

Custom Made Gangstas

"Still Grindin'"

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(*talking*)

Yeah, this is a Sean Blaze production

I would like to introduce myself, Ill Tactics

AKA Conundrum, what you know about that grind
shuffle on

Grind homie grind, you bout to learn though

Shit let's take it to the dance flo', to the streets

[Hook]

This for the corners, where them G's standing on (still
grinding)

This for the women, trying to make it on they own (still
grinding)

This for my dogs on the block, day and night (still
grinding)

Getting feddy in they zone, (don't stop) keep it moving

Let me, see if you could grind it out

Let me, see if you could grind it out

Let me, see if you could grind it out

(don't stop) keep it moving, grind homie grind

[Ill Tactics]

Blue and yellow appearal, I bang like a gavel

Have you around mo' shells, than a sand castle

I'm so sick, I belong to drama E.R.

Got a lil' rock, and I don't mean Arkansas

Boys on the block, fronting like they getting loot

Just a class act, like Dancan Pendahue

I take your broad, and make her hide the crack in her
tits

Officer don't rat, my hoe hook him up with clit

So think bright, take the word justice

Lit up between the T and the I, it's spells just ice

I melt through it, the law not above me

Rock-a-by baby, I'm pulling up like Huggins yeah

The grind I'm in, yeah they try to knock it

And take me out my crib, like Ellian Gonzalez

But I'm so solid, I'm hardcore thugging

F' the shot clock, we shoot after the buzzer

[Hook]

[Ill Tactics]

I hit I-10, then I spin and I spun
Riding shotgun, with Lil' Keke the Don
Purp in my lungs, trunk full of yay
It can't be scene, like Nadaline Halloway
Drop a order off, then I swerve in another state
Night time come, pull a dime then I fornicate
Fuck then wake up, before the mack swear house
Guessing what's next, inside of Sean Blaze loft
Looking out, from a balcony view
Got the city in my eyes, with my drumline crew
It's nothing, to be put to rest
And he ever snitch sleeping, like his alarm clock wasn't
set
The strongest, came up from bony to chubby
To obese, from famously displaying my gully
You reach I'm so out of, you need mo' extension
Then try to boss up, I grind for the dollar partna

[Hook]

[Ill Tactics]

I rep that Beaumont, please do not stunt
Got a handheld throw away, you do not want
Scrilla on my mind, I ain't hesitant to get it
Let me go on hop into it, like a cricket
Zigging and zagging, dipping and dab it
Whipping up batches, pitch it to addicts
I G-R-I-N-D, for my family yeah
I'm street smart, so it all come in handy boy
Get low, grind shuffle on
Hit the flo', and grind shuffle on (grind homie grind)
Mean mugging, grind shuffle on
Tie it up, and grind shuffle on (grind homie grind)
Chunk up your set, and grind shuffle on
Take off your shirt and grind shuffle on, (grind homie
grind)
Jump in the crowd, grind shuffle on
Put your middle fingers up, and grind shuffle on (grind
homie grind)

[Hook]

(*talking*)

When I'm stepping out, I'm looking clean
Yellow and blue gill on, cause it make green
It's your boy, what up Keke
Holla at your nigga man, yeah got it on lock right now
4-0-9, representing to the fullest
The Gold Triangle in the house, understand the

movement

Relentless Entertainment, Sean Blaze

Let me remind you, this is a Grease Monkeys

production mayn

It's so sincerious, (yes sir we back)

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