

JR Writer & Cam'ron

"Grill Em"

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[Intro: Cam'Ron]

THIS IS A REMIX

J.R WRITER...FEATURING HELL RELL, AND MYSELF...

KILLA!

WE ABOUT TO LET Y'ALL MOTHERFUCKERS KNOW WHY
WE RUN THE WORLD.....YA DIIIIIG?

[Bridge: JR Writer]

This that get 'em sound

This that get it down

This that 2 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

[Cam'Ron]

KILLA!

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 (wooo)

Road the subway now I'm on the gravy train (aiiiiii!)

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", yep, on that 3 6 (Three Six Mafia)

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: JR 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, GRILL EM,
GRILL EM
DON'T STOP, GRILL EM!

[Hell Rell]

Mr. Ruger picture a coward confronting me
Nature's mad because the trunk is in the front of me /
(foreign)
Gangsta's on 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's 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 nigga's 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: JR Writer]

This that get 'em sound
This that get it down
This that 2 step, wheel shaker, spin around

[J.R Writer]

The sporty is foreign, shorty's adoring (all day)
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
(errrr!)
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]

[Outro: JR Writer]

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