

Chris Brown

"Now That's Grindin (Grindin' Freestyle)"

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(feat. Paul Cain, Joe Budden)

Uh, I'm a motherfuckin' ghetto superstar nigga
Uh, you ain't know?
Look at me you see me
Street Family

[Fabolous:]

Right you can lie and gossip to
And later on be the guy who the mobsters do
And right now you can try and prosecute
But later on you 'gon die in the hospital

[Verse 1: Fabolous]

I'm the guy thats responsible
Denyin' is impossible
You ever have a nigga thats tryin' to sponser you?
You can die like them mobsters do
Actin' like gangstas, like Denzel you guys should get
Oscars to
Call them guys in ya hostile crew
Before they get holes in they face the size of they
nostrils to
Street Family abide by the mobster rules
Visors and Oscar shoes
Not on the Coster suits
You can tell I'm fly by my posture boo
Get in to the thighs of a prostitute
And buy her a popsicle
Thats why you hear lots of oooohs
They ain't ever seen a ghetto superstar like me
I'll show you how to do this young'n
I ain't frontin' these Jordans ain't comin'
I'm in the island of Saint something
Keep the complaints comin' nigga

[Verse 2: Paul Cain]

Yo a hustles a hustle from ghetto to ghetto
In a 4.6 Range Rov Canarie Yellow and metal
Muzzle to muzzle for hit movement
I'm a stop ya blood flow if ya try to stop my chip
movement

I be on strips doin'
My grind thing brick movin'
Flood the cross for the thick cuban
In a town in the South
In the spot 4 pound in the couch
Came back, four thou off a ounce
Alls it takes is a quarter of brick
And a half a pound of dro get ya grind game and all
them pitched
Got the crack and the weed up
Flip that, pop a dice game, catch a jook and put 'em
back with the re-up
Thats grindin'
Fo' Fo' tucked in the lining
Get low when them hot ones flyin'
Come at me wrong you dyin'
No lyin'

[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

Hey dog, we not familiar
Cross me I'm a pop and kill ya
Its Joe Budden, in the streets they call me Glocks For
Hire
Before I was Jump Off I was Ox's supplier
Ya'll passin' the Rosay for Joe
I'm part time Kiser Sosay's actin coach
Nowadays dog, I don't hear rappers
Fuck bars, we could all get the fours out and play Fear
Factor
Move the brick
Rug on my hip
But Skane keep talkin' that music shit
Its nothin'
Let the game know ya mans on the come up
First week soundscan I'm doin' Spider-Man numbers
Cars, jewels, casinos and up
Try and ball like Paul Pierce I'll Benzino you up
Man ya crews decoys
Desert Storm use these toys
Bite the bullet like Bruce Leroy
Get right with me
Newest king in the league like Mike Bibby
I'm a show you how to do this son
Don't front cause the V so fine
And when I'm in the strip club they don't pay Mr. Cheeks
no mind
Had 'em gun blind
Cameras wan't mine
But they big men soft like the Dallas Frontline
Max Payne never seen a car like it
First nigga to move weight from a Palm Pilot

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