

## Young Lay

### "Stickin' 2 Da Grind"

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[Young Lay]

Chillin in my own hood 87's on the corner  
The loc'est side in Vallejo California  
But I must warn you it's dangerous on my side of the  
way  
That is why we bump the sounds that get down the lay  
Straight mugsta a thugsta that's getting paid  
Too fast spliffs in my half of game will make'em pay  
The month of may is when I first started my grinds  
Slanging brakes even cake in eighty-nine  
Things was fine cuz brothers wasn't front in black  
Now what do I know thangs was way too wack  
Cuz everytime I turn my back there was a new one on  
the scene  
Saying a little bit of nuthing will get in paid green  
On magazines rapping the hoes and the whole nine  
That ol punk shit makes me leave the grind  
And go full time in my whole rap career  
Cuz I scrap with the raps that you love to hear  
Sipping on beer and dojies from the dank spot  
I hit the spliffs and split my shit and now I can't stop  
Pushing crack rock only on the strips and alleyways  
It's gangsta lay from the v straight from the cali main  
What we caught and shit we bag it up and chop it down  
cut rates  
Sell weights pound for pound  
Check out the product me show you think you can get  
served  
And if you got with the rest of the nigga to the curb  
Beat down to the ground that like he's there  
That's how it's done with a muthafucking loc'est playa  
The crazy ants spicey ohh and my cousin tay  
Riding waves just get a magazine in my niggas main  
Macking mic lil twan me and spoon d gp and big g and  
lil reek  
Loccest solja smoking doja  
And paying the cops no mind why

[Chorus x3]

Sticking to the grind  
Gotta make that many

[Young Lay]

Engine itching is number nine sticking to the fucking  
grind  
And if that bitch is in your scratch let the nine give her  
depth  
Put the gat down her throat diggity down deeper  
though  
Time to let a hoe know that I'm all about the flow  
I'm know on my side the loccest side ride like that cold  
turkey  
And keep a strap in my black derby  
So when I got it on then I'm rocking a microphone  
Nigga let it alone for the set ring it on  
Got my cudee crazy het in the back of me  
Young juve's from the lowest place young face clocking  
g'z  
And something will be stopping his mail I let the coat  
sold some dope now  
cari got me clocking man

[Chorus x3]

[Young Lay]

Mr. muthafucka musta brought the niggas  
Looking at the nuts I'm about to but some nuts in you  
Fucking mouth cuz you's about being a bitch  
And everytime I turn my back you nose is in my shit  
I stack pay and hustle hard everyfucking day  
Payed it to myself even though rapping keep though  
suckers away  
But niggas be up on the dick like it's the fucking thing  
to do  
I hit the locest strip seen somebody slanging too  
They ain't from the crew  
So they muggs on me but what you trying to do fool  
Make some green trick you ain't no hoe  
You aint' no dope pushers  
See niggas be hitting ninety dope rest in the bushes  
Trying to knock my game coming through they must be  
curious  
Cuz I'm slanging things that make a few bangs go  
delirious  
It's just like the seventh day when a young playa wakes  
up  
Get my pager I got to pagers to make these feens think  
I'm faking or what  
My shirt I tuck then I put on my dirby cotton heens  
Hooked up with the crew now we sitting in a group  
steady serving the feens  
Hoes dwell off the sales and I'm liking the broad

And off to Josie off the dank I had to make the fall

[Chorus]

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