

Mr. Versatility

Grip Grand

Verse 1:

They call me Mr. Versatility—I work with all styles.
It ain't all good in Broakland, it hurts when I smile.
This is the best shit you heard in a while,
So turn your radio up
And tell your lady don't fuck with the dial.
I'm certain that y'all gon' get every person involved.
The Mack Movement! Apostles like Peter and Paul.
When heaters are drawn, we beef and won't leave it
alone.
We try to keep the peace, but meet up on the streets
and it's on!
So you can rap 'til you blue in the grill.
But I be doin' it and doin' it well like LL.
I don't do it for mail.
Do it for love and the dudes in the jails
Who can't do it 'cuz they doin' time glued to they
cells.
(Church!)
I don't go to...God, what you done for me?
Everywhere I look, people die, people hun-g-ry.
This is the R.L. charity fund.
Send me your money—every thief doesn't carry a gun.
But I spit!

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

I keep a pencil by my pillow, writin' jams in my sleep.
A cool cat, nine lives, always land on my feet.
This is the New Rap Testament. Check it and see.
I'd be surprised if you were nice, but they expect it
from me.
I got that bam-bam Sister Nancy in the pantry,
And my girl's on the plane bringin' weed in her
panties.
I guess I'm Mr. Personality, a man of the folks—
Unless they got a lotta dough...then I can't stand 'em—
I'm broke!
And if they don't play Grand Grip, dis the DJ!
My team show and prove like an instant replay.
Tryin' to be Grip? It's so easy.

Give away all your shit, call your job and quit,
And take a loss. No profit to make. Tryin' to bake
Up a way to break out like a file in a cake.
I'm up late at night lyin' awake,
Until I finally say,
"This is the day they gonna finally pay!"
When I spit...

(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>