

Shine Cause I Grind (prod. by Doc Jam)

Crime Mob

Hoes on my nob and I ain't got a job
I shine 'cause I grind, I ain't gotta steal and rob
I shine, I shine 'cause I grind, I shine 'cause I grind
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Okay, I shine 'cause I grind and all I fuck is dimes
I broke the whole pound down and re'd up four times
A street hustler, I gotta get it up any way I can
And keep my eyes on them boys jumpin' out them black vans
I'm a man, get it right, 'cause I ain't playin'
Six shots out the roof, it'll make you feel what I'm sayin'
And these hoes be on my nob, like a motherfuckn' hand
Every fight, the Mariot, she let me beat it like a band
I never had to rob, I never had a job
They wouldn't hire me 'cause I was lookin' like a slob
At school I was a fool, my grades was off the wall
Was failin' every class so they wouldn't let me play no ball
I started makin' beats, then hooked up with these thugs
Been grindin' everyday while steamin' away from sellin' drugs
Didn't have to steal no dubs or leave um' wit no pocket lint
Nigga, I'm shinin' cause I'm grindin', I been shinin' ever since hoe
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I shine cause I grind, I ain't gotta steal and rob
Watch me, y'all a be lookin' for a come up
Stay on the grind all the time, gotta get mine, I'm a hustler
I stay away from the haters and the busters
Naw, I ain't fake, I don't talk 'cause I don't trust you
Never gotta sell rocks just to get dough
I do my shit the right way just so I can get mo'
'Cause if you don't you gon' use it as a question
And try to bust a nigga's head everytime the money get low
You already know money is my mind frame
Nigga's jackin mine, they ain't got no type of mind games
'Cause Ellenwood is where I hang
Do my shit myself, got my own rules and my ways
I got a aura about myself and that's greatness
Never settle for the less, stop all the hater shit
Don't get offended 'cause I'm gettin' mine to make it
And I'm tryin' always, can't nobody come and take this
Money makin' my everyday mission, I slippin' if I don't flip

All you suckers, you listen this pimpin'
Keep these bitches whipped straight from the bottom now
Ballin', ridin' high with my niggas, never could I be a lame 'Cause them lame's don't count figures, they roll
nickel's
And they definitely love to hate and I shine in their face
While they throw they life away
I'ma keep on countin' cake
Keep that yip yap to yourself
I got music on this shelf, holla when you get a hit under your belt
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I shine cause I grind, I ain't gotta steal and rob
Look, I got nigga's playin' pitty pat tryna get that kitty kat
Ain't no shame 'cause I need a nigga with a job
I'ma grind through the heat or the sleet or the snow stayin' up on my top, baby
Even through the fall standin' tall, never settle for less so I'm the best
Never second guessin' 'cause your girl
want it all down the hustle
Just to get it off the muscle, if I have to I'ma struggle
'Cause I am down for my nigga's crime mob
Never better for deez streets for the heat
You better practice what you preach
'Cause everybody want a lil' peace
Now you fucking with some real o.g's
Every time we hit the scene, all that bullshit gon' de cease
Catch a nigga with a stick
Beat haters gon' get slick
Come up with some [unverified] and mothafucka

Songwriters

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