

Flamingos

"Back to the Grill"

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Chorus:

Back to the grill again, the grill again (repeat 6x)

[MC Serch]

You need a posse the size of the Nazis to attack this
And you're more optimistic than the Sounds of
Blackness

Flip lines that rip through the chest cavity
And I keep going and going just like an Energizer
battery

Flattery will get you nowhere, unless it's the derriere
And that'll get you everywhere

Went to the flea market, was in the cark, parked it
Big fat blunts, if you got it then spark it
And with the fisticuffs came the fists

And you've joined Steven Segal on the Marked for
Death hitlist

Went back to the 70's and brothers got on grants
Cause they can step to some sisters and say "Slap me
some skins"

Honeydip, and take the squad to the teepee
Hit it off, smoke a cig, watch a little TV

And if there ain't no papes there's no show
I'll just chill and return to kick em in the grill

Chorus

[Red Hot Lover Tone]

Bust a style while I do it, if you know it oh you knew it
If you knew it then you knew it, if I catch a punk chewin
Imma drop the flavor fluid on his head, yep I flew it
And like Aretha Franklin, your moms is jumping to it
So, so, so, where did you go, what do ya know

SO many people want to be fly like Joe
G.I., E.I., oh lots and lots

And rapper can top the Red Hot (Not!)

R&B rips hip-hop (Not!)

MC Serch is gonna flip-flop (Not!)

All my hoes look like sasquatch (Not!)

And George Bush gets nuff props

Well, anyway, Imma slay slay lay

Pull a hoe around my way and make hooker souffle
Red Hot Lover Tone would like to thank MC Serch
Yo, you're chill for making me a part of history
Kicking em in the grill

[Nas]

Finesse, keep a Tech-9 in my dresser
Lyrical professor, keep you under pressure
Mind like a computer, the inserter
Paragraphs of murder, the nightclub flirter
This is Nas, kid, you know how it runs
I'm waving automatic guns at nuns
Sticking up the preachers in the church, I'm a stone
crook
Serial killer, who works by the phone book
For you I got a lot to shoot my songs in here
My rhymes are hotter than a prostitute with ghoneera
On the mic I let vocabulary spill
(It's like that y'all) That y'all, kick em in the grill

Chorus

[Chubb Rock]

The Chubbsta breaks ?stabbabi? fakes, steady rate h
The panty mix the verse, looks to Serch, kick him in the
grill again
Part 2, sequel of "The Dialect, The Derelect"
The murder licks, Vanilla kicks alive on the crucifix
Coming around the mountain, when he comes to sell
more record bums
Digest the lyrics then you suck on some Tums
Crumbs with the energy from the lump sums
And lips to to the mixture to the friction and then you're
Hummmmmmming, the door rings, yo I'm coming
To a theater near you, get your popcorn and your brew
And a Guinness Stout, check the clout when I'm about
Cause YOU are a BLABBERMOUTH
A blabber, it gets no badder
Lyrics on a diet cause it gets no fatter
Like a Gewn to the Guthrien, jumping up on the scene
With the Serches with the verses
Word up, the illustrious
Rapper dapper sapper, you want us to sell out your
wish
My lips have never touched the circumference of a
spliff
And if you see some Coke or some spill
With some ill pill, yo kick me in the grill grill

Chorus

[MC Serch]

So here's a true and false, tell me if it's factable
You wanna kill the Klan, shoot the fans a tractor pull
Got crazy game, so no one can stop me
But ayo, I'm white, I guess my game is hockey
Or basketball, football, taking papes in poker
If honeydip got a moneyclip I'm gonna stroke her
Wait a minute, chill chill, can't swing
Cause my girl ain't my girl no more, now she got a ring
Respect my wisdom like I respect myself
To to G I'll put you in a tree like the Keebler elves
You couldn't be The Mack if you had the car, the hat,
the hoe
And your shit would still be out the back like a patio
Cause I saw you eating pig knuckles, with Frankie
Knuckles
In a bar called Chuckles wearing name plate belt
buckles
Goddamn your life is flimsy
Gave you nuff respect, but gave it back cause I was
stingy
So from the cons and pros to the pros and the cons
Call me a motherfucker I'll say "Yeah I fucked your
moms"
Until she calls back I'm gonna chill
Peace to Red Hot Lover Tone, Chubb Rock, kick em in
the grill

Chorus

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