

The Grind Date

De La Soul

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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