

## Chris Brown

### "Now That's Grindin'"

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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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