

Dukedagod**"Grill 'Em"**

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Cam'ron:

This is a remix

J.R. Writer featuring Hell Rell and myself Killa

We about to let y'all muthafuckas know why we run the world

Ya dig

Hook

J.R. Writer:

Don't stop, grill 'em

Don't stop, grill 'em

Don't stop, grill 'em

Don't stop, grill 'em

Don't stop, grill 'em, grill em, grill 'em, don't stop

Bridge: JR Writer

This that get 'em sound

This that get it down

This that two-step, wheel shaker, spin around

This that pick a clown, size him up, try ya luck

Playa hate, grill him down, lemme see you twist ya frown

Verse 1

Cam'ron:

They got guns, well maybe they'll squeeze (maybe they'll squeeze)

I'm a piano I got 88 keys (88 keys)

Mami sniffed it, it went to baby brain

Road the subway now I'm on the gravy train

What you call balling, all y'all boring

Knock his teeth on the grill, Paul Wall Foreman

All these pricks, I took weed trips

Tore the club up, yup, on that Three 6

I'm the realest of cats, and I'm still where it's at

I been broke with the South, trill to the trap

Stealing, wheeling caps I been peeling them back (back)

We dealing you squealing, we killing the rats (rats)

Santana, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em

J.R., grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em, grill 'em

I will pop you while I'm popping a pop-a-wheel
Paid In Full, not the deal, put him in Potter's Field

Hook

Verse 2

Hell Rell:

Mr. Ruger picture a coward confronting me
Nature's mad because the trunk is in the front of me
Gangstas in the back of me, hammer on the hip of me
Hand full of piffery, damn I know they sick of me
They gon' say the boy the hardest this year
And I'm a G so, I'ma eat regardless this year
Come to the crib, yeah it's retarded in there
Big screens, suede couches, bunch of marble in there
Damn, undercover hating, shit just let it out
And why ya hair done ma, all you gon' do is sweat it out
Go through any nigga town and Dipset it out
Shit they'd rather set him up then just set him out
Make these niggaz bleed, make 'em blood donors
And they don't wanna let me in, smack the club owner
Got shades on, I'm always high bitch
You looking at a star, I ain't even in the sky bitch

Hook

Bridge

Verse 3

J.R. Writer:

The sporty is foreign, shorty's adorin'
Fuck if the couches are suede, my Mauries are on 'em
(fuck it)
I'm fresh head to toe check how bad the don bling
A thousand grams, chain got a Barry Bonds swing
(bling)
I get her with the swag, then get 'em with the Jag (rrrr)
What's on my left sleeve is what get 'em to the pad
Them chickens in a bag, you ain't fresh in my eyes
I ain't doing nothing to her but she's letting me slide
From the floor to the bathroom, hall to the backroom
Then dog out the whore, on his balls like a vacuum
Mack 'em and duck to the back of the bus
She's a scraggler and yup, she ain't wack but she sucks
If you act like a scrap then in back is a truck (with what)
Where they packing a Mac with some caps for you
smucks
Huh, I can't stand to slouch, you know what fam's about
She ask to see my grill so I pulled the Phantom out (look
at this grill)

Hook

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