On Tha Grind

Daz Dillinger

It's been a long time since you've heard from us
Dat Nigga Daz Dillinger and young Gotti Kurupt
And now we back wit a little rhyme
We can't stop can't quit 'cause we ?? the grind[Daz,(Kurupt):]
Yo (Gangstafied back on the block)
Straight up
D-A-Z, K-U-R-U-P-T
Doing it like usual, you know what I'm sayin?
You can't stop you can't rewind the time
You can't think about the past
So look forward to life, and keep on ?missionin? on the grind for yoursChorus:(2x)(minor changes 2nd time)
We can't stop, can't rewind the time
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes
On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine
Until we get we it be out here on the grind[Daz]
I wake up with the birds, early as fuck
Stash my dope in the cut, serve the clucks
Lil' bitches around the way they know what's up
They wanna bust, wanna try to smoke a nigga weed up
It aint shit to flip a double up, and I love when I'm comin up
I got thangs for these suckas when they runnin up
Telling all yall fools yall aint one of us[Kurupt]
Nigga, get a glimpse of a fact plus that, Blaze
Move into the hood with all the OG's
That help me get paid homie, we a unit
Doin it how a gangsta do it, Run through it
And stampede the block like bitch
Your on the wrong side to be servin your shit(yeah)
Jack nigga, Daz, and Kurupt the Kingpin
Back on the smash, with heaters to reclaim the assChorus:(2x)(minor changes the 2nd time)
We can't stop, can't rewind the time
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes
On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine
Until we get it we be out here on the grind[Kurupt]
Yeah nigga, half a days gone by
Ganstafied, givin it just up livin my life
It's hard to survive
Without grabbin 9, and pump five-fifty-five
Forty-five many Mack eleven

Gunshots non stop to funk pop
Then pop baby glocks
(Homie you ridin or not?)
Me and the homies are the first to bust
And yall cowards dyin tryin to be like us
Gangsta[Daz]
With three mouths to feed, it's the life I lead
I guess I'd die in the life of greed
Muthafuckas 'round here die to bleed
For set, joints nigga, or half a key
I remember when I came up, niggas rang up
Some Cripped up some niggas flamed up
Crossed your name out, straged my name up
(Quick to thow the gang up) What up?!
I guess I'm blessed with the gift of rap
Or I'll bless you with the gift of crap
Like that, white, black, mexican, and jap
Homeboy do anything for a scrap[Kurupt]
Mark up yo hood like this, anybody killa
DPGC fuck yall niggas
Deep inside we feel like fuck yall hood
Hell naw bitch nigga it aint all to the good
Chorus:(2x)(minor changes 2nd time)
We can't stop, can't rewind the time
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes
On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine
Until we get we it be out here on the grind[(Daz)Kurupt]
(We can't stop, can't rewind the time)
Yeah that's what's wrong with yall niggas
(Out of dolla bills nickles and dimes)
(On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine, all the time, on the grind)
Yeah homie, you gotta keep yo hustle on
Don't let these bitch niggas move you of the block
The gangstas is here foreva,
Yeah, huh huh, yeah
Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt the Kingpin
Daz Dillinger, Kurupt young Gotti
'99 millenium 2000 like fuck a bitch
Put it on the catalogs homie, Classics' 'CRIP!!

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