

# The Grind Date

De La Soul

If the meek shall inherit the earth  
And not the weak  
Let me inherit the street, fuck it  
You know what I mean?  
I mean I love life man, you know what I mean  
Life is beautiful, it's just the shit in it that's fucked up  
It's rough but it's fair  
People gotta go out there and bust they, bust they ass for a job  
I mean, my dad's got five kids, man and I mean yo  
He hates drivin' a bus but he loves five kids  
You feel me?

I'm a rhyme artist  
Out here tryin' to grind my hardest  
Up early so to milk the cow  
Keep my John Deere out here plowin' the fields  
To keep my john hancock's worth up in the now  
Went from hangin' on blocks to hangin' on charts  
Positions is part of my mission to hangin' on top  
Gotta get your polly cracker or with them crackers  
And them scheisty ass niggas if you like it or not  
I've been rewired to work more efficiently in the dirt  
I'm hands on with it all up in my cuticles  
Some try to get off the farm but fell into harm  
Of getting in the game of those street pharmaceuticals  
But, I was raised in those blue collar themes  
Havin' white collar dreams cause I see what it means  
And though the meek shall inherit the earth but don't forget  
The poor are the ones who inherit the debt  
You can bet I got better things to do than that  
I was a dick who got jerked by Tom and his boys  
Came on my land, seized my cattle, and catalog  
As if it wouldn't leave me less than coy  
But I'm far from bitter even farther from quittin'  
Got a grind date to make, no time for sittin'  
And playin' Xbox, stand up and exercise my rights  
As of by seen of through master's eye  
It's the grind date  
Know what I'm sayin? I'm sick of askin' that  
I mean, the street philosophy is that  
I'm gonna milk the cow and cook the meat  
At least I'm gonna have some kind of food and drink  
Because sometimes you can't come back  
Like momma said that if you need 5 cents don't ask for 3  
Ask for 10, that's for sure

Yo fuck a rhyme artist, I ain't here for that  
I was born with the boom bap, respect the name  
My hands on experience was hands on my first contract  
Taught me quick how to respect the game  
Introduced to the block, got used to the block  
But your neighbors be the ones who throw shit on your lawn  
It's like every single time we pop, they got annoyed  
But we got ahead, and we got along  
And puttin' work on the calendars, worse on them calendars  
Worth of hump days that broke the camel's back  
The grind'll make today look gray

And paint a tainted picture of tomorrows in enamel black  
Meet the rhyme, street grind, son whatever the beast  
I'm a take it at the horns till the pinky toe torn  
And show you why we here this long  
Cause when it comes to puttin' in work  
Once again it's on

I'm just like everybody else man  
An average nigga with above average potential  
You know what I mean? I'm not sayin' that I'm a gentleman  
I'm saying that I know how to act like a gentleman  
In order to get the things that I need  
And if I gotta pull out my nickle bag, I'm gonna do that  
This ain't no accident, we stayin' here  
You damn right I am proud of myself man  
And I'm proud of my team man  
I don't want you to get the wrong, yo baby on the real?  
I don't have sex with people I do business with neither  
And that's the real  
But I do do business with people that I have sex with  
So if there ain't no conflict, let's get this grind on  
Cause I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, that's word