

On Da Grind

Kurupt

It's been a long time since you've heard from us
Dat Nigga Daz Dillinger, Young Gotti Kurupt
And now we back wit a little rhyme
We can't stop, can't quit, 'cause we on da grind

Yo! (Gangstafied back on the block)
Straight up
D-A-Z, K-U-R-U-P-T
Doin' it like usual, you know what I'm sayin'?
You can't stop
You can't rewind the time
You can't think about the past
So look forward to life
And keep on the missionin' on the grind fo' yours

We can't stop, can't rewind the time
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes
On everything homeboy that I'm down for mine
Until we get we it be out here on de grind

I wake up with the birds, early as fuck
Stash my dope in the cut, serve the clucks
Lil' bitches around the way they know what's up
They wanna bust, wanna try to smoke a nigga weed up
It aint shit to flip a double up
And I love when I'm comin' up
I got thangs for these suckas when they runnin' up
Tellin' all yall fools yall aint one of us... nigga

Get a glimpse of a fact - plus that, Blaze
Move into the hood with all the O.G's
That help me get paid homie, we a unit
Doin it how a gangsta do it
Run through it
And stampede the block like bitch
Your on the wrong side to be servin your shit (yeah)
Jack nigga, Daz and Kurupt the Kingpin
Back on the smash with heaters to reclaim the ass

Yeah nigga, half a day gone by
Ganstafied, givin' it just livin' my life
It's hard to survive
Without grabbin' my 9, and pump 5-50-5
45, Milli Mack eleven
Gunshots non stop to funk pop
Then pop baby glocks (Homie you ridin or not?)
Me and the homies are the first to bust
And y'all cowards dyin' tryna be like us
Gangsta

With three mouths to feed, it's the life I lead
I guess I'd die in the life of greed
Mothafuckas 'round here die to bleed
For set, joints nigga or half a key
I remember when I came up
Niggas ranged up, some Crip'd up
Some niggas flamed up

Crossed your name out, stragg'd my name up (Quick to thow the gang up)
What up?! (Yeah!)

I guess I'm blessed with the gift of rap
Or I'll bless you with the gift of crap
Like that, White and Black, Mexican and Jap
Homeboy do anything fo' a scrap

Mark up yo hood like this, anybody killa
DPGC fuck y'all niggas
Deep inside we feel like fuck y'all hood
Hell nah bitch nigga it ain't all to the good

Yeah that's what's wrong with y'all niggas
Yeah homie, you gotta get ya hustle on
Don't let these bitch niggas move you of the block
The gangstas is here fo'eva,
Yeah, huh, huh, yeah
Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt the Kingpin
Daz Dillinger, Kurupt Young Gotti
Huh, '99 millenium 2000
Like fuck a bitch!
Put it on the catalogs homie
Classics