

On The Grind

Nelly

Uh, yeah

Swing

Nel

My duo with Jacob

Yeah, come onNow 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 (check it)

Was it you that was on the grind tell meThey 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 what you got your dying for free

Automatically i'm focused like thirty five millimetres

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

All of the sudden 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 usNow if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll

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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 meWhy 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 malinguer out on the roll, hey

The bigger it just got 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, niggaNow if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll
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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 meWatch 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 nowWell, 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 wings 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, homieNow if you're going to ride, get inside, let's roll

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Songwriters

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