

## Grito

### "Hittin' Curves"

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Coffee's verse:

Deadlocked in the zone, we prone to dip into the  
unknown  
Quick to flip if one trip, forced to break bones, first we  
break bread, then break heads  
Look at all the people runnin' in fear, scared  
Unwilling to hear what's said, hide under the she'd  
We lyin' in the filth, grown men layin' in our own beds  
Pull ourselves up by the bootstraps  
Hit them curves, dodge the trap  
Don't move at a slow pace  
Hand us a mic, we move the whole place  
This for each and every hood,  
Eighteenth Ave, Wedgewood, South side, clean cutz  
Tell me who on it, tell me what you know that's good  
Baller blockin' ain't an option, that ain't the purpose of  
my concoction  
Releasin' toxins in the abyss, boxin' you in so you don't  
miss  
Me gettin' you rockin', Nashville  
Proud I'm in it, been a minute  
Gettin' our due, me and my crew  
Rep our city, how bout you?  
Hittin' curves!

Hook:

Hittin Curves, shorty, baby, ooo hoo  
(Dipping in the ride, swerving in the ride)

Bridge 1:

That's why we tell them  
Swerving we ruling we serving  
Hittin them curves and then we  
Pushing them verses them curses  
They must be broken yeah  
Taking them Tennessee corners  
And changing lanes cause they  
Brought us enough contradiction  
So now we change our position yeah, yeah.

V2

Bonafide's verse

I'm in LaVergne letting the Chevy burn rubber every  
turn

Changing lanes while the body swang heavy to the  
right  
Like my life hit them curves swerve as I discern to turn  
Back down the one way truth and the life  
I learn lessons every block counting blessings like  
rocks  
As I bubble in the struggle in the Classic Caprice  
Releasing pressure like these woofers in the back of  
my seats  
And speaking clearer than these tweeters when I'm  
over these beats  
I check the navigation to see what direction to take  
To lead a generation headed for collision with fate  
On the darker side in the ride looking through  
rearviews  
In full speed searching for a u turn to save you hittin  
curves.

BRIDGE 2:

Swerving hittin curves and serving  
Pushing the verses for the curses  
Must be broken so we focused  
Stop sign and the place can't hold us  
Taking them Tennessee corners  
Changing lanes cause they brought us  
Enough contradiction so now  
We change our position yeah, yeah

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