

# The Grind Date

## De La Soul

If the meek shall inherit the earth and not the weak  
Let me inherit the street, fuck it  
You know what I mean? I mean, I love life, man  
You know what I mean, life is beautiful  
It's just the shit in it that's fucked up  
It's rough but it's fair  
People gotta go out there and bust they, bust they ass for a job  
I mean, my dad's got five kids, man and I mean you know  
He hates drivin' a bus but he loves five kids  
You feel me? I'm a rhyme artist  
Out here tryin' to grind my hardest  
Up early so to milk the cow  
Keep my John Deere out here plowin' the fields  
To keep my John Hancock's worth up in the now  
Went from hangin' on blocks to hangin' on a chart  
Positions is part of my mission to hangin' on top  
Gotta get your polly cracker or with them crackers  
And them scheisty ass niggaz if you like it or not I've been rewired to work more efficiently in the dirt  
I'm hands on with it all up in my cuticles  
Some try to get off the farm but fell into harm  
Of gettin' in the game of those street pharmaceuticals  
But I was raised in those blue collar themes  
Havin' white collar dreams 'cause I see what it means  
And though the meek shall inherit the earth but don't forget  
The poor are the one's who inherit the debt You can bet I got better things to do than that  
I was a dick who got jerked by Tom and his boys  
Came on my land, seized my cattle and catalog  
As if it wouldn't leave me less than coy  
But I'm far from bitter even farther from quittin'  
Got a grind date to make, no time for sittin'  
And playin' XBox, stand up and exercise my rights  
As of by seen of through masta's eye  
It's the grind date Know what I'm sayin'? I'm sick of askin' that  
I mean the street philosophy is that  
I'm gonna milk the cow and cook the meat  
At least I have some kind of food and drink  
Because sometimes you can't come back  
Like momma said, "If you need 5 cents don't ask for 3  
Ask for 10, that's for sure" Yo fuck a rhyme artist, I ain't here for that

I was born with the boom bap, respect the name  
My hands on experience was hands on my first contract  
Taught me quick how to respect the game  
Introduced to the block, got used to the block  
But your neighbors be the one's who throw shit on your lawn  
It's like every single time we pop, they got annoyed  
But we got ahead and we got along And puttin' work on the calendars, worse on them calendars  
Worth of hump days that broke the camel's back  
The grind'll make today look gray  
And paint a tainted picture of tomorrows in enamel black  
Meet the rhyme, street grind, son, whatever the beast  
I'm a take it at the horns till the pinky toe torn  
And show you why we here this long  
'Cause when it comes to puttin' in work  
Once again it's on I'm just like everybody else, man  
An average nigga with above average potential  
You know what I mean? I'm not sayin' that I'm a gentleman  
I'm sayin' that I know how to act like a gentleman  
In order to get the things that I need  
And if I gotta pull out my nickle bag, I'm gonna do that  
This ain't no accident, man, we, we stayin' this You damn right I am proud of myself, man  
I'm proud of my team, man  
I don't want you to get the wrong, yo baby on the real?  
I don't have sex with people I do business with neither  
And that's the real  
But I do, do business with people that I have sex with  
So if there ain't no conflict, let's get this grind on  
'Cause I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, that's word

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