

# Enough

Young Jeezy

If you grind hard enough  
If you grind long enough  
If you grind hard enough

Oh Lord, I woke up this morning and started praying  
And only niggas feeling my pain, know what I'm saying  
Dear Lord, street life ain't no game, know what I'm saying  
It's for my money really, fuck the fame and I ain't playing  
See I passed the rock a couple of times, let me assist  
Nigga me and ya'll together how the fuck we gone miss  
Nigga all we worry about is how the fuck they gone flip  
Come thru in dem drop things, I swear to god they gone trip  
Beat the haters, Beat the feds, now that's gotta be a sign  
Smoke da blunt and left the body, Right and loose my mind  
Hit the booth and spazzed out, almost lost my mothafuckin' mind  
Might fuck these hoes, get on my mothafuckin' grind  
Sleep is the cousin of death and I'm alive  
Thug Motivation plus inspiration equals survive  
They tryna rob you for ya success with no disguise  
I know that shit was hard on you Young and where ya ride

(If you grind hard enough)  
You could stack a few mil' nigga make it out the streets like me  
(If you grind strong enough)  
You could be a trap star nigga be on TV and keep it G  
(If you grind long enough)  
You could take care of your nephews and your nieces and your moms and your g  
irl  
(If you grind hard enough)  
You could stand on top, tell these hatin ass niggas It's Tha World

I'm on deck, on point, I'm straight, I'm cool  
Dropped the whole 500, drop dat old school  
Live by the G Code nigga, I don't break no rules  
Hey, when I was in the streets I ain't see those dudes  
All I know, come through use the kitchen do the dishes  
Block hot say ya prayers say ya mothafuckin' wishes  
Jizzle what you do? you sick of hopping outta a Coupe?  
Cop a four door nigga hop up out it in a suit  
Giorgio Armani, still represent the struggle  
I'm in this Giorgio Armani, still represent the hustle  
See the man made the clothes, clothes never made the man  
And if a nigga tell you different, he ain't seen a hundred grand  
All I heard is what I couldn't do, All I heard is what I couldn't be  
Yet I'm still determined on these niggas, just look at me  
Sometimes I lay up in my bed, think 'till my head hurt  
Fuck rest I rather stress, yeah we call that bad work

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Okay now fuck that bullshit, get off ya mothafuckin' ass  
You working with us  
Yup, you grind a mothafuckin' a half  
And when you grind a half  
You pay ya mothafuckin' staff  
And then u take the hood  
You do the mothafuckin' math  
Now fuck that bullshit, get off ya mothafuckin' ass  
Get off ya fucking ass  
Nigga stack ya fuckin cash  
And when you grab ya  
You pay ya mothafuckin' staff  
And then u paid the world  
You do the mothafuckin' math

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