On The Grind

Cassidy

Yeah, Cassidy, yeah, I'm out here on the grind
I'm out here on the grind tryna get a little change
When niggaz tryna shine just to get a little name
They act a little funny and they talk a little strange
But they need to get they money and enjoy a little fame
'Cause I'm out here on the grind tryna get a little change
When niggaz tryna shine just to get a little name
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But they need to get they money and enjoy a little fame
I was told it's a crazy world, well I was born crazy too
1982, they said I was a baby who
Always started trouble, start to hustle what they made me do
As I grew as a man, my plans and my gravy grew
Coke, I copped a little, posted on the block a little
My block popped a little even though my rocks was little
But now a nigga grown started selling bigger stones
Got a steady clientele that can't leave the shit alone
Keep it on the hivic homes, can't leave ya shit at home
If I spit it, I did it, I lived it, we can get it on
Forget it, I'm sick with it, admit it or get shitted on
You don't wanna get the chrome, you wanna getcha phone
You don't wanna brawl at all, you wanna call the law
But if you get called a snitch, you might as well call it quits
And I might answer the phone when you call you bitch
I push bars like rod, this shit all will flip
Man I'm out here on the grind
I'm out here on the grind
I'm out here on the grind
I do this for the hood and I do this for the streets
I do this for my peeps 'cause my family gotta eat
I do this for the thugs that be hustling the drugs
I do this for my niggaz who be busting all the slugs
I'd do this for the love but I do this to get paid
I do this for my niggaz in the cells and in the graves
I do this for my niggaz on the block that keep it thorough
I do this for all the hustlers around the world
'Cause I'm out here on the grind
Don't abuse the fame, use your brain fore you open ya mouth
Or you could get poked ouch with the toast in ya mouth

I doubt I'ma go broke, I be done broke in ya house
You don't hustle just 'cause niggaz cook coke in ya house
If I stop selling coke, it'll drought
And my flow so dope, I got insurance on my throat and my mouth
I change the game, my name gets spoken about
I'm still ill with the smoke in my mouth

Ya sis oped, and I'ma open her blouse
Stick my dick down her throat and start stroking her mouth
I let my unborns float in her mouth
And then I put a condom on and start stroking her out
I blow the hydro to the scout
On the post with the rock inside got most of the clout
And most of the cash I'm bragging and boasting about
Copped a yacht and got a dock, I can float to the house
Got damn, you wouldn't understand how I'm feeling man
I'm chilling man, all for the love of drug dealing man
I got change I'm gon' borrow
That's why I got a quarter million dollar painting hanging on my wall
So naw, I ain't pressed for paper
But I'm dealing weight and got real estate tryna stretch the paper
It's best to invest the paper
But if you wanna battle, let's bet, I could use the extra paper
'Cause I'd do whatever to eat
I'm from the street, if it's beef, it's whatever, I ain't never been sweet
And in a battle, I ain't never been beat
I'm in the race to take Jay-Z place, and you ain't better than bleek
When I speak, you can tell that I'm wise
Dog, I got the best punch lines since big l was alive
And this was a big L so I'm already high
If a nigga better than me, then he already died, Cass
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