

## **Santana F/ Everlast**

### **"Nitty Gritty"**

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Aaaaaaaw Yeah, Y'all know what's up with this right here. No playa haters allowed so everybody's not invited. So y'all got to keep y'all distance. Mind your own, you'll live long. Yeah. Check me out.

(1st Verse):

These jealous mental cowards got they eyes closed  
They didn't see me creeping up from behind they want to be me  
But I ain't trippin, sippin on something 90 proof  
>From the floor to the roof, I spit this game to youth  
By any means, dreams of being a lot more than poor  
If you ain't helping your family, then what you living for?  
You'd rather talk about the next man, like a busta  
Fool, don't make me reach out and touch ya  
Then never sleep again, just comprehend, don't playa hate  
And real ballers keep their pagers on vibrate  
Never try to floss and show off your stacking  
On the low, that's if you wanna stay away from the popos  
Known to attract heat like DeNiro, scandalous federalies  
Got their eyes on the whole state of Cali  
You wanna be a playa in this game but you gonna watch me win it  
Trying to escape reality...in four minutes

(Chorus):

Four minutes of funk-Get off your rump-move your bottom off the tree  
stump-ladies looking pretty, from city to city-and now I'm getting down  
to the nitty gritty.  
>From the bottom to the top, top to the bottom, come on Bullet Loc and  
get funky while we got 'em.

(2nd verse):

Gas or cash, ain't no free ride,  
Felony got love coming from both sides  
About to blow it up and that's on me, Ready to bring it  
on  
Man y'all gon' see, I tell my homie to give me a refill  
'Cause I don't give a damn, they got me standing on  
porkchop hill  
With the most of my mind gone, just because a  
youngsta wanna get his  
grind on - Fool kill that!  
I'm trying to feed my household, what should I do?  
To survive, I got to work for you?  
Increase the minumum wage, but you will never make  
me happy  
Huh, but a real nigga keep it nappy, Yeah so I connect  
With E-A-Ski for bomb songs, when they hear the  
record they wanna sing  
along, my business straight now the industries about to  
be dealed  
Soon as I hit the world up with four minutes.

(Chorus)

(3rd verse)

And if you ever say you can see me, it don't compute  
It's like walking through hell with a gasoline package  
suit  
I'm unfadable with this and about to show ya, time's up,  
I'm about to overthrow ya, it was nice to know ya  
I'm comin' with it to move 'em all, Never be no coward  
Keep hitting your enemy until they fall y'all  
And to my females that's never faking and paper  
chasing  
Time is just too valuable to be wasting  
On the independent stroke or with a ?  
I'm down with ya, let's put our heads together and now  
we get richer  
We got to get it while it's good to get  
Let's put it down, hit em up by suprise and then we  
leave town  
Don't you like the sound of that? Him skinny and me fat  
Count it up and split it 50/50 back at the flat  
To the end we represent-we in it to win it  
Trying to escape reality in four minutes

(Chorus)

