

U.G.K. f/ DJ B-Do, Young T.O.E. "Grind Hard"

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{*samples and ad libs for for 22 seconds*}

[Young T.O.E.]

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!

[Pimp C] Grind hard {*repeat 8X*}

[Pimp C]

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

[Pimp C] Grind hard {*repeat 8X*}

[DJ B-Do]

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 po'-nine
And I'ma hold it down, I bar none and fade all
Twenty-five, hoe three-sixty-six, no days off

[Outro - chopped up]

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

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