'll ain't feeling a nigga though.  
I'm in here hungrier then a mothafucka.  
Ain't got a dime in Mexican money.  
But I bet ya after this shit drop Imma be real fat boy.  
You know what I'm saying.  
I'm hungrier then a short mouth wolf rite now.  
Imma get it.  
And that big head mothafucka, who owe that 100-dollar bill.  
I'm coming after ya baby.  
Yeah. Ya better keep runnin'.  
Noah, that ain't no runnin', Imma catch yo ass.  
Gonna have a million of ya'll mothafuckas.  
Right there, sittin' up on the wander, in Wells Fargo Bank.  
Real large baby, and it don't stop.  
Young Clef up in this bitch.  
Fresh out. Clef full of that top Ramyn.  
Punno rinnin' through his vanes.  
Yeah, he hold me too.  
And you know we gonna get it...  
YOU KNOW WE GONNA GET IT!

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