

Inspectah Deck

"Grits"

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

Gotta hang out there

Niggaz keep counting us out (yeah yeah yeah yeah)

Niggaz ain't acting nice (back again)

Raider Ruckus (y'all muthafuckers thought I was dead)

Plans into this shit... (the Urban Icon, HG's, UDZ's)

Nigga, I got a... (the Unda Dogz, Live Son, the shit is crazy, yo)

[Inspectah Deck]

I be House Gang, from the pits we blew

On your ass, like the Ravens, number 52

Nickel plates on the "get-u's", my chicks be true

Chain hang from my nuts, and the whips be new

On the block like the mailbox, airing for block

Neighborhoods watch, so we gotta share for the cops

Watch you glaring at pops? I don't sleep, stay aware from the plots

Bump 'em off right there in the spot

This is harder than a prison wall, shut up and listen y'all

HG's, UDZ's, physically fit to brawl

S.I.N.Y., certified, keep, out of town pussy on the passenger side

And crews, east side, splashing the five, mashing the drive

Big face nigga, fashion is live

Like son, check the bodies 'fore you buy that gun

Fuck with HG's, nah, don't try that son

Here's a jewel for you kid, you can eye that one

Or you can get it fucked up and just die that young

I'm from the home where the buffalo roam

And niggaz don't give a flying fuck, talk with signs up

Walk with the nine tucked, leave your eyes wide shut

Size you up for a cut, of a single buck

[Outro: Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, we from the grits, y'all

S.I.N.Y., 10304, my nigga Live Son on the track

Yeah.. "The Fugitive" Carlton Fisk, what's good?

La Banga... Donnie Cash, strong arming this shit

Raider Ruckus...

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