

Campbell Glen

"Grand Groove"

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Yo, it's the urban driving the Suburban
Getting every word in as I'm swerving
I've got you feeling nice as urban bourbon
Demonstrating, it's the titillating poet illustrating
My bad, I know I had you waiting, shit I had to
straighten
Who you? I be D-R. From where? Out of Queens
Attributes? Been smacking niggas right the fuck out
their jeans
Born with a price on my head, plus a warrant from the
feds
Had to get the fuck up, the hospital needed the bed
No slides and swings, I saw the rides and rings
Cross my heart and hope to die, I'm gonna get the finer
things
Cause I'm living just to strive without any feeling
As I wait here for my Maker with a nine and mo'
Ask someone about the time while I be puffing on a
dime
Thinking who will lead the blind, man, I just don't know
Who will be at the top, it's like the bottom done
dropped
>>Grand Groove, Grand Groove

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