

## Chamillionaire "Grind Time"

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Ha-ha, live from Houston Texas  
Your's truly, the Mix Tape Messiah  
Y'all know what time it is, it's grind time, baby  
Chamillitary mayn, the realest

It's grind time, I need mine  
Grind time, I need mine  
Grind time  
(Looking at my watch)  
I, I, I, I, I, I, I need mine

Not hanging around that corner, I'm chasing and trying  
to fold a  
Whole stack I stay on my grind, when it's hot or even  
colder  
Yeah, you know the color, denying it if they told ya  
That I am not just a client mayn, I am the biggest roller

When it come to that paper, that paper be like my  
partna  
My paper ain't never heard, the fat lady sing at the  
opera  
Sitting low in that dropper, on top of the mono-block  
Ya can't let all the hating stop ya, what would you be on  
the block

For grinding, that's the reason, yeah, that's the reason  
you breathing  
If that ain't nowhere around me, then that's the reason  
I'm leaving  
Gotta go get my G's and show 'em it ain't a problem  
If you'd just get off your bottom, then you'll be saying I  
got 'em

Get it like me, maybe live near to see  
While the people mad at your habit, beginning to be  
Such a nusense but we are as real as could be  
And real recognize real but you looking different to me

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King of the Chamillitary camp, cheering for the champ  
BVS's in my necklace, my appearance like a lamp  
Lit up in my ear as they see the king appear  
Haters definitely can't stand it, standing near a  
chandelier

I'ma keep on shining, like a Southern playa's spouse'  
I'ma keep getting respect, just ask about me round the  
globe  
Down here the music slowed, if it's tight they call it  
threwed  
Candy paint cover my do's and them wheels we call em  
4's

Some on-lookers looking, like they wishing that they  
had 'em  
Balling if I want it, don't play with it go and grab 'em  
Get the old school a couple tools, candy paint and slab  
'em  
Go and get the old school DJ Screw and jam it like a  
anthem

Don't care 'bout who you know 'cause I'm the illest  
rapper rapping  
If you think someone better be a good lad and go grab  
'em  
For now I just go get it and sit crooked on my Davin's  
And deal with it how I deal with it and do it like a  
champion

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Friends turn to foes, homies turn to haters  
Further down the road, partnas turn to fakers  
So I'ma keep it true but some will turn to perpetrators  
Won't keep it in control, turn to instigators

Real is how we roll, use to try to play us  
Patience getting low, switch it to the majors  
Freestyle or flow, mean y'all on different pages  
Got that bidness man grind, had to make a couple  
changes

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