

Grind (feat. Brisco & Lil Wayne)

Birdman

[Intro - Lil Wayne]
And we gone grind
I say we gone grind
I say we gone grind (X2)
I'm grinding y'all[Verse 1 - Birdman]
Fuck it we going to get it homie
Pop it and split it homie, live it and hustle homie
Grind till we billions homie, more money, new lens
More money, new Benz, more money, two twins
What we toting homie?
Got it from the bottom, raised to the top with it, hundred mill' rock with it
Hundred mill' drop with it, got the Benz and the Phantom like way back
Forty, fifty cars in my hood, bitch touch that
Play the model nigga, drinking out the bottle with it, on the island with it
Money and power with it, watch the little nigga jam on you bitches
While I'll be sitting on the island, nigga fucking these bitches
More hundred
[Chorus - Lil Wayne] X4
And we gone grind
I say we gone grind
I say we gone grind[Verse 2 - Brisco]
Same clothes three days, watch me get my grind on
My auntie say I smoke too much, that's why a nigga mind gone
Can't stop hustling, I get it from my dad, all I know is box, Cuban stamps, and Ziploc bags
Rental cars tinted out, time to hit the interstate
Got a fetish for Ferraris and bad bitches I can renovate
I ain't talking penny weight, I'm talking big money
I'm talking breaking it down, to the last onion
Poppy know my forte, I get them and drop
And if they rolling up the rug, we shake them down and re-rock them
I got to get it, it's all about a dollar, I do it every day so I'm living blue collar[Chorus]
[Verse 3 - Birdman]
Shit, see I came across the state lines, know I had to get mines
Hundred mill' was the ticket, for a straight grind
Know I had to get back where I started, had to get back what I lost, new fleet that I ordered
Got more chips, flipping out the other licks
Bad for the birds homie, born hood rich
Came from the rockets straight to the topics
That's how we getting it, big money won't stop it
More hundred[Chorus]

