On My Grind

Z-ro

[Opening: Joe Budden]Uh...
Can't even really be rap.
You can't even really act like you gotta' get it in wit'out a... uh.
(Wait a minute!) Cocksuckers (oh ye'), pause.
(Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2 [x4]) It's ya man, Joey!
Reportin' live from the slums (wait a minute!)
Reportin' live from the belly of the beast (wait a minute!)
Reportin' live from a hood near you (it's... it's...)
Or maybe not so near you.
[Verse 1: Joe Budden]L-Look, look...
First off, I'm not competin', I'm more like stampeding
I'm more like steamrollin' (or...)
More like puttin' my foot on the neck of the game until I see it chokin'
I hol' on for dear life, (I mean uh...) the flow is air tight an' the bars are bar none
Regarded as the one, fuck music, it's a art ta' son, let's rewind.
See, I was born in the projects, left for a new hood
Jetted ta' a new state, lookin' for a new pace.
Diamond in the rough, I stood out amongst the food cache
Swear a friend a mine headlined every news page (jhea').
Wit' dreams of bein' wealthy
You now checkin' out the new Jersey version of Peter Petrelli.
But wait! Wit' a lil' Travis Barker on the side
'Cause when it all falls down I normally survive.
I'm try'nna see a new tax bracket
So I'll never have ta' grab matics
I ain't concerned wit' no rap racket.
So y'all could take my name through the mud an' drag it
Spread it ta' the masses, (I'mma) I still play it passive.
I got no choice but' walk around wit' the lead on me
Life is way too short, too many dead homies.
(Or...) plus, wit' all the money I invest
Everyday a nigga die for less!
(So...) so, if a nigga wann' go ta' war, wave hi ta' Death
I mean He lives right next ta' me, so He ain't a threat ta' me
[Hook]He's a beast, he's a monster, he is insane!
He's an animal, he cannot be tamed!
What rapper you know'll straight feast on a lame
An' rock on a track, beast on the game!

(Damn right I'm on my grind,
Look like some shit is on my mind. [x2])
Yeeeeeah!
[Verse 2: Joe Budden]L-Look, look...
I'm still livin' life in the fast lane (oh!)
Still plottin' on my big money scheme like he Wesley an' Woody thinkin' how ta' rob a cash train.
Shittin' on ho's that'll act fain
'Till the whole World know his last (wait a minute!)
Still spit like it ain't no ta'morra'
It ain't over y'all, underrated so I overcharge.
Ol' Dodge, radio off, fuck a station
Get ta' know me through the music not a publication (naw).
It's no justification, (but a...) mean enough wit' the waitin'
(I mean I...) I lost all my just an' my patience.
That came wit'out the crown or the chair or the robe
Nigga, I don't care what'chu sow (wait a minute!)
They let the beast outta' the cage, look at the hunger
Got'chur self inta' some shit, look at the plunger.
I'm talkin' 'cause I'm livin' it, entrepreneur Steve Rifkind shit
Though a few haters wann' Kinder it.
I'm comin' wit' some different shit
An' these offices all about my paper, that's that ?? shit.
Rapper on 'roids, sick wit' the thoughts (but...)
But managed ta' keep my name out the mention report.
See I'mma inspiration for a whole generation
Even when I'm gone, but my message is indication.
Then you too can attain the unattainable
(But...) fuck try'nna explain the unexplainable!
[Hook]He's a beast, he's a monster, he is insane!
He's an animal, he cannot be tamed!
What rapper you know'll straight feast on a lame
An' rock on a track, beast on the game!
(Damn right I'm on my grind,
Look like some shit is on my mind. [x2])
Yeeeeeah!

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