

# Grand Finale(Ft. Nas,T.I.,Bun

## Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz

Yeah, yeah, it's been a long journey gettin' to  
This motherfuckin' point of this crunk juice shit, what?  
But we done got to the last motherfuckin' song niggaz  
And I got five of the hottest motherfuckin' emcees in the world  
Givin' you that gangsta shit, it's the motherfuckin' grand finale We growin' doja in the basement in that  
underwater garden  
When here on in the bank shed, dry it 'til it harden  
Make it hash up in the oven, put yayo in the hot plate  
Drain and dry in the freezer, it's obvious we got weight I said, "Hard work, that's soft work even with wet work  
Built-in clientele so we ain't gotta network"  
We always got work, so we ain't gotta get work  
And if you ain't gettin' your work from us you bound to get jerked We yayo experts, we been whippin' the yola  
Since the crackas decided to take, the coke from coca-cola  
Hold the rollers, the King of the trill  
The underground as well You can step in the ring when you feel  
Nigga just sound the bell  
Can't sound the heaters in this game  
But the grind, I'm lovin' Nigga we passed all that pushin'  
Man it's time for shovin'  
I got the mask, I got the strap, soon as I find the gloves  
We gonna start exposin' off like farhreneit 9/11 I'ma speak clearly 'cause I don't think they hearin' me  
A nigga only fear's gettin' charged with conspiracy  
I can get it right to ya, sticky green white to ya  
Wear whatever you want, bullets goin' right through ya If you stressin' to get buried  
My niggaz'll send you back to the essence in a hurry  
Sippin' crunk juice, blowin' Dutchies in the Chevy  
Try to figure me out dawg, I'm light but I'm heavy Yellow lemonheads in the bezzie of the presi'  
And yeah, anybody'ca rock but D-Block rock steady  
Fed's don't need no warrants 'cause y'all all informants  
So I get higher than New York insurance Try to keep shit clean like florence  
Moved on up on the east side 'cause I never lost endurance  
And it's all real niggaz, if I ever get a license to carry  
Shit, that's a license to kill niggaz I refuse to lose, I rather give these weak dudes the blues  
And separate them from they jewels, teach 'em don'ts and do's  
I raise tools, make crews make decisions confused  
All spectators can say is, "This lil' nigga's a fool" A short fuse with some loose screws, some unscrewed  
Better prove, you niggaz pussy as the Moulan Rouge  
So who guardin' who, you know who to you know what?  
To you know where, goin' 'gainst 'em's too unfair 'Cause everywhere you do a show, he got Kinfolk there

Now you know, I ain't no? I got ten folk there  
They ain't powerful as the one at the end of your prayer  
Got you runnin' for your life without a minute to spare  
Catch you dead to the granite, melt the grease in your hair  
When I go, them boys is gonna be indecent affair  
Guarantee you nah a real nigga breathin' accounted  
At your funeral just your parents and the preacher was there  
Hollow, television name-dropper reachin' for help  
So I ain't gotta say a word, pimp you beatin' ya'self  
You gon' get what you deserve for disrespectin' the game  
Any nigga with the nerve to say another man name  
When that other man ain't even present  
And deny it when somebody ask him about it  
That nigga's a lame, you like to lie on the mic  
Hide behind fame, I was a G when I came that's the way I remain  
Who besides the Egyptian walker, fuckers  
have a conniption  
My existence persistent to bring foes misfortune  
I dazzle 'em, like the Alderman, Billy Dee in mahogany, minus the perm  
From the tiniest sperm that the mightiest the almighty can muster  
Project prophet, chronic blockage gives  
alzheimer's to youngsters  
Amongst them is me, can't remembers my beefs  
With who? For what? They screw-face me up, my boo laced me up  
Bolinsiaga, flimsy condo with bimbos in south of Kalan gro in pimp mode  
The inf' glow on his clothes and you  
know it's over  
Hammer hit pin, pin hit shell, from the shell the slug gonna chew ya  
Try not to lose me, I try not to lose' ya  
Mamma say, mamma sa mu makasa, fly to cuba  
To chill with some politi-kill niggaz who ill  
'Cause y'all niggaz are losers, don't get comfortable nigga  
Say hello to Mr. Bad Guy, get that cash par, I'm the last don  
You'll ever know so, here you go, y'all can take these thoughts  
Anyway I'm chargin' Emcees a late fee cost  
So when y'all done with my style, please break me off  
But never make Nas mad just in case we cross  
'Cause ah, lately, y'all don't make me happy  
To calm my nerve, I need the herb G.N.C. don't carry  
Who the fuck is that? It's Ice Cube motherfucka  
He's a maniac, no I'm a fool motherfucka  
Old school motherfucka, blow through a motherfucka  
What you heard about a nigga, so true motherfucka  
See I'm ugly and prettay, I'm polished and grittay  
Shoot better than that nigga that tried to kill 50  
See, niggaz get shittay when I come to their city  
When I hit the spot that bitch they like, she commin' with me  
'Cause I got an ego big as T O but I'm not an eagle  
Bitch, I roll with Rigo  
'Cause gangstas don't dance we boogie  
I told you motherfuckas, Kobe didn't take that pussy  
Get money, get paid, you can beat that shit  
Even if the D. A. is a piece'a shit  
Colorado got movatos, don't eat that shit  
Another white bitch lyin' on thee black dick  
I keep it flippin' like flapjacks, pimpin' like black 'lacs  
Give niggaz flashbacks, they sweaty as ass cracks  
When I hit the tar mat, it feel like a carjack

Niggaz get out and vanish like star treks  
So fuckin' incredible, I'm so fuckin' credible  
No matter what happen, I'll never turn federal  
And that's my report comin' straight from Cali  
Ice Cube is the shit on this motherfuckin' grand finale

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