

## On da Grind

Yo Gotti

I'm a North Memphis Survivor...Survivor  
I'm a North Memphis Survivor...I'm a young nigga, money and power  
I'm a North Memphis Survivor...Survivor  
I'm a North Memphis Survivor...I'm a young nigga, money and power

I was a young nigga thugging now, moms bugging now  
Getting the Third Degree, for bringin drugs in the house  
Getting my ass in, but my mama had to spoil it  
Ran across my work, flushed my shit down the toilet  
Fucked me up bad, but I tried to ignore it  
Couldn't though, why? 'cause I owed the nigga for it  
125 grams eight one yo-la, 50 dollar power tell blue motorola  
Broke up my tube and my scale, I got no luck  
Hold up, mama even threw away the soda  
I remember this shit like it was yesterday  
Falling in the house late, seent the look on mama's face  
I knew something was wrong, by the smile and the smirk  
You know the look you get when your mama really hurt  
She shook her head, I dropped mine, ya'll already know  
Boy you selling dope, get your shit you got to go

I'm on the motherfucking grind  
You think this easy, you out your motherfucking mind  
You could see the shit I'm doing, if you was blind  
Straight up, I'm just trying to get mine

What am I to do now, where am I to go?  
And how the fuck I'm gonna pay this nigga for his do?  
Been looking for me, got a nigga kind of scared  
And all the other niggaz looking up side my head  
They said he came through, layin low with his beeper  
Two, Three cars Two, Three Desert Eagles  
Got me a fresh quarter ounce and a beeper  
Fuck it, I'm a grind till my bank get steeper  
72 hours had 28 elither  
Know what I'm talking about that uncut ether  
Junkies lookin whoin, goose neckin and browsing  
Word got around, I sold up the Public Housing

One week later had 4 and a split  
Called up the nigga, told him told him come get his shit  
I'm a real nigga, I just ran into some problems  
All the time you think a nigga tried to slick rob ya  
Thinking about my mama and them, I'm ready to go home  
I'm fifteen years old, out here on my own  
Mama let me back in, mama real strict  
After school, straight home, no phone, no shit  
Now doom in my room, I assume I was broke and it's true  
So what the fuck a nigga gone do  
Called grip, I heard he just got back off a trip with that shit  
Man fuck it, I'm getting back with my click