

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]

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