

# Grits

## The Roots

Yo Malik Blunt whassup?  
Tell me how you like your grits man  
Man I like all kinds of grits son  
I just don't like them sticky grits  
Word, that was trippy  
Whassup with you Black Thought man, wassup?  
Word, organix, groovy stew grits  
With cheese and mad honey  
That ain't nuttin man  
That's the grits that needs cash man  
I like my grits with sugar man  
I like them with butter sweet and smooth man  
Who gets the grits?  
(Say what?)  
Bust it  
I can tell another bout real grits getters  
Gettin' grits y'all  
(Say what?)  
Bust it, let a  
Brother tell another bout real grits getters  
(Dig it, the grits getters get the grits y'all)  
Who gets the grits?  
(Say what?)  
Bust it, let a  
Brother tell another bout real grits getters  
(Dig it, the grits getters get the grits y'all)  
Who gets the grits?  
(Say what?)  
Bust it, let a  
Brother tell another about the real grits getters  
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)  
Who gets the grits?  
(Say what?)  
Bust it, let a  
Brother tell another bout the grits getter  
Now me, I'm out to get the grits, more than a little bit  
If I said, don't get it black you know I'd be a hypocrite  
Levels often fluctuate to surplus from deficit  
Rated with the X, is the X-tra X-plicit grits

I, slides and slips and dives and dips  
Into it, it being grits that I gets like a quaker  
But take the raincoats, for the oats  
When you crush trail mix yo, I dig my grits fixed slow  
With butter, you slip up in the grits and make 'em other  
Some people call it skins but, grits is the other term  
That you gots to learn, to keep up on all the scoop  
I get a little ends but, never spends loot  
For the wiggle, some immature, kids like to laugh  
So they giggle for the grits and, when they get close  
They start skitz-in, not this kid, because I switched in  
Flipped in, changed the position that I hits in-side  
I glide, words can't describe, how I move be  
Like, hittin' a doobie, thought'll get ya groovy, so  
Yo Black, here's a bit of advice your wife's nice  
So you better keep the girls away from the grits getter  
Who gets the grits?  
(Say what?)  
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Brother tell another about the real grits getters  
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)  
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Yeah, I likes to unzip it, strip it then grip it  
To be specific I won't like it, so get the ticket  
Flip it like it was a coin, put the loins in the groins  
In other words the groins I stretch, now you gets the sketch  
You, know I use my mark like the worm on Noah's ark  
But if I happen to see a spark, I umm, parks my bark  
Guess I haves to rest my num before the next number to sum  
But so I can't slumber or sleep, my shovel's diggin' deep  
Peep this hick whose name was Vickie

Gettin' tricky rather slicky  
Her performance showed endurance  
She said, "Me like to licky licky"  
Body more gracious, or should I say bodacious  
Took my order then she sorta served me  
Like she was a waitress  
Never will I say that she was tasteless  
Maker of the pastry, so's I calls her pastress  
Still enthused, 'cause I got my cruise on  
P O L O blues on, when I choose to move I puts my shoes on  
Protection, against infection  
Erect projections travels South in your mouth  
Like a dentist checked in, commence to be intent  
She said, "I can't understand you, but damn you like Prince"  
I make it feel like a Zulu, from Honolulu  
By the way she roll away like a dog who name was Ubu  
They also said the way I entered from the center  
Is adventurous, imprint on you dentures when I bust  
Or I thrust, Mid-Atlantic, they act like a schitzophrenic  
Sometimes they panic like I'm Diggin on a planet  
I don't gotta Beama or a Jetta? C-ka-Reama alla netta?  
Malik is the sleek grits, getter  
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Brother tell another about the real grits getters  
(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)  
I would be lyin' if I told you I could not  
Prepare a fat bowl of sticky, grits for a quickie  
Humans get picky and judge it by the thickness

But if it bends your spoon then add some butter with the quickness

I might get a bit smoother, if you move it to a  
Better, position, that's probably what she wishin'  
You can add some groovy spices, to give it extra

But my advice is to first let it simmer

Hot, if it's hot then let the pot sit and cool

'Cause if you spill your milk, we label you beginner

Humans gotta know, that I keep my bowl, full of grits

Swingin' with their daughters while their parents throwin' fits

Tellin' me to change my diet plan, to bran cereal

Or rice, I tried that twice, it didn't work

In fact, it made my milk kinda sour

Half and half, part creamer and skeemer

That's why if it's grits then it gotta be organic

'Cause if it's artificial, I panic

Who gets the grits?

(Say what?)

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(Yeah, the grits getters get the grits y'all)

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Yo man, what about me man?

Yo man, just pass your grits down man

(You needs to eat Gerber man)

Who gets the grits, now let me tell ya

A plenty posse bloom from the cellar, to nail ya

Daughter or your sister, the younger skins elixir

Kick a cat, but I won't like a cat, I'll figure

I'd rather, play the thigh kisser, sister

I don't die swift and yo I'm not a quitter

So umm, let me place my hands upon that waist and trace

My way to the right nip and left nip then sip  
Similac, until my Jimmy grows fat, grab my pack of hats  
From the back, then flee, to the next block  
To knock off socks, yo you know my props  
So father, don't bother 'cause once the grits is hot  
Yo they're good as got  
Who gets the grits?  
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