

The Roots "Grits"

Visit "[Grits](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo Malik Blunt whassup?
Tell me how you like your grits man
Man I like all kinds of grits son
I just don't like them sticky grits

Word, that was trippy
Whassup with you Black Thought man, wassup?
Word, organix, groovy stew grits
With cheese and mad honey

That ain't nuttin man
That's the grits that needs cash man
I like my grits with sugar man
I like them with butter sweet and smooth man

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it
I can tell another bout real grits getters
Gettin' grits y'all
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another bout real grits getters
(Dig it, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another bout real grits getters
(Dig it, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another bout the grits getter

Now me, I'm out to get the grits, more than a little bit
If I said, don't get it black you know I'd be a hypocrite
Levels often fluctuate to surplus from deficit
Rated with the X, is the X-tra X-plicit grits

I, slides and slips and dives and dips
Into it, it being grits that I gets like a quaker
But take the raincoats, for the oats
When you crush trail mix yo, I dig my grits fixed slow

With butter, you slip up in the grits and make 'em other
Some people call it skins but, grits is the other term
That you gots to learn, to keep up on all the scoop
I get a little ends but, never spends loot

For the wiggle, some immature, kids like to laugh
So they giggle for the grits and, when they get close
They start skitz-in, not this kid, because I switched in
Flipped in, changed the position that I hits in-side

I glide, words can't describe, how I move be
Like, hittin' a doobie, thought'll get ya groovy, so
Yo Black, here's a bit of advice your wife's nice
So you better keep the girls away from the grits getter

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Yeah, I likes to unzip it, strip it then grip it
To be specific I won't like it, so get the ticket

Flip it like it was a coin, put the loins in the groins
In other words the groins I stretch, now you gets the
sketch

You, know I use my mark like the worm on Noah's ark
But if I happen to see a spark, I umm, parks my bark
Guess I haves to rest my num before the next number
to sum
But so I can't slumber or sleep, my shovel's diggin'
deep

Peep this hick whose name was Vickie
Gettin' tricky rather slicky
Her performance showed endurance
She said, "Me like to licky licky"

Body more gracious, or should I say bodacious
Took my order then she sorta served me
Like she was a waitress
Never will I say that she was tasteless

Maker of the pastry, so's I calls her pastress
Still enthused, 'cause I got my cruise on
P O L O blues on, when I choose to move I puts my
shoes on
Protection, against infection

Erect projections travels South in your mouth
Like a dentist checked in, commence to be intent
She said, "I can't understand you, but damn you like
Prince"
I make it feel like a Zulu, from Honolulu

By the way she roll away like a dog who name was Ubu
They also said the way I entered from the center
Is adventurous, imprint on you dentures when I bust
Or I thrust, Mid-Atlantic, they act like a schitzophrenic

Sometimes they panic like I'm Diggin on a planet
I don't gotta Beama or a Jetta? C-ka-Reama alla netta?
Malik is the sleek grits, getter

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a

Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?

(Say what?)

Bust it, let a

Brother tell another about the real grits getters

(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?

(Say what?)

Bust it, let a

Brother tell another about the real grits getters

(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

I would be lyin' if I told you I could not
Prepare a fat bowl of sticky, grits for a quickie
Humans get picky and judge it by the thickness
But if it bends your spoon then add some butter with
the quickness

I might get a bit smoother, if you move it to a
Better, position, that's probably what she wishin'
You can add some groovy spices, to give it extra
But my advice is to first let it simmer

Hot, if it's hot then let the pot sit and cool
'Cause if you spill your milk, we label you beginner
Humans gotta know, that I keep my bowl, full of grits
Swingin' with their daughters while their parents
throwin' fits

Tellin' me to change my diet plan, to bran cereal
Or rice, I tried that twice, it didn't work
In fact, it made my milk kinda sour
Half and half, part creamer and skeemer

That's why if it's grits then it gotta be organic
'Cause if it's artificial, I panic

Who gets the grits?

(Say what?)

Bust it, let a

Brother tell another about the real grits getters

(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?

(Say what?)

Bust it, let a

Brother tell another about the real grits getters

(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Yo man, what about me man?
Yo man, just pass your grits down man
(You needs to eat Gerber man)

Who gets the grits, now let me tell ya
A plenty posse bloom from the cellar, to nail ya
Daughter or your sister, the younger skins elixir
Kick a cat, but I won't like a cat, I'll figure

I'd rather, play the thigh kisser, sister
I don't die swift and yo I'm not a quitter
So umm, let me place my hands upon that waist and
trace
My way to the right nip and left nip then sip

Similac, until my Jimmy grows fat, grab my pack of hats
From the back, then flee, to the next block
To knock off socks, yo you know my props
So father, don't bother 'cause once the grits is hot
Yo they're good as got

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

Who gets the grits?
(Say what?)
Bust it, let a
Brother tell another about the real grits getters
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

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

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