Yeah
Cassidy, yeah
Uh, I'm out here on the grind

[Hook 1]

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 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 fame

[Verse 1]

I 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 grew Coke, 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 sellin bigger stones Got a steady clientele that can't leave the shit alone Keep 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, the midget'll get shitted on You don't wanna get the chrome, you wanna getcha phone You 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 ya call ya bitch I push bars like rod, this shit all will flip

[Break]

Man I'm out here on the grind I'm out here on the grind I'm out here on the grind

[Hook 2]

I 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 bustin all the slugs
I'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 grind

[Verse 2]

Don't abuse the fame, use ya 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 house If I stop sellin 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 mouth (whoa)

Ya sis oped, and I'ma open her blouse Stick my dick down her throat and start stroking her mouth (whoa) I let my unborns float in her mouth And then I put a condom on and start stroking her out (whoa) I 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 house Got 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 wall So 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 Bleek When I speak, you can tell that I'm wise Dog, I got the best punch lines since Big L was alive And this was a big L so I'm already high If a nigga better than me, then he already died Cassidy

[Hook 2]

I 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 bustin all the slugs
I'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
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[Hook 1]

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