Grill 'Em

J.R. Writer

Don't stop, grill em (grill em) don't stop, grill em (grill em)
Don't stop, grill em (grill em) don't stop, grill em (grill em)
Don't stop, grill em (grill em) don't stop, grill em
Grill em, grill em, don't stop
This that get em sound, this that get it down (down)
This that two step we don't shake or spin around (no)
This that pick a clown size em up try ya luck
Playa hate, grill em down, let me see you twist ya frown[Verse 1]
This that hard for real, off the charts my nillz
Soon as you get to the lot ock (what) start to grill
Show that mark a deal and you got the heart of steel
Scared a clown stare em down while the nigga park his wheels (do it)
Then head to the club to show em you a party wrecker (wrecker)
Grill the bouncer cause he tryin to charge you extra (charge me extra)
But next minute he letting in a mob of heffers (what)
And wanna give you a hastle at that Don detecter
Search and pat ya where, like a fag and queer (queer)
Give that fag a stare have that little cracker scared (scared)
If he talking bout you can't wear ya hat in here
And that shit match ya gear (grill em, grill em)
This aint made for playas in the club waving paper (nope)
This is for those stone cold playa haters
Who just playa hate, spot the spot, place the place
And quick to lay a scrape or scuff in ya bathing apes (ohh)
See I be on my D-I-P
Cut you off while you dancing with that P-Y-T (come here)
Grill a bartender cause he wanna see I.D.
And they won't let you in that damn V.I.P. Grill em[Hook]
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Grill em, grill em, don't stop[Verse 2]
This that mobster shit (right) this Tupacalypse (right)
This that get in the club bub and pop some shit (huh)
This that I'm here right yeah watch ya bitch

He got, I aint got, hate on em cause he rockin it
What this nigga think (grill em) we don't feel this chimp (grill em)
I don't feel this chimp (grill em) we got bigger nth's (grill em)
(Grill em, grill em) if he dipped in mink (what)
We goin wild and push the crowd till he spill his drink (do it)
Relax you better scrap (scrap) look I keep the piece (uhh huh)
We ain't tryin to keep the peace you can go ahead with that (go head)
We got desserts macs that'll leave you dead and flat
Fat to skinny, small to tall, dogs Spud Webber Shaq (whatever)
Act and get stupid, scrappy lets do it
Hands up if the DJ put the scratch to ya music
Erratic and lose it (lose it) ohh no whoa yo
Go low and throw bows faster than Cupid (hey)
That's what a thug about (bout) that's what thuggin bout (bout)
So that slouch you's a bad mother (shut your mouth)
They thought it was over till you let the bluccas sprout
Clapped a few slugs for shouts after the club get out[Hook]

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