

## **Screwed Up Click f/ Grace, Mike D**

### **"Grindin Down I-10"**

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(\*talking\*)

You know yeah uh-huh, you know  
That's right uh-huh, what

[Hook - 2x]

(what you doing), bumping grinding on that Interstate  
10  
(who you with), pints pounds and a couple chickens  
(what we gon do), I'm trying to hustle and stack up  
some wins  
I gotta sell the shit we stole, and then do it again

[Grace]

Compressed pounds sealed pints, and A-1 chickens  
Back on the streets on the road again, bleeding down I-  
10  
Syrup cookies and cheese, plus I got bags full of weed  
And for you niggaz that want it, I got that lean bopping  
t's  
Taking trips on money flipped, it's like highway robbery  
Me and that L.O.S. get gone, chasing our currencies  
Hit your town in the hood, them Air Force 1's get to  
stepping  
Cash money brothers break boys, on the grind packing  
weapons  
Score it whip it and ship it, you know go-getters go get  
it  
Buy it low and sell it high, then come back cold with it  
Paper chasing pyrex shaking, deadly faces we making  
We got it all at wholesale, clientele we taking  
Making moves for the cash, thinking first so we last  
Fuck with your boy and get it good, I got a deal for your  
ass  
Nina pack for 45, 5-PT left 25  
Throw in a pound for fo' hundred, making sho' you  
satisfied

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

No need to ask, who on that highway booking em

Sunday catch me cowboy hat, with a cowboy look and  
uh  
Duelly trucker, yeah Corle' a mo'fucker  
Two hands fried up, thirty grand tied up  
Ain't taking losses, (for what) I'm too on  
Don't play with my money lil' daddy, I'm too grown  
Plus that brown trucker, still bring em by the 20's mayn  
Reggie by the hundreds mayn, track stars to run it  
mayn  
Y'all ain't talking money mayn, let's talk figgas mayn  
Listen when I talk and hear them, tell the difference  
mayn  
Half of em don't know, fifty 20's is a thousand  
Or simple shit like don't sleep with dope in your houses  
You a 80 baby, I've been on since the 90's  
Hugging these blocks, when your mama wouldn't let  
you round it  
Plus I know the, front and back way to I-10  
If the whole thang hit the flats, think I ain't gon win shit

[Hook]

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