

Damn I remember when nobody was listenin'  
Never even got a compliment, ain't no one watchin him  
No pix no need to pose, no shows no videos  
Ain't got no classic flows...shit that was only like a year ago!  
Look at what we've done, look what we've become, new episode ne  
ver givin out a re run  
Give ya what I got no need for a refund, this right here get ya  
higher than the reefer.  
Or higher than Aretha, don't do it for the Franklins, I'm think  
in it's time for a change.  
That's what I'm makin, I'm the future "Hi, nice to meet ya".  
I gave up everything, for my everything  
gave music a wedding ring, yeah that's my ball & chain.  
My stars are alignin, steppin out the backround.  
Wanna know bout grindin? Well this is how that sound!

That's the sound of the man workin' on the chain gang.  
Now put ya hands up, if you gon make it.  
And keep them hands up, go head & take it.

Ok I handcuffed myself to a mic, got an MPC chained to my ankle  
tight.  
Keep a pen between my fingers, answering these questions.  
A straight pro with the tools, I'm engineering my own sessions.  
Make it on our time, our clocks. Every A&R in my inbox.  
Every major label wanna sign me, trust me there has been talks.  
Its Hippy Hop & they want more, 8 months a the year I'm on tour  
They scratch the surface, I'm at the core & that line proves th  
is is what I'm meant for.  
And lately in these interviews, they callin us "independent-  
marketing guru's".  
God damn right the sun is shinin' with no plans to go down.  
WANNA KNOW BOUT GRINDIN? WELL THIS IS HOW THAT SOUND!