

# On the Grind

Lil' Wayne

Whaaat

You can find me on the corner with stones, quarters and zones  
or dope and powder broke, and our sale's soap and flour  
And most of our customers come up to us daily  
Yet and still I cut this stuff crazy - a hustler, baby  
What can I give you? I distribute ki's to the kings  
and z's to the fiends, and ecstasy and weed to the teens  
You need to see Wheez - anything you like and I have 'em  
From crack to Viagra, and Vicadins valiums  
I'm the nigga they point to when you hit my av  
So get all your money together, come and get my slabs  
I get my cash, put some aside, and flip like half  
And still enough for me to TV and deep-dish my Nav'  
And you can tell the law that I say they can kiss my acid  
For the white people, when I get you bricks for ten, I know the right people  
And I keep a nine on my waistline  
And I'ma be right on the corner, wodie - I'm gonna grind

I tell 'em, "Whaaat!!"

You see me hustlin' on the block all the time  
Sittin' at the table, breakin' ki's down to dimes  
Sooner or later this neighborhood gon' be mine  
Nigga, I'm tryin' to grind

I tell 'em, "Whaaat!!"

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Nigga, I'm on the grind

Nigga, y'all gon' respect Wheezy, or else the tec squeezin' shots  
I have your chest steamin' hot, and your sis' screamin', "Stop!"  
I hang out on the block, nigga, with rocks and weed  
On the corner 'til the mornin', see the cops and flee  
And if we beef, we don't beef long 'cause we gon' creep all night  
So I hope you don't sleep all night - we on your street all night  
Say, aw aw, I don't want your boy to get me shoes  
'cause I spit tools, and put him tissues in his shoes  
And the bricks move every followin' week  
So if you need to get it, too, then holla at me - got powder or d  
And I shower your streets until your av pass out  
More bricks than the three of your pigs' last damn house  
Stack crack and lay back, and just laugh at droughts  
And issue work for half and just grab that south  
For real, nigga - Wheezy Whee tryin' to shine  
From daybreak to nightfall I'm gon' grind

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I start from grams to ounces to quarters to halves to ki's  
Take seconds to minutes to hours to days and to weeks  
Gotta grind, work, hustle, struggle, and get it  
Gotta buy, cook it, cut it, sell it, and flip it  
And I flight everyday and night from the corner to the avenue  
And I'll sleep next week, man, I got yay, dope, and crack to move  
Ask them dudes when Wheezy open shop, I ain't got a bag to lose  
Especially if I don't like who sent 'em to me and I'ma tax a dude  
Duck the Feds and drama like I duck my baby momma  
Sometimes I play it sour - what you thought was yay was flour  
I pull whatever for the cheddar - nigga gotta flash and floss  
Drought come around, then it's jack the cost or jack the boss  
Cock the gun, then I push rocks 'til I spot the sun  
All day I hung the block, I see the cops and run  
I'm tryin' to get rich 'cause I wan' shine  
You can find me on the block, nigga, all the time

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Sittin' at the table, breakin' ki's down to dimes  
Sooner or later this neighborhood gon' be mine  
Nigga, I'm on the grind  
(4x)

Look,  
Whaaaaaa