Boy I Grind

Dorrough

Intro:
Yeah, Ha
Yo its the D-O Double R (Yes Sir)
Dorrough Music (Yeah Buddy)
PrimeTime Clique, BitchChorus:Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind like there ain't no tomorrow.Verse 1:Say, I heard there's a fire, fire, somebody yell fire
So damn fly that niggas put me on they flyers
Prior, and no i'm no liar
I'm grinding like i'm riding on four flat tiresBook me for a show, I'll work, for hire
Book me for a show, big faces I require
Cause boy I'm fire, sizzlin, cracklin
Plus I grind like two hoes wrestlin'Quick to spit verses like reverends
Grind like [?]
25/8 Fuck 24/7
When do I sleep, really ain't no tellin'
I'm the 411 like April, 11thYeah I'm from the south
Where niggas get street money
Im from the south
Where niggas get deep money
Im from the south
We get money, keep money,
Long money, speak money, take you out to eat moneyChorus:X2Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind like there ain't no tomorrow.Verse 2:Boy I grind like a skater, I grind for the paper,
Ride around in 20-29 navigators,
Lil mama fine but I aint time to just date her,
She mad cuz Im a dog, and I dont even know her maker,Taking risks like a knife spinning [?],
Where niggaz who step pour papers,
And all i know is hustlers, ballers, and haters,
And most of you niggaz played out like [?],Got me yellin faker, faker, my nigga youz a faker,
[????]
Watch, you better hope yo bitch dont break ya,
Heres a tip do not go where the money dont take ya,Jelousy, I aint trippen because I get money and got money,
And I aint trippen because I stacked up and stocked money,
And some people called the country boy a crop money,
Big money, shop money, buy it off the lot moneyChorus:X2Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)

Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
Boy I Grind like there ain't no tomorrow.Verse 3:If you get cold, I get hotter,
Where ever I go yo bitch gunna follow,
Yeah boy yo bitch my pinta,
Beat that pussy just like pintas,As I get hot, you get colder,
I stack paper like 5 star folders,
Put cho bitch legs over my shoulder,
Beat that pussy just like I suppose to,Lou, ash a poo, make it pop like mountain dew,
Stand tall like mountain dew,
Make a million then count a few,(Boy I grind, like boy I, boy I)And really on that bull shit,
But i got through to the hound of you,
Dope niggaz get dope money, show niggaz get show money,
Pimp niggaz get hoe money, grown niggaz get no money,One man can get a lot of money,
But more niggaz get more money,
I cry without a 95,
I fuck around and get cho money,Chorus:X2Boy I Grind (like Boy I, Boy I)
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