

On the Grind

Nelly

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Uh, yeah

Swing

Nel

My duo with Jacob

Yeah, come on Now if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll

If you're running your mouth, then, shit, then shut my door

I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me

Were you the one that's on the grind

If you're going to rideÂ get inside, let's roll

If you're running your mouthÂ then, shit, then shut my door

I ain't got nothing on my hands but time,Â tell me

Were you the one that's on the grind (check it)

Was it you that was on the grind tell me They acting like they really want it with me, trust me

They don't really want it, they just want to be seen

They wanna disrupt my team with these publicity schemes

Trying to dismantle my panel with lies, rumours and scandals

But uh, I pull through it like I'm tugging a war

I tell you the situation like I've been here before

I'm still popping dirty, still smoking, point clicking

Watching the doors open, no joking, everything's remoting

No choking or bleeding, this ride is for free

No matter whatÂ you got your dying for free

AutomaticallyÂ i'm focused like thirty five millimetres

All of the suddenÂ like such and such wants to meet us

All of the suddenÂ like such and such wants to greet us

The same, will you believe us

Now, they're all trying to cheat us

In real life, they can't beat us

Sometimes, they try to repeat us Now if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll

If you're running your mouth, then, shit, then shut my door

I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me

Were you the one that's on the grind

If you're going to ride get inside, let's roll
If you're running your mouth then, shit, then shut my door
I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me
Were you the one that's on the grindÂ
Was it you that was on the grind tell me Why is they yacking like they fucking with these, I don't know
Why is they stunting like they holding the keys, tell me
Them type of people don't be holding no heat, no
Then how the fuck they gon' be rolling with me, yeah
Dude, how the hell you ain't going to waste your time, wait your time
Your mouth's going to fuck around and going to waste your time, hey
I told them niggas' that ain't going to grind
When its peso time, come out and take your shine dirty
I'm the same nigga that's out of control, that's out of control
I put a little malinger out on the roll, hey
The bigger it just gotÂ the calico
I been cocking and loading, I been popping them fours, yeah
Set that aside 'cause I've got to get those, got to get those
The finest shit than what you're proud of me for, tell me
The dirty, either you going to ride or you don't, yeah
Inside there's more shit, if not, we're gone, nigga Now if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll
If you're running your mouth, then, shit, then shut my door
I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me
Were you the one that's on the grind
If you're going to ride get inside, let's roll
If you're running your mouth then, shit, then shut my door
I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me
Were you the one that's on the grindÂ
Was it you that was on the grind tell me Watch me now, I'm spiffy now (come on)
Smoke sticky now and the misses' pick me now (you tell 'em)
Watch me now, I'm spiffy now
Smoke sticky now and the misses' pick me now Well, if I said it, I've done it, if I've done it, I did it
And if I, and if I want it, if I don't put it against it
The way that I should spend it to get just how I should
All money ain't good money but no money ain't good
I took the hood tactics and plot with musical talents
Trying to create a balance in between Minnesota and Dallas
Never matters when I'm speaking, if you're peeping, just let me know
I'm guaranteed to keep it cracking, just like eggs hitting the floor, uh
I'm dotting, just wanna be, I ask, oh
Clipping the wingsÂ I want to fly ass oh
Only Q and D Miles can look down on me
Maybe, I should bee bee in my head, I put it down, homie Now if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll
If you're running your mouth, then, shit, then shut my door
I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me
Were you the one that's on the grind

If you're going to ride get inside, let's roll
If you're running your mouth then, shit, then shut my door
I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me
Were you the one that's on the grind
Was it you that was on the grind tell me Now if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll
If you're running your mouth, then, shit, then shut my door
I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me
Were you the one that's on the grind
If you're going to ride get inside, let's roll
If you're running your mouth then, shit, then shut my door
I ain't got nothing on my hands but time, tell me
Were you the one that's on the grind
Was it you that was on the grind tell me Watch me now, I'm spiffy now (come on)
Smoke sticky now and the misses' pick me now (you tell 'em)
Watch me now, I'm spiffy now
Smoke sticky now and the misses' pick me now ey

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