

# Go Grind

Paul Wall

Listen, they say rapping's  
A waste of knowledge  
Take ya ass to college  
Now they broke ass call us  
Tryin to ask for dollars  
Sittin' behind glass Impala's  
High class Impala's  
I make two cash deposits  
Every time I pass the closet  
If niggas looking for the grands  
The grands can be spotted  
Chamillion's the man  
He got it in his hand of wallet  
Ain't no If's, and's, about it  
That man's the hottest  
I accidentally spent five grand

'Cause man, we ballas  
We don't shop at family dollars  
If your ice is fake?  
If you ask me for a verse  
I make my price inflate  
We still ghetto, lookin for  
Some metal mics to break  
I'm still hangin around a hood  
Like a license plate  
I'm not capping cause trust me  
You'll know when I'm capping  
When I pull out that gat  
And you hear that thang click clacking  
You hear what that boy said?  
Don't be a hard head  
Save me some left overs I'm  
Through with some raw bread

Let's open, the garage and pull  
Them cars out, Why?  
Show em how boys in the  
Dirty south shine  
Money is on your mind,  
Chasing them dollar signs  
Get off of you behind and go grind  
Yeaah, there's no time, to sleep  
We hustle and grind, all the time  
Because money's always on our miind  
Chasing them dollar signs,  
You sayin you want to shine?  
Then get up off of your  
Behind and go grind yeah

They say stuntin's a waste of money  
Man, invest it in stocks  
Now they homeless and out of work  
Ever since Enron flopped  
Have a hustle for every season  
That's the Babeoulous way  
Mo money underneath my mattress

Then you have in your safe

When money slow up? Make a  
Different hustle blow up  
Alotta cats older then me,  
But they ain't never grow up  
Boys hit a couple of licks,  
Buy some kicks and they quit  
I ain't hustling for a fifth  
I'm on the grind to get rich  
I ain't gone lie I got  
Lazy making fifty a week

But when that fifty sunk to ten  
I woke up out of my sleep  
I don't compete with other ballers  
I inspire myself  
Self employed, I could write  
A check And hire myself  
I admire myself, with a  
Set of Slabs, salute  
All courtisey of my underground,  
Mass of loot it don't matter  
What it cost just grab some loot  
I'll earn it back before your  
Class is through it's goin down

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Listen, they say our album just  
Dropped and we ain't proved a thing  
Look at the Sound Scan scanning  
Tell us who's the King  
Okay, if we don't hit Top  
One hundred on Billboards  
We still gone feel joy,  
Fifty hundreds in bills boy  
We Runnin Houston streets, so  
You can say we road runners  
You better hide your deer  
Like we was Doe Hunters

Never made doe from a dealer,  
I'm no dope runna  
But I intercept chips like a kick from  
A slow punta hut one, hut two  
We comin' through, what it do?  
Direspecting that Houston  
Texas underground? What a fool  
It's okay if you DeeJay's

Don't give us radio play  
We tell the streets to go get  
Our CD today, they obey  
Underground CD sella,  
Hundred thousand or betta  
But I'm not in this game to get a  
Grammy letta or metal  
Just tryin to make a lot of chedda  
Mirror Mirror on the wall  
Can you tell us who really ball?  
Chamillion and Paul Wall

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