

Grits "Hittin' Curves"

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(Dippin' in the ride, swervin' in the ride)
(Dippin' in the ride, swervin' in the ride)
Hittin' curves, shorty, baby, ooh ooh
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(Dippin' in the ride, swervin' in the ride)
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Hittin' curves

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
Unwillin' to hear what's said, hide under the shed
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, Wedge wood, 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?

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That's why we tell them, swervin' we rulin' we serving'
Hittin' them curves and then we
Pushin' them verses them curses
They must be broken yeah
Takin' them Tennessee corners
And changin' lanes 'cause they
Brought us enough contradiction
So now we change our position yeah, yeah

I'm in LaVergne lettin' the Chevy burn rubber every turn
Changin' 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 countin' blessings like rocks
As I bubble in the struggle in the Classic Caprice

Releasin' pressure like these woofers in the back of my
seats
And speakin' 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 lookin' through rear
views
In full speed searchin' for a you turn to save you hittin'
curves

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Swervin' hittin' curves and servin'
Pushin' the verses for the curses
Must be broken so we focused
Stop sign and the place can't hold us
Takin' them Tennessee corners
Changin' lanes 'cause they brought us
Enough contradiction so now
We change our position yeah, yeah

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