

Fabulous "Grinding Remix"

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Fabulous:

Yo, i'ma mothafuckin ghetto superstar nigga...

Right now you can lie and gossip too/ but later on be
the guy who the
mobs look to/ and right now you can try and prosecute/
but later on
you gon' die in the hospital
I'm the guy that's responsible/ the 9 is impossible/ you
ever had
Mitchel and Ness tryin to sponser you?/ you gon' die
like the mobsters
do/ actin like gangstas and like Denzel y'all should get
Oscars too/ calm
the guys in your hostile crew/ before they get holes in
they face the
size of they nostriles too/ Street Family abide by the
mobsta rules/ visors
and Osgood shoes/ that's not on the block yet fools/
you could tell i'm
fly by my postre boo/ i get into the thighs of a
prostitute/ then buy her
a popsicle/ that's why i hear lots of ooohs
They ain't never seen a ghetto superstar like me
Uh, i'll show you how to do this young'n/ i ain't frontin/
these Jordans
ain't comin/ make the silencer say somthin/ go head
keep the complants
comin nigga

Paul Cain:

Yo, a hustle's a hustle from ghetto to ghetto/ 4.6 Rang
Rover nigga either
yellow or metal
Muffle wit muzzle for hit movement/ i'ma stop ya blood
flow if you try
to stop my shit movement/ i'll be on strips doin/ my
grinding brick moving/
for the cross or my thick cuban
In a town in the south/ in the spot for a pound and a
couch/ or four thou

on an ounce
All it takes is a quarter a brick/ and a half a pound of
dro gets your grind
game in order to pitch
Faggot crakin the weed up/ flip dat pop a dice game
and catch a jinx and
put it back wit the read up

That's grindin/ 4 4 tucked in the linin/ get low when
them hot ones flyin/
come at me wrong you dyin/ no lyin
Dog you not familiar/ step to me i'ma pop and kill ya

Joe Buddens:

It's Joe Buddens, in the streets they call me glocks fa
hire/ before i was
jump off i was Oxes supplier
Y'all passin the roach/ ask fat Joe/ i'm part time Kaiser
Sotee's actin coach
No a days dog i don't hear rappers/ fuck bars we can
all get the 4s out
and play Fear Factor
Move and dip/ roug on my hip/ but the game keep
talkin that musics shit,
it's nothin
Lettin the game know ya man's on the come up/ first
week sound scan
i'm doin Spider-Man numbas, bet
Cars, jewels, casinos, and up/ trina ball like Paul Pierce
i'll Benzino you
up
Man ya crews decoys/ Desert Storm use these toys/ bite
the bullet like
Bruce Lee's boys
Get right wit me/ newest King in the league like Mike
Bibby, i'ma show
you how to do this son
Birds in the club cause the beat so fine/ and when i'm
in the strip club they
don't pay Mr. Cheeks no mind/ uh, had 'em gum blind/
cowards want mine/
but they pigment's off like the Dallas front line
Max Payne never seen a car like it/ first nigga you to
move weight
from a palm pilot

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