

Shine 'Cause I Grind

Crime Mob

(2x)

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, I shine cause I grind, I ain't gotta steal and rob

Okay, I shine cause I grind, and all I fuck is dimes
I broke the whole pound down and re'd up 4 times,
a street hustler, I gotta get it up any way I can
and keep my eyes on dem boys jumpin' out dem black vans,
I'm a man, get it right, cause I ain't playn'
six shots out the roof it'll make you feel what I'm sayn',
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 lookn' 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 wit these thugs
been grindn' everyday while steamn' away from sellin' drugs,
didn't have to steal no dubs or leave um' wit no pocket lint,
nigga I'm shinen' cause I'm grindin', I been shinen' ever since hoe.

Watch me yall a be lookin for a come up
stay on the grind all the time gotta get mine I'ma a hustla
I stay away from the hata's and the bustas
naw I ain't fake I don't talk cause I don't trust ya
neva 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
neva settle for the less stop all the hata 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 sucka's you listen this pimpin keep these bitches whipped straight from the bottom now ballin ridin high
wit my niggas neva 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 they face
while they throw they life away
Imma keep on countin cake
keep that yip yap to yo' self
I got music on this shelf holla when you get a hit under yo belt...

Look I got nigga's playin pitty pat tryna get that kitty kat ain't no

shame cause I need a nigga wit 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 neva settle for less so I'm the best neva second guessin cause ya girl want it all down da 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 neva betta for deez streets for da' heat you betta practice what you preach cause everybody want a lil peace now you fucking wit some real o.g's everytime we hit the scene all that bullshit gon decease catch a nigga wit a stick beat hata's gon get slick come up with some t and mothafucka..