

Notorious B.I.G. f/ Big Punisher, Fat Joe & Freeway "Get Your Grind On"

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But I would've loved to hear
A Big Pun and B.I.G. collabo
That shit would've been incredible

[Big Pun talking]
Aye yaknahmsayin, it was just happen
We have our day, you know?
I seen him, I seen him, I seen him at the pearly gates,
yaknahmean?
We keep it, keep it, keep it going from there

[Notorious B.I.G.]
Uhh, I dream filthy
My moms and pops mixed me with Jamaican Rum and
Whiskey
Huh, what a set up
Shoulda pushed 'em dead off, wipe the sweat off
Uhh, cause in this world I'm dead off, squeeze lead off
Benz sped off, ain't no shook hands in Brook-land
Army fatigue break up teams, the enemies
Look man, you wanna see me locked up, shot up
Moms crotched up over the casket, screamin BASTARD
Cryin, know my friends is lyin
Y'all know who killed 'em filled 'em with the lugars from
they Rugers
or they Desert, dyin ain't the shit but it's pleasant
Kinda quiet, watch my niggaz bring the riot
Giving cats the opposite of diets
You gain thirty pounds when you die no lie, lazy eye
I was high when they hit me, took a few cats with me
Shit, I need the company (uh-huh)
Apologies in order, to T'Yanna my daughter
If it was up to me you would be with me, sorta like
Daddy Dearest, my vision be the clearest
Silencers so you can't hear it
Competition still fear it, shit don't ask me
I went from ashy to nasty to classy, and still

[Chorus: Freeway]
Nigga still gotta get his grind on
Come get introduced to my home

I grew up in the crime zone
Soon as you grown, you on your own, you keep your
strap
You keep your chrome cause the streets is chilly
Now get your grind on
Come get introduced to my home
A nigga grew up in the pro-jects, end up gettin mo'
stressed
Mo' money, mo' drama you know a nigga keep his
armor
Cause the streets are killin
Now get your grind on
Come get introduced to my home

[Big Punisher]

Yo, yo
The penalty is death, especially when I'm mentally
stressed
My enemies hang with me 'til I eventually flip
I never reject an offer to battle
Slap a coffin on the saddle
and rattle like a wooden horse to el barrio
Niggaz talk but they babble cause they ain't sayin
nuttin
If ain't blazin somethin with the mac I'm in the shack
bakin muffins
Fake the funk and get your rump roast
One dose of the toast'll make you jump if you come
close
Pun spoke, ain't no more debatin; my Squad been
waitin
for the perfect time to give you what you all been waitin
An orgi-nation of veterans built
with genuine skills to pay the heat, gas, and the rest of
the bills
Invest in the real, don't get left in the hills
My tech and my steel turn your whole crew into vega-ta-
bills
We blessed with the will to never surrender
cause my every agenda's in and out, unseen like I
entered the ninja
It's my world

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

I got that new F-N, call it that faggot nigga gun
Couple of hollow tips make you faggot niggaz run
Crack pull up, everybody clear out
Anybody pumpin that rock is gettin aired out
I'm in that caddy with my bitch in the pack

Your mommy got a body but she itchin to clap
And I know you pitchin purple but we switchin the packs
Listen, don't make me hurt you I'm just givin the facts
On that I 9-5 swirvin to a town near you
My niggaz watch out for that Black Surburbans
And no it's not the Feds, man papi's home
And papi got it good, he could put you on
Listen, I done made abandoned blocks look hot
Nine to ten Benzes, a couple of drops
Couple of rubber bands from the corrupt cops
Just to see my niggaz eat and shit and huggin the
blocks
Crack a chestize 'em, right besides 'em
In front of a hundred million viewers, shouldn't surprise
'em
We from the Bronx where the may-ors lift up
And niggaz get shot in broad day cause we don't give
a...
Fuck little niggaz on bike and just shoot you
All for a pair of some Nikes, the shits brutal
I done seen fiends O.D., shot the wrong pack
Then they call the shit the bomb smack
Word to Crack, the god body, the hard body, the
realest ever
The John Gotti, this rap shit, will it kill me? Never

[Notorious B.I.G.]

This goes out to cats, fingers in they ass again
Fifty dollar half-a-men, daydreamin
Fuck around get wet like semen, your whole team-and
be Mor-gan than Freeman
I took the cream and, moved to new places new faces
Fuck the screwfaces, cause when I flip
I make the papers, dangerous, we Goodfellas
Niggaz can't bang with us, try to do me
My crew be unruly (what)
To old school cats that call gats toolies
Call blacks moolies, think it's cool to smoke woolies
And fuck without rubbers (what) specialize
in killin wives and grandmothers, who ya trustin, shit
When Frank start bustin, Frank start somethin
Killin ya gently, God meant me, to push a Bentley
Me and Sean Combs takin broads home
On the phone with the chip, with these Cristal chicks
Bout to make our own porno flicks, my life's the shit

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