Grindin'

The Clipse

Yo, I go by the name
(I'm yo' Pusha)
Of Pharrell from the Neptunes
And I just wanna let y'all know
(I'm yo' Pusha)
The world is about to feel
Something
(I'm yo' Pusha)
That they've never felt before, c'mon
From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard
I sell it whip on whip, it's off the hard
I'm the neighborhood Pusha
Call me sub woofer, 'cause I pump bass like that, Jack
On or off the track, I'm heavy 'cuz
Ball 'til you fall 'cause you could duck to the fetti govs
Sorry my love, what I'm seeing through these eyes
Benz convoys with the wagon on the side
Only big boys keep deuces on the ride
Gucci Chuck Taylor with the dragon on the side
Man, I make a buck, why scram?
I'm trying to show y'all who the fuck I am
The jewels is flirting me, damned if I'm hurting
Legend in two games like I'm Pee Wee Kirkland
Platinum on the block with consistent hits
While Pharrell keep talking this music shit
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Patty cake, patty cake, I'm the baker's man
I bake them cakes as fast as I can
And you can tell by how my bread stack up
And disguised in this rap so the Feds back up

Watch it, like my whip, like my chick, topless
Doing a buck-six with me in the cockpit
Grindin' cousin, I got hoes for a dozen
Even Eleven-5, if I see ya keep it comin'
And my weight, that's just as heavy as my name
So much dough, I can't swear I won't change
Excuse me if my wealth got me full of myself
Cocky, something that I just can't help
'Specially when them 20's is spinning like windmills
And the ice 32 below minus the wind chill
Filthy, the word that best defines me
I'm just grinding man, y'all never mind me
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grin-din', when you know what I keep in a linin'
(Whooof)
Niggas better stay in line, when
(Whooof)
When you see a nigga like me shinin'
(Grinding!)
Grindin', when you know what I keep in a linin'
(Whooof)
Niggas better stay in line, when
(Whooof)
When you see a nigga like me shinin'
(Grinding!)
My grind's 'bout family, never been about fame
From days I wasn't able there was always caine
Four and a half will get you in the game
Anything less is just a goddamn shame
Guess the weight, my watch got blue chips in the face
Glock with two tips, whoever gets in the way
Not to mention the hideaway that rests by the lake
Consider my raw demeanor the icing on the cake
I'm Grinding
I move 'caine like a cripple
Balance weight through the hood

Kids call me Mr. Sniffles, other hand on my nickel
Plated whistle, one eye closed I'll hit you
As if I was Slick Rick my aim is still an issue
Lose your soul in whichever palm I'm holdin'
One'll leave you frozen, the other, noddin' and dozin'
I'm grindin' Jack
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
Grindin'!
(Ahhh)
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