

Clipse

"Grindin (Remix) (Feat. Nore & Big Tymers)"

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[Pharrell] & (Pusha T in sing-song voice)

Yo...

I go by the name... (I'm yo' pusha)

of Pharrell from the Neptunes...

And I just wanna let y'all know... (I'm yo' pusha)

The world is about to feel...

Something... (I'm yo' pusha), that they've never felt
before

C'mon

(Pusha T)

From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard

I sell it whip on whip, it's off the hard

I'm the...neighborhood pusha

Call me subwoofer, 'cause I pump "base" like that, Jack

On or off the track, I'm heavy cuz

Ball 'til you fall cause you could duck to the fetti gov's

Sorry my love, what I'm seeing through these eyes

Benz convoys with the wagon on the side

Only big boys keep deuces on the ride

Gucci Chuck Taylor with the dragon on the side

Man, I make a buck, why scam?

I'm trying to show y'all who the fuck I am

The jewels is flirting me, damned if I'm hurting

Legend in two games like I'm Pee Wee Kirkland

Platinum on the block with consistent hits

While Pharrell keep talking this music shit

[Chorus: Pharrell]

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

...(Hu-huuh...)

(Malice overlapping last line of Chorus)

Patty cake, patty cake, I'm the baker's man

I bake them cakes as fast as I can

And you can tell by how my bread stack up

And disguised in this rap so the feds back up

Watch it, like my whip, like my chick, topless

Doing a buck-six with me in the cockpit
Grindin' cousin, I got hoes for a dozen
Even eleven-5, if I see ya keep it comin'
And my weight, that's just as heavy as my name
So much dough, I can't swear I won't change
Excuse me if my wealth got me full of myself
Cocky, something that I just can't help
'Specially when them 20's is spinning like windmills
And the ice 32 below minus the wind chill
Filthy, the word that best defines me
I'm just grinding man, y'all nevermind me

[Chorus]

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

.....Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

Grindin'! (Ahhh)

...(Hu-huuh...)

[Hook: The Clipse in sing-song voice and (Pharrell)]

Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining
(Whooof...)

Niggas better stay in line, when (Whooof...)

When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)

Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining
(Whooof...)

Niggas better stay in line, when (Whooof...)

When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)

(Malice)

My grind's 'bout family, never been about fame
From days I wasn't "Abel/able", there was always
"Cain/caine"

Four and a half will get you in the game
Anything less is just a goddamn shame
Guess the weight, my watch got blue chips in the face
Glock with two tips, whoever gets in the way
Not to mention the hideaway that rests by the lake
Consider my raw demeanor the icing on the cake
I'm Grinding

(Pusha T overlapping Malice's last line)

I move 'caine like a criple

Balance weight through the hood

Kids call me Mr. Sniffles

Other hand on my nickel--

Plated whistle, one eye closed I'll hit you

As if I was Slick Rick my aim is still an issue

Lose your soul in... whichever palm I'm holdin'

One'll leave you frozen, the other, noddin' and dozin'

I'm grindin' Jack

[Chorus]
...Grindin'! (Ahhh)
...Grindin'! (Ahhh)
Grindin'! (Ahhh)
Grindin'! (Ahhh)
Grindin'! (Ahhh)
...(Hu-huuh...)

[Hook: The Clipse in sing-song voice and (Pharrell)]
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining
Niggas better stay in line, when
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a lining
Niggas better stay in line, when
When you see a nigga like me shinin' (Grin-ding!)

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