

GET MY GRIND ON
Rap/hip hop song lyrics
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Verse 1:

I'm waking up, get my grind on

I'm smoking broccoli, vegetarian,

I flip the script, took a wish list,

I hit my target, call that a hit list

Just gettin started, I keep my focus,

Make a nigga disappear call that hocus pocus.

I'm in the Lotus, I just made a Milli,

I'm livin' large, I'm popppin pillies

Six car garage, money so long

From Savannah to Havana smoking on that good strong

Raise up the hood, momma knew I would

Protect my family, yeah we eating good,

Chorus:

I'm soaring through the clouds, got my mind made up,
I live in the moment so fill up my cup,
Got a couple racks and I'mma make them pop,
Got a couple stacks so I'mma live it up (x2)

Verse 2:

Meet and the greens, diamonds in the chains,

Lotta bad bitches, I don't know they names,

Lotta bad snitches, yeah I know they names,

Got a 9 milli, put em in they place.

I can be obscene, bitches know I'm bossin

Good hygiene, cause I stay flossin'

Smoking on fire, lungs stay coughing,

I just fucked a porn star, met her up in Boston.

I just stole your girl, you could say he lost and,

His face was stone cold, nigga Steve Austin

I gotta speak the truth I can't tell no lies,

Like a bitch ass thick, big thighs.

Chorus:

I'm soaring through the clouds, got my mind made up,

I live in the moment so fill up my cup,

Got a couple racks and I'mma make them pop,

Got a couple stacks so I'mma live it up (x2)

Verse 3:

I'm leanin in the Lotus,

lean in my cup police don't seem to notice,

Feeling heavy metal, bout to pop this bottle,

Twistin up loud press the gas full throttle,

I'mma live my life, that's my fuckin' motto,

Whole lot of bitches, I just hit the lotto,

I just hit the blunt, think that shit was laced,

Now I'm fuckin blitzed, I can't feel my face,

Hit her from the back, hit her from the front,

Hit her from the side, I can't get enough.

I'mma never stop, I'mma do good

Never going back to broke, understood.

Chorus:

I'm soaring through the clouds, got my mind made up,
I live in the moment so fill up my cup,
Got a couple racks and I'mma make them pop,
Got a couple stacks so I'mma live it up (x2)

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“Ain't Nobody Got Time for That.”

Max B – Never Want To Go Back (Instrumental)

Intro Hook (0:00 – 0:26)

I never want to go back, it's my turn;

Follow in my footsteps; you gotta learn.

I never want to go back; no more crime;

Follow in my footsteps; it's prime time.

Repeat x 2

Verse 1 (0:26 –1:26)

So I'm sitting here thinking about my possibilities, and the facilities use the utilities, not for me, I think I'll be ok – not like biggie smalls shot up like JFK.

I kick it solo level, easier to think that way,

Tasmanian devil, disheveled, rose up from the potter's clay.

Maybe I'll stay, and maybe I won't,

but the fact of the matter is that I'm still on my own. I'm gone, I'm throwed.

Can you hear me from here? It's crystal clear!

Watch my rhymes disappear into your ear –in first gear.

Flowin that hip hop style like mamas rocker,

Following the rhymes I'm b-rent the stalker.

I wanna live a life of fancy and fame

But my job had a wage claim givin me a bad name.

Telling me I double cashed a check, I bet

But I'm National City, I got money in the bank.

Brooklyn I gotchu, stand up if you true,

but the gleam is my dream, never stopping to pursue,

What I want, cuz I need it dawg, don't make me repeat it
dawg,

I'm gambling my poker hand cuz bruh I'm from Brooklyn
dawg.

Hook (1:26 –1:38)

I never want to go back; it's my turn.

Follow in my footsteps; you gotta learn.

I never want to go back; no more crime.

Follow in my footsteps; it's prime time.

Repeat x 2

Verse 2 (1:39 –2:38)

Easy, easy, my mind is just so breezy,

I can't help but looking up to the one who truly frees me.

I claim the life of the one that's blessed,

So I kick off the stress and I'm ahead of the rest, yes.

It's so true to me, open up your eyes, you see,

If life is arithmetic, I'm talking 'bout infinity.

No light-year, steady reppin' buzz,

I'm in my car of life fueled by the gasoline of love.

Pursue life, pursue happiness,

Never give up or simply have satisfaction with,

Only a little, when you can reach for the stars,

I'm an alien bruh, meditating on mars.

Even so you better keep up the pace,

Many fall off but the winner finishes the race.

He's got his face on the one true prize

And all I'm asking of you, is to open up your eyes.

Now it's your turn, when you gonna learn?

That if you steady mess with fire then you're bound to be
burned.

So step up, it's your turn to bat;

Just remember now, aint nobody got time for dat!

Hook (2:38 –2:51)

I never want to go back; it's my turn;

Follow in my footsteps; you gotta learn.

I never want to go back; no more crime;

Follow in my footsteps; it's prime time.

Repeat x 2

Verse 3 (2:51 –3:37)

Open up your mind and renew the senses,

Painting a pretty perfect picture –pinching pennies.

Preposterous! How can you love that way?

So full of yourself, I think it's time you change.

Indeed, the satisfaction of life is all I need,

And I'm abundantly sure; satisfaction's guaranteed.

Why waste your time? Slow down and get in tune,

We're doing cartwheels all around the ceiling of the room.

I'm lacing up, getting ready for the game
All the crowd is roaring on as I'm heading up the lane,
I'm an Aslan lion, and I got a thick mane
If you didn't understand, allow me to repeat again, uh.
I'm gearing up, life's a hoop and I'm a slam dunk
Riding around with my car, engine in the trunk.
I'm flying high, but I'm sleek like an alley cat,
Procrastination? aint nobody got time for that!

Hook (3:38 –4:06)

I never want to go back, it's my turn;
Follow in my footsteps; you gotta learn.
I never want to go back; no more crime;
Follow in my footsteps; it's prime time.

Repeat x 2

Fade out.