

Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "Grand Finale"

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[SIREN sounds]

[Intro: Lil' John talking]

"Yeeeeeah! (Yeeeeeah!) It's been a long journey getting'
to
This motherfuckin' point of this Crunk Juice shit.
(What?!)
But we done got to the last motherfuckin' song niggaz
(Last shit niggaz!) And I got five of the hottest
motherfuckin'
Emcees in the world, givin' you that gangsta shit!
IT'S THE MOTHERFUCKIN' GRAND FINALE!!!!!!"

[Verse 1: Bun B]

We growin' doja in the basement in that underwater
garden (Okay)
When hereon in the bank shed, dry it 'til it harden
Make it hash up in the oven (Man), put yayo in the hot
plate
Drain and dry in the freezer, it's obvious we got weight
I said hard work, that's soft work even with wet work
Built-in clientele so we ain't gotta network (Let's go)
We always got work, so we ain't gotta get work
And if you ain't gettin' your work from us you bound to
get jerked
We yayo experts, we been whippin' the yola since the
crackas decided to
Take the coke from Coca-Cola
Hold the rollers, the king of the Trill
The underground as well, you can step in the ring when
you feel
Nigga just sound the bell
Can't sound the heaters in this game, but the grind I'm
lovin'
Nigga we passed all that pushin', man it's time for
shovin'
I got the mask, I got the strap, soon as I find the gloves
We gonna start exposin' off like Fahrenheit 9/11

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

I'ma speak clearly 'cause I don't think they hearin' me
A nigga only fear's gettin' charged with conspiracy

I'ca get it right to ya, sticky green white to ya
Wear whatever you want, bullets goin' right through ya
If you stressin' to get buried
My niggaz'll send you back to the essence in a hurry
Sippin' Crunk Juice, blowin' Dutchies in the Chevy
Try to figure me out dawg, I'm light but I'm heavy
Yellow lemonheads in the bezzie of the presi'
And yeah, anybody'ca rock but D-Block rock steady (D-Block!)

FED's don't need no warrants 'cause y'all all informants
So I get higher than New York insurance
Try to keep shit clean like Florence
Moved on up on the East side 'cause I never lost endurance
And it's all real niggaz, if I ever get a license to carry
Shit, that's a license to kill niggaz

[Verse 3: T.I.]

I refuse to lose, I rather give these weak dudes the blues
And separate them from they jewels, teach 'em don'ts and do's
I raise tools, make crews make decisions confused
All spectators can say is, "This lil' nigga's a fool"
A short fuse with some loose screws, some unscrewed
Better prove, you niggaz pussy as the Moulan Rouge
So who guardin' who, you know who to you know what
To you know where, goin' 'gainst 'em's too unfair
'Cause everywhere you do a show he got kinfolk there
Now you know I ain't no ?, I got ten folk there
They ain't powerful as the one at the end of your prayer
Got you runnin' for your life without a minute to spare
Catch you dead to the granite, melt the grease in your hair
When I go, them boys is gonna be indecent affair
Guarantee you nah a real nigga breathin' accounted
At your funeral, just your parents and the preacher was there
Hollow, television name-dropper reachin' for help
So I ain't gotta say a word, pimp you beatin' ya'self
You gon' get what you deserve for disrespectin' the game
Any nigga with the nerve to say another man name
When that other man ain't even present
And deny it when somebody ask him about it
That nigga's a lame, you like to lie on the mic
Hide behind fame, I was a G when I came
That's the way I remain

[Verse 4: Nas]

Who besides the Egyptian-walker, fuckers have a

conniption
My existence persistent to bring foes misfortune
I dazzle 'em, like the alderman, Billy Dee in Mahogany,
minus the perm
From the tiniest sperm that the mightiest The Almighty
can muster
Project prophet, chronic blockage gives Alzheimer's to
youngsters
Amongst them is me, can't remembers my beefs
With who? For what? They screw-face me up, my boo
laced me up
Bolinsiaga, flimsy condo with bimbos in south of Kalan
Gro in pimp mode
The inf' glow on his clothes and you know it's over
Hammer hit pin, pin hit shell, from the shell the slug
gonna chew ya
Try not to lose me, I try not to lose'ya
Mamma say mamma sa mu makasa, fly to Cuba
To chill with some politi-kill niggaz who ill
'Cause y'all niggaz are losers, don't get comfortable
nigga
Say hello to Mr. Bad Guy, get that cash par, I'm the last
don
You'll ever know so, here you go y'all can take these
thoughts
Anyway I'm chargin' emcees a late fee cost
So when y'all done with my style, please break me off
But never make Nas mad just in case cross
'Cause ah, lately y'all don't make me happy
To calm my nerve I need the herb GNC don't carry

[Verse 5: Ice Cube]

Who the fuck is that? It's Ice Cube motherfucka
He's a maniac, no I'ma fool motherfucka
Old school motherfucka, blow through a motherfucka
What you heard about a nigga so true motherfucka
See I'm ugly and prettay, I'm polished and grittay
Shoot better than that nigga that tried to kill 50
See, niggaz get shittay when I come to their cittay
When I hit the spot that bitch they like -- she cummin'
with me
Cause I got an ego big as TO, but I'm not an Eagle
Bitch, I roll with Rigo 'cause gangstas don't dance we
boogie
I told you motherfuckas Kobe didn't take that pussy
Get money, get paid, you can beat that shit
Even if the DA is a piece'a shit
Colorado got movatos, don't eat that shit
Another White bitch lyin' on thee Black dick
I keep it flippin' like flapjacks, pimpin' like black 'Lacs
Give niggaz flashbacks, they sweaty as ass cracks

When I hit the tar mat, it feel like a carjack
Niggaz get out and vanish like Star Treks
So fuckin incredible, I'm so fuckin' credible
No matter what happen, I'll never turn federal
And that's my report comin' straight from Cali
Ice Cube is the shit on this motherfuckin' Grand Finale

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