

Grill 'Em

Pretty Ricky

[Chorus]

We, we, we dem, we dem, we dem Blue Stars
We, we, we dem, we dem, we dem Blue Stars
We, we, we dem, we dem, we dem Blue Stars

[Chorus]

Got blue ice in our chain
Got blue ice in our teeth
Now show yo grill man
Grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em, (show yo grill man)
Grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em
We, we, we dem, we dem, we dem Blue Stars
Got blue ice in our chain
Got blue ice in our teeth
Now show yo grill man
Grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em, (show yo grill man)
Grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em, (show yo grill man)

[Baby Blue]

I got a blue Impala
On some blue reams
When I'm stompin in New York I wear my blue Tims
I'm a blue star, rapper not a singer
I got blue leather interior and blue power rangers
Blue diamonds in my grill, blue underwear
New blue socks, blue rocks in my watch
Blue air force ones when I'm chillin wit Nelly
Got girls puttin I love u Baby Blue cross they belly
Baby Blue being true for dat Baby Blue clue
Ain't no proof getting these chicken loose
I bet they do
Pretty Ricky and Pitbull
Tellin Miami wat they do
I'm a gangsta 4-0 G
Interior sittin on Guicci seats
I rub my cuts, my Nike's clean
Baby Blue, Pretty Ricky
Man not be, be
You see, I see, you see
Baby got blue ice in my teeth
And I see, you see, we be
Crusin round da block in a blue Bentley
With no show fa, keeping a costa, in a hosta
U in yo testrosta
We crusin in a end a coasta

[Chorus]

[Spectacular]

Blue Bentley wit da blue reams
Customized wit da chromed grill
Platinum chain wit da blue gyms
Blue fitted wit da blue Tims
Blue stars to click da claim
Blue ice all in my chain
Blue panties comin off yo dame
Blue cards like a poker game

Chevy on 20's and I'm shinin
Hangin out my car cause I'm always clownin
Anything I see that I want I'm a buyin
And if I'm lyin, I'm flyin
Right now we got da biggest deal
Picture this forty mill
Keep 'em thinking that's how it is
So open yo mouth, show yo grill

[Chorus]

[Slick 'Em]
Give me a blue verse (blue verse)
Wit da blue skirts (wit da blue skirts)
Baby blue cut seats, got to make it work (got to make it work)
Blue diamonds in my teeth (my teeth)
Blue diamonds in my chain (my chain)
Don't like it, don't talk to the game playa
I'm off da chain (I'm off da chain)
Now ya'll can't mess wit a balla
Fine girls check boys, ya'll know we got 'em
Pass da one on da test
We gone get 'em all
Homeboy u softer than cotton
Now u have a problem huh
Cause people round here loose life everyday
Dat's M-I-A, dat's kind of ya day like
Give me my money, forget da fame
Now Slick 'Em down wit da nigga
Dem boys got lyrics dat's lethal
Lick you, hit you, and flip you
Leavin you cripple where you stand playa
I bet you a hater, I bet you afender
It's sarcasm
Spec, Pleasure, Baby Blue, and Slick 'Em
And we dem Blue Stars playa's

[Chorus]