Grizzly Grind

Aryginal

â€œGrizzly Grindâ€•
Ground Breaking
written by: Andre Moss Jr. (BMI)
produced by: Randall K. McGriff
performed by: Aryginal

[Aryginal-Chorus:]
Iâ€™m on my grizzly grind...
I let my chain hang low
fitted cocked, thick knots make my pants sag low
I got, got, got O...
got my whip sitting high
guess I can say that Iâ€™m fly
cause Iâ€™m really in the sky
Iâ€™m on my grizzly grind...
I let my chain hang low
fitted cocked, thick knots make my pants sag low
I got, got, got O...
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[Bridge]
Iâ€™m on my grizzly grind, Iâ€™m on my grizzly
grizzy, grizzy, grizzly grind, Iâ€™m on my grizzly grind, grind
grizzly grind, Iâ€™m on my grizzly
grizzy, grizzy, grizzly grind, Iâ€™m on my grizzly grind, grind

[Aryginal-Verse 1:]
I'm feeling like a million bucks
the anticipation is building up
like a quarterback in the midst of a blitz, I feel the rush.
Yellow diamonds well designed and described as ill as they come
(I'm shining baby) I am the flyest under the sun.
And plus I get brain from dames with nice frames
the next stage of this hip hop game
I'm that flame
my jeans are well creased, fitted is insane
chain hangs... and it got more links than a web page.

I'm resting in money
from Monday to Monday
yeah Iâ€™m fresh to death like I stepped off the runway.
I am so grown with it
and my watch like the bottom of your fish tank, all of them damn stones in it
button ups, buttons got kind of a chrome finish
when you think of rap's elite, yeah I belong in it.
Dude he alright but he don't hit like me
I'm on my grizzly grind tell him get like me.

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[Aryginal-Verse 2:]
Your boyâ€™s flyer than Peter Pan, so shorty is Tinker Bell
trunk look like itâ€™s having a seizure when my speakers pound
interior tangerine, paint wetter than Vaseline, drolics got it hopping like kangaroo on a trampoline.
They say my whip fresh and
when the doors lift up, look like itâ€™s bench-pressing.
Homie you damn right
now what it sound like
Jennifer Hudson & Mariah Carey underneath homie, Iâ€™m riding loud pipes.
Yeah cause Iâ€™m a star
this is my summer car

wood grained out, your chic though it was a lumberyard
paint nasty, keeps flipping like summersaults
plus I got the whip dancing like Jabbawockeez.
Yeah, yeah the trunk that bump
you know exactly where Iâ€™ve been because the pavements sunk
I hop out and let the haters watch
itâ€™s like Iâ€™m fresh out the swamp, Mauri gators on.
ARYGI!!!

[Aryginal-Chorus:]
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