

# 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]

