

Kurupt "Grind Season"

Visit "[Grind Season](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Hook 1)

This is for the the the the haters
The playa the the the the playa haters
This is for the the playa the playa haters
This is for the the playa the playa haters

(Hook 2)

All you male hoes disrespecting grind, my rhymes
(Pellegrino)
Get yours and stop playa-hating dogg that's how I keep
on getting mine
So eat a dick

(Hook 3) {JoJoPellegrino} [Kurupt]

[What's the verdict yo]
{Doin me stuck in my grind}
[Let the globe know]
{MC stuck in my prime}
[What you dealing with, nigga]
{South Shores ducking the swine}
{It's grind season niggaz, crime season, nigga}

[Verse 1: JoJo Pellegrino]

One big giant crap game
That how I look at my life
Step to the front and say some slick shit while shooting
the dice
Like, "Go seven", luck be a lady tonight
Yo I'm a good-looking bastard
I'm gonna fuck me a lady tonight
Pardon my French
I starved in the trench
My father's convinced
Crash dummy
Car full of dents
Got famous
Got the big joints
Ducking the tens
Parked in the bricks
Hopped the fence
Barked at a bitch
My daily routine

Steaming the mots
Scheming for knots
Cop checking on my blue jeans
Quested in my cool genes
Hot like Southern California
I'm trying to push the Benz drop top
Jump off
Watch when summer's round the corner
Sneakers and boots
Jeans for the troops
The plus trees
But never chick by any means for some coupes
Impala test drive
Spark vendetta, duck trees on the Westside
Kurupt ridin shotgun
I'm too cool to catch a hot one

(Hook 2)

(Hook 4) {JoJoPellegrino} [Kurupt]

{What the verdict Kurupt}

[Doin me stuck in my grind]

{Well let the globe know}

[MC stuck in my prime]

{And what you dealin with}

[Westcoast fuck one time]

[It's crime season honey, it's crime season, nigga]

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

Kinetic, energetic, imperial, serial psychosis

Exorcism, poetic, the poltergeist overdoses

The dosages

The littlest nigga bullyin niggaz

You think I'm jokin muthafucka

I love my bullyin niggaz

Snap and whine

Ricochet off your kidneys

And tap your spine

Snatch your thoughts outta your mind

Travel inside and jump back outta your mind

Kurupt Young Gotti muthafuckin one of a kind

Stomp like Timbalands and step shows

Techs and grimey Mac-90's

What the fuck

You thought I played like records

Check it, niggaz

I'm bout to rotate that cake and start checkin, niggaz

Pin-point punk be disconnecting, niggaz

Like needles

Insert the token, niggaz

But disrespectin, niggaz

Abduct and start a collection from collecting, niggaz

Kurupt just don't give a fuck, muthafucka

(Hook 2)

(Hook 3)

[Verse 3: JoJo Pellegrino]

I don't be cards with a poker face

And ghetto kids respecting my shuffle

Male birds in my suburbs

Don't question my hustle

Are we destined to tussle

Hollow point leave em swollen

Like Luther ain't no neck

Just flexin his muscle

I'm a big problem

Big boy with big plans

I love broads with big bottoms

Pistolas with big +Blams+

It's the world according to me

Pellewho record with a G

Like Young Gotti from the D-D-P-P-G-G

(Hook 2)

(Hook 4)

(Hook 3)

(Hook 2)

(Hook 2 w/ Hook 1 mixed in)

Visit [Kurupt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.