On The Grind

Bayonics

[Lil Wayne]
Whaaat
You can find me on the corner with stones, quarters and zones
or dope and powder broke, and our sale's soap and flour
And most of our customers come up to us daily
Yet and still I cut this stuff crazy - a hustler, baby
What can I give you? I distribute ki's to the kings
and z's to the fiends, and ecstasy and weed to the teens
You need to see Wheez - anything you like and I have 'em
From crack to Viagra, and Vicadins valiums
I'm the nigga they point to when you hit my av
So get all your money together, come and get my slabs
I get my cash, put some aside, and flip like half
And still enough for me to TV and deep-dish my Nav'
And you can tell the law that I say they can kiss my acid
For the white people, when I get you bricks for ten, I know the right people
And I keep a nine on my waistline
And I'ma be right on the corner, wodie - I'm gonna grind

[Hook - Lil Wayne]
I tell 'em, "Whaaat!!"
You see me hustlin' on the block all the time
Sittin' at the table, breakin' ki's down to dimes
Sooner or later this neighborhood gon' be mine
Nigga, I'm tryin' to grind

I tell 'em, "Whaaat!!"
You see me hustlin' on the block all the time
Sittin' at the table, breakin' ki's down to dimes
Sooner or later this neighborhood gon' be mine
Nigga, I'm on the grind

[Lil Wayne]
Nigga, y'all gon' respect Wheezy, or else the tec squeezin' shots
I have your chest steamin' hot, and your sis' screamin', "Stop!"
I hang out on the block, nigga, with rocks and weed
On the corner 'til the mornin', see the cops and flee
And if we beef, we don't beef long 'cause we gon' creep all night
So I hope you don't sleep all night - we on your street all night

Say, aw aw, I don't want your boy to get me shoes
'cause I spit tools, and put him tissues in his shoes
And the bricks move every followin' week
So if you need to get it, too, then holla at me - got powder or d
And I shower your streets until your av pass out
More bricks than the three of your pigs' last damn house
Stack crack and lay back, and just laugh at droughts
And issue work for half and just grab that south
For real, nigga - Wheezy Whee tryin' to shine
From daybreak to nightfall I'm gon' grind

[Hook - Lil Wayne]
Tell 'em, "Whaaat!!"
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Sittin' at the table, breakin' ki's down to dimes
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[Lil Wayne]
I start from grams to ounces to quarters to halves to ki's
Take seconds to minutes to hours to days and to weeks
Gotta grind, work, hustle, struggle, and get it
Gotta buy, cook it, cut it, sell it, and flip it
And I flight everyday and night from the corner to the avenue
And I'll sleep next week, man, I got yay, dope, and crack to move
Ask them dudes when Wheezy open shop, I ain't got a bag to lose
Especially if I don't like who sent 'em to me and I'ma tax a dude
Duck the Feds and drama like I duck my baby momma
Sometimes I play it sour - what you thought was yay was flour
I pull whatever for the cheddar - nigga gotta flash and floss
Drought come around, then it's jack the cost or jack the boss
Cock the gun, then I push rocks 'til I spot the sun
All day I hung the block, I see the cops and run
I'm tryin' to get rich 'cause I wan' shine
You can find me on the block, nigga, all the time

[Hook 4x - Lil Wayne]
I tell 'em, "Whaaat!!"
You see me hustlin' on the block all the time

Sittin' at the table, breakin' ki's down to dimes
Sooner or later this neighborhood gon' be mine
Nigga, I'm on the grind

[Lil Wayne]
Look,
Whaaaaaa

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