

## Out There Grindin' (remix)

Lil' Flip

Remix, remix, ha ha  
Is it cause them boys is out there shinin', (shinin')  
Maybe cause them boys is out there grindin', (grindin')  
Platinum pieces wid Canary diamonds, (diamonds)  
The haters is talkin' but never mind them (never mind them)

I don't even push caine and I push the brain  
Ahead of the game, came in range  
Not the Rover never pullin' over  
smooth like Hova gettin' older, (it's the remix)  
Not the mafia but the three six is parked outside  
Got you thinkin' how you got, left with a Lincoln  
Me and Flip on some new shit  
We stayin' alive no bullshit  
Stick to the motto, pump a few bottles  
fuck a few models, feel no sorrow  
People said to slow my roll  
But the bread's comin' fast and I know  
That the platinum pieces keep me shinin'  
Thinkin' of my mother keeps me grindin'  
Entered the game at a young age  
I'm on my own I'm out the cage  
If you say I'm young and I can't get in  
Use a fake I.D. with a picture of my rim  
Twenty fours, might work, who knows  
Skillz on the track with a platinum rapper  
Pockets gettin' much fatter

I got, big rocks all in my cross  
Every night a different hoe I toss  
You better check the facts check the stacks  
Y'all niggaz lost  
How much my jewelry cost  
Just ask my nigga Boss  
It's winter time so you know the birds flyin' south  
So spread it word of mouth, I'm tryna get 'em all  
We from the Clover nigga we gon' make it through the drought  
Got thirty in the vault, got fifty on my neck  
A hundred on my wrist, three hundred on my check  
Five hundred on my Benz, four hundred for my friends  
We rollin' on lorenz, watch the spinners spin  
We pimpin' hoes like Ken, we never drink on gin  
My records always spin, I gotta win nigga

No matter what the mood is, in a throwback Saint Louis  
Shinin' and grindin' these ain't no birds these is Canary diamonds  
So quit ya yappin', rappin' before I get to clappin'  
From the 2-1-4, 7-1-3 I stay on my Q's stay on my P's  
I do what I do I do it wid ease, so bitch please  
The topic is, the fact that I'm shinin'  
Windows down and yo I'm grindin'  
Not the Clipse but I got some clips  
Ten stacks, and I make a hit  
Then I flip to a brick and add a five  
Hit the block, now it's time to grind  
Pants saggin' money braggin'  
Playin' a one coachin' a two

H-one, H-twos, flippin' a Jag bounce in a coupe  
From state to state, bitches to models  
Pop the bottle different zones  
Time zone, fire's on, whooo!  
I'm in jacob zone

It's the remix  
Shinin' (southside)  
Grindin' (northside)  
Diamonds (eastside)  
Never mind them (westside), ha ha  
That's how we do it man  
Lil flipper, underground legend  
You gotta feel me, you gotta feel me  
I ain't fuck off my budget  
You gotta feel me, haha, whoo!