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 onsly
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:]
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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 fofo
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)
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