

On the Grind

P.O.D.

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Psycho Realm, P.O.D. Boo-Yah Tribe, what? What?
My soul is payable on death, the flow I'm layin' here is deaf
Mics come with a Teflon vest, my words wreck
I'm a Psycho, ill with the voco-loco
Heard a sick pedo noco noco by coasta logoGas mask with the gangsta strollo
Got a piece that will match the chrome D's on my low-low
Total chaos, you think that I'm a rapper your way off
I'm a killer that be murderin' these tracks, so stay offSerial rhyming, convicted of drivin' and beat the hymen
And breakin' the hymen on ears that never heard of the line that I'm in
The danger zone is common, city blocks got the demons mobbin'
I'm a con-artist, starvin', strong armin'Jason's guitarin', Traa's bass while Wuv is bombin'
Bring the streets to the booth
It's my therapy from mental scarin'
From the hell when I dwelled in an L.A. projectsEver since the day the streets be callin'
Do what it takes to keep from fallin'
All I know is how to hustle, man
So I'll stay on itSomewhere in your world the sun is shinin'
Down on my face there's someone tryin'
Tryin' to grind it out these streets we live
And I'm not dyin'My souls payable on death, home grown out the west
My words be leapin' from the grill leavin' you holdin' your breathe
So who want next and who gonna test?
Come get this lyrics beatin', I'm out the frame like graffitiIt's so misleadin' but I make it look easy
And everybody out the box tryin' to cop my steezy
So my crew roll through, you know quite is kept
But my level is next, so bet it all on dreadI break bread with hustlers, conversate with kings
Conquer kingdoms with warriors and preach to the fiends
Partake communion with dealers, love the least of these
Ask forgiveness from a priest and keep my ears to the streetsSome of my people still fightin' they own demons
And some of my people still shootin' until it's even
Some kill you just because and I'll leave it at that
But I choose to use this mic to push these platinum plaquesEver since the day the streets be callin'

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 And I'm not dyin'When it drizzle, comes the storm and when you born
 You see that rappers die where I come from
 You thankin' gangsta, thank the game
 West full circle and it finally cameFrom the waters runnin' how the West was won
 How them candles flamin' for my brothers to find home
 Broken halos and clipped wings
 Though we birthed of the West coast, we'll talk in them real thingsDid y'all know that gangstas don't cry?
 Did y'all know all thugs don't ride?
 We gangsta pimpin' but we had to
 You ever touch my sister, got youI'm keepin' it gangsta, 'cause keepin' it's worth keepin'
 And paid for being processed with sleepin' worth leakin'
 The streets ball callin' me out of control
 I'd rather be sendin' love before I let it goEver since the day the streets be callin'
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 And I'm not dyin'Ever since the day the streets be callin'
 Do what it takes to keep from fallin'
 All I know is how to hustle, man
 So I'll stay on itSomewhere in your world the sun is shinin'
 Down on my face there's someone tryin'
 Trying to grind it out these streets we live
 And I'm not dyin'I'll stay on the grind, I do this all the time
 For all it's worth, I keep on searchin' for my piece of mind
 I'll stay on the grind, I do this all the time
 For all it's worth, I keep on searchin' for my piece of mindI'll stay on the grind, I do this all the time
 For all it's worth, I keep on searchin' for my piece of mind

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