

Yo Gotti "On Da Grind"

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[Talking: 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

[Yo Gotti]

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? cuz 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, sent 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

[Chorus x2]

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

[Yo Gotti]

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

[Chorus]

[Yo Gotti]

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

[Chorus x2]

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