

## **Redd Tabb Clikk "Electric Grind"**

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(Chorus)

Now everybody in the place let me see you grab her waist  
If you at the bar chillin gone and get yourself a taste  
Make it grind slow baby move your body to the bass  
Throw yo hood up player put it in a hater face yeah  
I'm on my grind so you know I'm getting mine  
Got the ladies feeling fine see we do this all the time  
We go the ladies feeling fine yo I be on my grind hoe  
Now let let let let let me see you shake it while you grind slow

(1st Verse-Clyde)

We at the penthouse suit or the holiday inn  
It really don't matter baby bring you and your friends  
You can get thrower off this lean or this juice and that gin  
But when tonight is over baby we gone do it again  
Little mama working she moving it like a pro  
She shakin and she grinding up on me like I'm a pole  
I'm going in my pocket throwing dollars to the floor  
If she keep dancing like she dancing we headed straight to the motel  
Go tell them if it is not about money then it's irrelevant  
Got them stupid guallas and I been balling like ever since  
I thought that she was celibate but she shaking that gelatin  
I want to take her home and bone her like she was a skeleton  
I'm like yeah lil mama right here aint scared  
She throwing that thing like yeah so many thoughts running through my head  
G-Shock on shine and my tab stay red  
Took the microphone from the dj this what I said

(Chorus1x)

(2nd Verse-Mega)

We at the penthouse suit or the holiday inn  
It really don't matter baby bring you and your friends  
You can get thrower off this lean or this juice and that

gin

But when tonight is over baby we gone do it again  
Aye who that is you know I be mega man  
When I see the cops I dodge like I am a caravan  
When I'm on my grind yo little mama shake it take it  
see you wind slow  
Shawty grind round the pole like a vine yo  
Girate it I'm loving the way you quake it  
Elivate it on up then ground zero  
Yah you know I rep that R.T.C.  
So there's a red tab on my jeans and a martini as my  
drink  
I'm so thrower I cannot think so what your boy gone do  
Cus by the time I'm finish I'm gonna be all on you  
So me and you plus her maybe a can of preserves  
Whips creams plus syrup baby I'm what ya deserve  
See I'm swangin round ya curves but my wheels grip  
tight  
It aint burn ya when I turn ya but my real whip might yah

(3rd Verse)

Now put your hands up and jump around  
Put your hand up and jump around  
Put em up and move em from side to side  
Put em up and move em from side to side  
Yeah Yah yah yah  
Yeah Yah yah yah  
Yeah Yah yah yah  
We at the penthouse suit or the holiday inn yeah

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