

Grindin

Ras Kass

If you like what you see, make a movie
Get ya grind on, playa haters, always lose
It's about fun, gettin money, layin in the cut
We everything you need, now what's up

It's the nigga you love to hate, '98
Now how much cheese can one black nigga take
Convertible Jag XK8 wit customized plates
Playmates jumpin out my birthday cake
See we be on one, so raise the roof
Or we gon tear the club up, hosin daisy dukes
I made you lose, orange juice mixed wit Indo
I be doin my thug dizzo, that's for shizzo
C Arson baby, born and raised
Back in the Kay kays, when we was babies
Now, I get around like a circle
Squeezin on ya lady fat ass like a girdle
Latino cute, she was built somethin fierce
21, had a tongue and a bellybutton pierced
Playa, I think your wifey wanna politely bite me
Play Marv Albert, but that hurt boo, blow lightly

And all the ladies say
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)
And all the hustlers say
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)
And everybody say
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)
And all the niggas say
(Get your grind on, just get your grind on)

Let's take you back to the basics
I smack a rapper's ass like a dominatrix
Life is cruel, faces and misdemeanor cases
More chedda, the more better
Family trunk tight,
wit my grandma dressin all you chickens on fight night
I'm flossin in Vegas, like dream come true
Whippin a '98 cream, V1-2
Of course, you be seein me in one two
Or me, three, lazer cut key boo, one on Peach Tree
One on Crenshaw, one on one-two fifth
Walkin in a B-Boy stance, holdin my dick
I'm sick, flippin scripts like nixel plicks on chicks
If they ridin on my Navy, like fleas and tits
You need to just, catch us in the club
Tear drunk minimum, freak 'em from the back, then I'm bendin 'em
And it don't stop, til the fat lady sing
But where Roseanne Barr at any way? Knowwhatimean?

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A material girl in a material world
Read her lips from 'cross the crowd, she said give me your world
But you can have a piece of my love tonight
I gets my swerve on like D.U.I.
True lies between two thighs, no shame in my game
Tryin to take over the world like Pinky and the Brain
Gotta get a lotta C.H.I.P.S. like Eric Estrada
And gotta get a lotta hits like a fly swatter
Kick it to up scale hoochies, the one who wear a thousand dollar dress
And still got five on it stress
Don't get it twisted, why you over there lookin at me
If you ain't comin home tonight, let's get it on tonight
Blame it on the Alize, Moet, the Chronic, the mic and strobe lights
Yeah, I'm knowin, that's why women keep they panty lines showin
Grindin, and grindin, and grindin

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