

# Blam Blam

## Killer Mike

Grindtime (oh the mercy)

Yo one time for yo man this is Grindtime check and (Welcome To The Grindhouse!) And we gonna do it West  
Indian Style for you this time yo sniff and cash on the B'[Chorus:]

When the glock go blam blam, (boom, boom)

You die you don't get jiggy done you're done done

No there's nowhere to hide nowhere to run run

Grindtime motherfuckers here we come come

Once again when the glock go blam blam, (boom, boom)

You die you don't get jiggy done you're done done

No there's no where to hide nowhere to run run

Grindtime motherfuckers here we come come

Rude boys if you feel me bust your gun[Verse 1:]

Usually the two would be

Beside me when I cruise the street

Blue your feet blue your seat

He who moves usually

Cool it be, slow your roll

These niggas here dey cool with me

Rock the same shoes as me

Went to the same school as me

News would be,

That these niggs I am tryin bring up on ya, I just called to let ya know,

You need to keep the K up on ya

Chop up all these credit cards

Career is all that laid up on ya

Skeet skeet,

Move fast don't let them bitches lay up on ya

You know you really wanna be rollin instead

Hey there some niggas out here tryin to put a hole in yo head

Hey and sold ya for bread

Findin the life that we chose

Fast cars and this money

And these trifling hoes

Keep it real!Who wanna test-a the goon or the pride

I keep it on my hips they call me onslly

Go and let a few fly

That made a few die

Some fell straight down others handglide

But none of them survive the rising of the tide

Drown in they own blood  
Like pigs in the mud  
Insert a few buds  
Make sure he don't bud  
Or toss or throw away  
I don't hold the grub[Chorus:]  
When the glock go blam blam, (boom, boom)  
You die you don't get jiggy done you're done done  
No there's nowhere to hide nowhere to run run  
Grindtime motherfuckers here we come come  
Once again when the glock go blam blam, (boom, boom)  
You die you don't get jiggy done you're done done  
No there's no where to hide nowhere to run run  
Grindtime motherfuckers here we come come  
Rude boys if you feel me bust your gun[Verse 2:]  
Cancer sniff, hands just split  
Scoop me in the jag and dip  
Nag a bitch and flag a ship  
Over there like a bag of chips  
Whodini and genie out of a bikini that's a magic trick  
Abra Kadabra, I caught it all on camera  
(While I)My major stamina  
Fuck all the amateurs  
Smokin lavender  
It's slightly lighter than purple with a murk  
My family matters but ain't no Urkels in my circle of trust  
Amongst eachothe, we trust each brotherThere's another mad situation,  
Sad situation  
That every nigga I know is in a bad situation (Situation)  
I'm tired of waiting,  
Tired of being patient,  
Tired of waking up wondering if we gonna make it (gonna make it)  
My hands are full  
I'm a Grindtime disciple  
Right hand the Bible  
Left hand the rifle (a rifle)  
We freed us boys  
And we both got degrees  
I got mine from the schools  
He got his from the street  
Told me "little nigga don't be like me"(like me) yes I didn't listen no disrespecting he  
(now back to me)It's kind of sad  
That that's all I want to be  
A member of the game  
Rappin and using slang

And even at career day  
I said the same thang  
Teacher shook her haid  
"What a god damn shame"  
But really motherfucker  
Who really should you blame  
I had protica my environment  
Workin towards retirement  
Just another motherfucker  
Trying to come up  
Hand above the water  
And Get head from your daughter  
But who gives a fuck  
Go on and sign me up  
Big Slim in the building nigga throw ya G'z up! [Chorus:]  
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Grindtime motherfuckers here we come come  
Rude boys if you feel me bust your gun [Verse 3:]  
The rugor man the toolastan  
From here to Jerusalem  
Used to move it down  
Twelve hundred sixty two grams  
Heavy chevy runnin fuck it  
It's a bucket trap car  
Red dogs to my nigga  
Trying to trap a track star  
Hell naw we under rated  
Down'll be the day mo'  
Catch me in da eight mo'  
Yeah I got the yay mo'  
Slip double played partna  
Parkin lot pimpin on em  
Droppin toppin flippin on em  
Cop a block and flip it on em  
Pussy boy boxy boy  
You ain't never shattered shatta boy  
You a boxy boy  
Never shat a boy  
That's why I shot all ya shattas boy

Left em dead  
On all my hotter boys  
Blunts of madosia  
Saturate the polo  
Leave a man older nickle plated fofu  
Strike like made cobras  
Car jot em come get em  
Cause his life over  
Tell 'em Sheriff John Brown  
If he come through town  
He will be shot down  
'pon sight 'pon day 'pon night  
He'll be dead upon the river  
With them boxy boys  
And them in for my niggas  
Beaten swollen bloated like an elephant man  
Blunts swollen, bloated like an elephant man  
Past getting high, smokin' for the hell of it man  
If you ain't Grindtime  
You irrelevant man  
Not Peel, not Jones Nario shit  
I'm sorry hoe  
Not Zack not Jack not Bill Collector A  
Fuck you very much  
Hope you have a bad day[Chorus:]  
Grindtime  
(Chuckle)  
When the glock go blam blam, (boom, boom)  
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