

Grindin' - Eclipse Lyrics

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"Grindin'"

Yo, I go by the name (I'm yo' pusha)
Of Pharrell, from The Neptunes
And I just wanna let y'all know (I'm yo' pusha)
The world, is about to feel something (I'm yo pusha)
That they've never felt before, c'mon
From ghetto to ghetto, to backyard to yard
I sell it whipped un-whipped, it's soft or hard
I'm the, neighborhood pusha
Call me Subwoofer, 'cause I pump base like that, Jack
On or off the track, I'm heavy cuz
Ball 'til you fall 'cause you could duck to the Feddy Govs
Sorry my love, what I'm seeing through these eyes
Benz convoys with the wagon on the side
Only big boys keep deuces on the ride
Gucci Chuck Taylor with the dragon on the side
Man, I make a buck, why scram?
I'm tryna show y'all who the fuck I am

The jewels is flirting, be damned if I'm hurting
Legend in two games like I'm Pee Wee Kirkland
Platinum on the block with consistent hits
While Pharrell keep talking this music shit

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Huh-huh

Patty cake, patty cake, I'm the baker's man

I bake them cakes as fast as I can

And you can tell by how my bread stack up

Then disguise it as rap so the Feds back up

Watch it, like my whip, like my chick topless

Doing a buck-six with me in the cockpit

Grindin' cousin, I got wholes for a dozen

Even 11-5 if I see ya keep it comin'

And my weight, that's just as heavy as my name

So much dough, I can't swear I won't change

Excuse me if my wealth got me full of myself

Cocky, something that I just can't help

'Specially when them 20's is spinning like windmills

And the ice 32 below minus the wind chill

Filthy, the word that best defines me

I'm just grinding man, y'all never mind me

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Huh-huh

Grindin' (whoa)

You know what I keep in a lining (whoa)

Niggas better stay in line when (whoa)

You see a nigga like me shinin' (grinding!)

Grindin' (whoa)

You know what I keep in a lining (whoa)

Niggas better stay in line when (whoa)

You see a nigga like me shinin' (grinding!)

My grind's 'bout family, never been about fame

From days I wasn't able, there was always 'caine

Four and a half will get you in the game

Anything less is just a goddamn shame

Guess the weight, my watch got blue chips in the face

Glock with two tips whoever gets in the way

Not to mention the hideaway that rests by the lake

Consider my raw demeanor the icing on the cake

I'm grindin'

I move 'caine like a cripple

Balance weight through the hood, kids call me Mr. Sniffles

Other hand on my nickel

Plated whistle, one eye closed, I'll hit you

As if I was Slick Rick, my aim is still an issue

Lose your soul in, whichever palm I'm holdin'

One'll leave you frozen

The other, noddin' and dozin', I'm grindin' Jack

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

Grindin' (ahh)

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