

# The Grinder

## Robert Cray Band

[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]

Uh, rolling up the grass, living better than them niggas  
That I used to look up to, I can show you how to come up  
Yeah, I came up from the gutter to a condo out in Hollywood  
Where the weathers good and the parties always popping up or  
Somebody be dropping off some trees  
I mean I got enough to go around everything for the free so you aint gotta  
Smoke with me and my homies down to go at any one town and get this paper  
I swear aint nobody do me no favours  
Twisting up the medicine, shitting on my competition  
Easy parts forgetting, but the hardest parts to try forgiving  
Niggas for mistaking me, or thinking I was one to wait up on  
Cause I was young thought I was dumb  
Nigga, what you makes a photographic memory  
Now look at my wife, she got a pornographic figure  
And my autograph is bigger to your nieces and your nephews  
And those other ones not to mention your niggas  
You caught em repping Taylor Gang with us

[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

I see TMZ cameras, paparazzi taking pictures  
I spark up a J and ask em if they wanna take one with us  
Made man, aint nobody make a nigga  
Bout to book a flight to Vegas, tryna take one with us  
You niggas too small dawg, me Im thinking bigger  
Critics comment on how Im smoking weed and drinking liquor  
Or how I was nominated, but not the winner  
But you should start counting on how much I made this year  
Yeah nigga, Im up in the air, nigga  
And the shit that I got on cost some money to wear, nigga  
Owner of the team, I aint even a player, nigga  
Four hours up, niggas aint caring now its getting dark for you niggas it ain't even fair, nigga  
Blowing hella dank, I mean so much I think its growing out my hair  
The weed is in the jar, the grinder is over there

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