

411**"Grind"**Visit "[Grind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook x2: Chamillionaire]

This how we do it, where I'm from
Chasin' that paper, tryna race the sun
Griind, all day, cuz I gotta get pai-ai-aid

[Lil' Flip: talking]

Mh, yo, uh, gyeah ye, uh uh

[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

Now where I'm from we be grindin'
But I thank god, that I made it rhymin'
Ye, you wanna track you gotta pay me dawg
Until then I'ma be at the playas ball
Chuuch, I got that work, I got the pilsbury dough boi
I'm in the hood, with my bois like I'm dough boi
I rock air force oncs wit my logo
Straps and ties cuz I'm ready to ride
Jump, I dump heat, as quich as I dump beats
And I'll be damned if I let a broke rappa pump me
I'm from the clover man, I tried to told ya man
I blow doulja man, but I'm focused man

[Hook x2: Chamillionaire]

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[Verse 2: Yung Ro]

Ayy look I got it on my mind, I'ma go wit my hustle
And if my word ain't shit, I'ma show with my muscle
Ridin' wit a stash, I got mo in the muffler
Ask about me, they say ro is a hustler
Like, extra extra, read all about it
I got x n x n, weed I'm about it
Cash that is, say man that's the reason
When the spring fall, summer all grindin' season
But I ain't wit that phone, you can hit me on my beeper
Got affordable price, come and holla at ya people
You coppin' tryna play, gotta taxin on the game
Niggaz like ro you trippin, but niggaz done did the
same

[Hook x2: Chamillionaire]

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[Verse 3: Chamillionaire]

Koopa, I got plado, cutting my money like silly puddy
A girl with good credit, with a crib in Philly for me
Dorm room dykes, that don't like to really study
That love me enough to show ya the choppers my ish is
ugly
Chamillionaire, modden day shakespeare
Shake fake pears, make 'em sound like they behind
eight years
Hey it's, time to show you how to get a gram
Rims tickin' in the clock, wise motion like a minute hand
Tell me who realer than me, I am king
Act like crayola wit my crayolas and supply my green
My coach told me chamillion, theirs no I in team
Well try this ring, and tell me if there's an I in bling

[Hook x2: Chamillionaire]

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[Verse 4: 50/50 Twin]

Ay ay
The roosters crowin', no time for snorin'
Money grow on trees, time to rake the lawn
Life a movie, I'ma the star in the tape is gone
I do my chores, clean the glass make sure the paint is
glowin
Grab a chicken off the farm, whip it n take it's grown
Grab a dollar wit the dimes, hoes this day done gone
(no doubt)
I clap behind niggaz that hate I'm flowin'
Give a damn if I hit 'em n penetrate his grown
You think my man flip hold hand cuffs for fun
These hoes bring 'em back huns that don't strip for
ones
We drink armadale vodka, we kissin' pladaon
Take trips to porto rico, to take dips in ponds

[Bridge: Chamillionaire]

Firt nigga ignoring
Till he seen the 22's moon walkin' on the floor n
My life I'm enjoyin', if it ain't about no money then the
conversation
Boring

I'd like to sound sorry, for loosin n wreckin the clubs
that we tore in
Hold up mayne, Hold up mayne, it's an old time thang

[Verse 5: Unknown]

Chicken heads poppin' brauds to see where the rocs sit
But they ain't gotta look long, they on top of the wrists
Plus I'm in the drop six in the missing top fixed
Ya boi shop in hell, cuz all I buy is hot shit
In other words I been to hell and back
Rappin' and sellin' crack, and sprewells on the lac
Yuh boi, teach that hoe how to act
Cuz we run trains of hoes, jus like rail road tracks
Now go grab a gat, but I hope you don't come
To my hood set trippin' like you got a gun
But if you do dawg, I hope you ain't the only one
Cuz you get beat up so bad, you'll forget where you
from
Nigga, what?, nah I'm sayin, nah I'm sayin
The hell wit ya'll niggaz, nah I'm sayin

[Yung Ro Talking]

This how we do where we from fa real

[Hook: Chamillionaire]

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