

# Da Grind

Masta Ace

Yeah

Send this one out to everybody, trying to make end ends meet  
Yeah

I'm on the grind  
Still got my money on my mind  
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line  
When it, seems like I'm running out of time  
That's when I'm going on the grind

Ay yo, I'm trying to make my dollars double  
I done found a place to fit in  
For niggaz trying to get into this power struggle  
I work hard on the job like immigrants  
And always try to get my first half in advance  
It sounds strange but the rap game is not a game  
You could make a lot of money gain a lot of fame  
But don't get it twisted  
You could get addicted  
Buy a mansion in the Hamptons, and get evicted  
Now if you call me and I'm not around  
I'm probably putting my grind down  
Doing shows out of town  
I be the manager, road manager, and call handler  
Booking agent, choreographer and tour planner  
I be the V.P. of marketing and promotions  
Producer and arraigner, with a range of emotions  
And after it all, I still gotta perform  
At three o'clock in the morn', when half the fans are gone  
But it's fine  
Been on the grind since like '88 or '89  
The game is foul like a plate of swine  
Now is there anybody con like me?  
Is anybody out there on the grind like me?  
For everybody working nine to five  
For everybody trying to rise with they eyes on the prize  
I'm with 'cha, we all going through it  
But yo, deep down inside I know we still gon' do it  
Oh

I'm on the grind  
Still got my money on my mind  
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line  
And it, seems like I'm running out of time  
That's why I'm always on the grind

Yeah, I'm on the grind  
Still got my money on my mind  
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line  
When it, seems like I'm running out of time  
That's when I'm going on the grind

Yeah

I really feel I'm blessed 'cause I was born with a talent to rhyme  
But the stress got me this close to quitting sometimes  
On the crowded A train every morning  
I can't wait for the day

My hustle game don't got to start this way  
Niggaz think it's all good when they see me and hear my CD  
And think I'm jumping in the 745 with TVs  
They don't know I miss tours and shows  
To go to work and pay bills and keep dough on my clothes  
In the shadow of a legend so  
They expect me to spit and sound like him  
But y'all need to let it go  
Everyday I face the crossroad of rap or drugs  
Album cuts and singles and crack heads and clappin' thugs  
When I'm broke my moms won't even give me a hug  
But on payday I'm her baby then she call it love  
I keep making my moves 'cause one day I'm a prove  
I got what it take and I will not lose  
Yeah

("I had to hustle hard, never give up" scratched to end)