## On the Grind

## **Cassidy**

Yeah, Cassidy, yeah, I'm out here on the grindI'm out here on the grind tryna get a little change

When niggaz tryna shine just to get a little name

They act a little funny and they talk a little strange

But they need to get they money and enjoy a little fame 'Cause I'm out here on the grind tryna get a little change

When niggaz tryna shine just to get a little name

They act a little funny and they talk a little strange

But they need to get they money and enjoy a little fameI was told it's a crazy world, well I was born crazy too

1982, they said I was a baby who

Always started trouble, start to hustle what they made me do

As I grew as a man, my plans and my gravy grewCoke, I copped a little, posted on the block a little

My block popped a little even though my rocks was little

But now a nigga grown started selling bigger stones

Got a steady clientele that can't leave the shit aloneKeep it on the hivic homes, can't leave ya shit at home

If I spit it, I did it, I lived it, we can get it on

Forget it, I'm sick with it, admit it or get shitted on

You don't wanna get the chrome, you wanna getcha phoneYou don't wanna brawl at all, you wanna call the law

But if you get called a snitch, you might as well call it quits

And I might answer the phone when you call you bitch

I push bars like rod, this shit all will flipMan I'm out here on the grind

I'm out here on the grind

I'm out here on the grindI do this for the hood and I do this for the streets

I do this for my peeps 'cause my family gotta eat

I do this for the thugs that be hustling the drugs

I do this for my niggaz who be busting all the slugsI'd do this for the love but I do this to get paid

I do this for my niggaz in the cells and in the graves

I do this for my niggaz on the block that keep it thorough

I do this for all the hustlers around the world

'Cause I'm out here on the grindDon't abuse the fame, use your brain fore you open ya mouth

Or you could get poked ouch with the toast in ya mouth

I doubt I'ma go broke, I be done broke in ya house

You don't hustle just 'cause niggaz cook coke in ya houseIf I stop selling coke, it'll drought

And my flow so dope, I got insurance on my throat and my mouth

I change the game, my name gets spoken about

I'm still ill with the smoke in my mouthYa sis oped, and I'ma open her blouse

Stick my dick down her throat and start stroking her mouth

I let my unborns float in her mouth

And then I put a condom on and start stroking her outI blow the hydro to the scout

On the post with the rock inside got most of the clout

And most of the cash I'm bragging and boasting about

Copped a yacht and got a dock, I can float to the houseGot damn, you wouldn't understand how I'm feeling man I'm chilling man, all for the love of drug dealing man

I got change I'm gon' borrow

That's why I got a quarter million dollar painting hanging on my wallSo naw, I ain't pressed for paper But I'm dealing weight and got real estate tryna stretch the paper

It's best to invest the paper

But if you wanna battle, let's bet, I could use the extra paper'Cause I'd do whatever to eat I'm from the street, if it's beef, it's whatever, I ain't never been sweet

And in a battle, I ain't never been beat

I'm in the race to take Jay-Z place, and you ain't better than bleekWhen I speak, you can tell that I'm wise Dog, I got the best punch lines since big I was alive

And this was a big L so I'm already high

If a nigga better than me, then he already died, CassI do this for the hood and I do this for the streets

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