

# Grind Hard

UGK

T.O.E. - hol' up!  
Say my name in my city when you talk about cash  
I'm stackin chips, grindin hard, nigga showin my ass  
Nigga the game on smash (smash) streets on lock (lock)  
Other niggaz block roll but my block never stop (stop)  
Don't you know I'm pushin rocks, stashin cash in your socks  
Young TOE and Pimp C, candy red drop top  
My hoes yeah they hot so I'm steppin out clean  
Got a MEAN grind game, Underground like the Kingz  
Blowin purp' and sippin lean, but still buzzin off water  
Don't fuck with me, I'm T.O.E., ain't nobody shit harder  
I'm droppin numbers in the pot, the same age as my father  
And when they hit that, the kick back, freeze up like water  
P.A. 1-5 nigga, like to stay high nigga  
Hoes call me first class, cause I stay fly nigga  
I'm known to skate by nigga, but the snake hittin licks  
Keep a brick full of shit that get filthy right quick bitch!

UGHHHHHH~!

Me and Young TOE in a drop top 'llac  
It's cold outside, so the top and hood back  
Hit the town again when the skunk come through  
The Swisher Sweet brown, but the inside blue  
Bet'chu never seen blue 'dro befo'  
It come from Hawaii, bitch niggaz don't wanna try me  
I'm the MVP of that P.A.T.  
You say he lookin for me, I don't see nobody chasin me  
Roll my own shit, I don't need no niggaz lacin me  
Guerillas in my trunk, ain't no nigga outbass'n me  
Cocaine lady, I don't fuck her no mo' (no mo')  
The bitch pussy good but she a sheisty-ass hoe  
She fuckin up my hood, she won't let my people go (go)  
They comin up fast, but all the fiends die slow (slow)  
I ain't Jesse Jackson, I'm just watchin the reaction bro  
I keep pushin cause grindin hard the only life I know

If ain't 'bout bread, then it's dead  
I count money all day 'til my fingers turn red (red)  
Fuck a rubber band, a nigga need a buncha ropes  
Custom trill niggaz from Port Arthur sell a buncha dope  
Game got good, so a nigga eatin steaks  
Pimpin on drank, blowin purp', chillin on a lake  
Get it straight mayne, I'm sittin on old cash  
Ball in the club 20 deep just to throw cash  
If you lie doe, I got somethin for them jackers  
A mean 17 they hit hard like linebackers  
Boys talkin down I put it all in they face  
Cause I set up shop and bop to 48 states  
So when you see them Texas plates, you know it's goin down  
B-do in a city near you, straight out that 409  
And I'm a hold it down, I bar none and fade all  
Twenty-five, hoe three-sixty-six, no days off

"Sellin weight, get it straight, fuck the 20's and 10's"