

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 courtiesey 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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