

Grind

Akir

[Akir:]

Nowhere to, nowhere to, nowhere to, nowhere to

[Chorus: x2]

Nowhere to run cause they got guns and they were gonna get'cha
For stackin ones and stashin funds as we build and get richer
Switchin your plans, hit your man hidin behind a picture
Won't ever slip up, end up zipped up or swervin on scriptures

[Akir:]

Fresh out the 'tainment on the pavement made in our arraignment
Heinous in places where the darkest spaces rot in wastes
He needs some paper, have an eighth, I think it's like the eighth bust
The past G's nasty, gotta get his weight up
They took his Gators, and cash from the last caper
Hittin his ace who pulled a card at that last playa
Not at his place, he probably out to the Himalayas
For some Now'n'Later, Lifesavers, newspaper
Told the owner, solo homer broke, see him later
And when he dashed off, thanks for the favor neighbor
Thug behavior, grab a Kodak in a scratch off
And seen his man with the stove like the gnats off
Whattup playboy, I need that fifty
Here you go, niggaz down the road got that sticky
Yo I know you can't smoke but come throw dice with me
Fuck around and got lucky, G made 250
Homecomin, nigga felt like John Gotti
Dapped up everybody, hit the corner store, copped him some Bacardi
He hit his ex-girl crib, found out where she lives
Some drug dealer nigga, and his two bad kids
He ain't home so he boned, grabbed his Roley
Went to the bathroom where the robes be, spot full of knot rolls
He - grabbed one worth a half a G, shorty smilin happily
Smashin she G started snappin he, pictures
Took him shoppin, two bills for stoppin by
Up to the movies after nigga got high
He said, "Remember the time, when you left me in the jail just to die?
Got the pictures for your nigga so I need like five
thousand tomorrow at nine, on the dot"
Left the spot on his way outside, throw him to the side
Three guys mask over they eyes in full strides
Droppin jewels and G bagged 'em up on the slide
Sold the shit to the pawn shop and some fat guy
for like 35 hundred and a knife he can run with
Fresh to death, left far from that bum shit
Snuck into a party where he made a nigga run it
in the back room, with the knife up to money's stomach
475, and a new chain - before that
Got brained from some dame, never knew her name, oddly
She let him in the party cause the nigga had Bacardi
(Yo why you let the nigga rob me?!)
Money outside like, "How the f**k you let him rob me?"
(I ain't let him rob you, bitch ass nigga!)
She's at the breakfast spot, eatin somethin hearty
Rottin on the bus all night, just to go to sleep
Seen shorty pick up his cheese, and get back on his feet
Five G's worth of Benjamins, at the little store

and the bus station tryna turn his winnings in
25 dollar scratch, really nothin to holla back
Headed to Atlantic City, ten thousand dollar stacks

[various ad libs to the end]