

Ginuwine F/ Method Man

"Steady Griding"

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[Verse 1: Baby]

Mack 10 said he got it and he servin fo' six
But I'm the bird man nigga, need to score some shit
I need a warehouse full, with pets, riders
and bulls couple of chopper, mack 11, and some Hot
Boy Hood
My Lil' Bitch Kisha said she hit the mall, bought some
goods
She gone bring it straight to daddy, break her off with
the wood
The beauty shop stay poppin', cause this zones keep
rockin
And my phone keep plunckin', cause these hoez keep
jockin
Just bought a new six with bra-less kit
Put me on the floor two nines in my hip
The reason the drought is cause the feds done bust'
my ship
Got a crew of head busters that will split your shit
Got a old and young bitch that'll take that trick
Hit the streets, with that work 400 a zip
Gave my nigga ???? car go break them bricks
Go flood that magnoila cause I want that bitch
KC take this glock, make will of the spot
Tanto, Tito and Wap ya'll hug the block
And we gon tell the police, this this where money be
clocked
And they can suck a nigga dick cause the hustle dont
stop

[Hook: Juvenile & Lil' Wayne]

[Juve]

You could beg shorty, you could keep it dirty
You could flip a birdy , you could cut it and serve it
And I keep it real, and I play the field
And I know when to deal, and I know when to kill

[Wayne]

And I flip the guns, when I collect the funds
And I make all the ones, and I can play the drums
You could hang in a jungle, you could push them

bundles

You could drive a Bentley, you could drive a Hummer

[Verse 2: Turk]

Look Nigga know that I got that work

So he plottin' and watchin' try to see when I'm gone

So he could break in my housin

I'm a bake a cake for 'im, make 'im think I'm out of town

I know he's here hustlin' I want my monkey talkin loud
tellin' my round

I'll be there pick me up from the port

On my way to Nashville, 10 bricks I'm goin to score

Probably get a lil' dope, cause that dope make more
money 20 dollars for a

bag

half a gram for 100

This nigga just don't know

I'm on top of my game

Should have keep it to himself but instead he told
Elaine

That I'ma get that nigga Turk

So I got to bust his brains

Cause if I let that nigga slide than he gon' try to do it
again

So I gotta handle that mind

get rid of the bitch quick

Bust him up fast throw him in a lake and spilt

Jack who, take what, from who, not me

Get a bullet in your head and leave that ass in the
streets

Hook

[Verse 3: Mack 10]

From Atlanta the drive-bys low ridin and shit talkin'

Sherm smokin, crack, sellin'

Blood and Cripp walkin

Mack One-0's the name nigga

Hustlin' is my thang nigga CMR and West Side

Who Bang is the game nigga

Recognize a G in me, off top we wig-splitters

Young and Thuggin' like Turk and them head bustin'
niggas check it

I like the funk and shoot first is what they tell me

And no matter what it cost Slim and Baby gon bail me

I fight all my murder and dope cases from the bricks

Known and loved by every hoochie, bitch, and project
chick

Cause I floss ice and buy crack at the boss price

And I been fucked and sucked by all my hoez at least
twice

I'm reppin killah Cali, but down with them south niggas
U know, them uptown gold and platinum mouth niggas
Mack stay cockin' low, and down to ride for the cause
We keep it crackin' from Crenshaw to the Mardi gras
Chicken Hoez, game affiliated and drung related
I'm a drop-top Bentley pushin nigga with my crop
braided
From the feet up G'd up is my everyday behavior
A million dollar nigga, still ride in Chuck Taylor's
The fans worse then them jackers, try to keep me in
sight
Gotta take backstreets and alleys to get home every
night
Mack is to much of a rider
I could never be a sucker
I'ma ball till I fall and keep it gangster as a
motherfucker

Hook

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