

## Wu-Tang Clan F/ Ms. Roxy "On Tha Grind"

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It's been a long time since you've heard from us  
Dat Nigga Daz Dillinger and young Gotti Kurupt  
And now we back wit a little rhyme  
We can't stop can't quit 'cause we ?? the grind

[Daz,(Kurupt):]

Yo ( Gangstafied back on the block)  
Straight up  
D-A-Z, K-U-R-U-P-T  
Doing it like usual, you know what I'm sayin?  
You can't stop you can't rewind the time  
You can't think about the past  
So look forward to life, and keep on ?missionin? on the  
grind for yours

Chorus:(2x)(minor changes 2nd time)  
We can't stop, can't rewind the time  
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes  
On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine  
Until we get we it be out here on the grind

[Daz]

I wake up with the birds, early as fuck  
Stash my dope in the cut, serve the clucks  
Lil' bitches around the way they know what's up  
They wanna bust, wanna try to smoke a nigga weed up  
It aint shit to flip a double up, and I love when I'm comin  
up  
I got thangs for these suckas when they runnin up  
Telling all yall fools yall aint one of us

[Kurupt]

Nigga, get a glimpse of a fact plus that, Blaze  
Move into the hood with all the OG's  
That help me get paid homie, we a unit  
Doin it how a gangsta do it, Run through it  
And stampede the block like bitch  
Your on the wrong side to be servin your shit(yeah)  
Jack nigga, Daz, and Kurupt the Kingpin  
Back on the smash, with heaters to reclaim the ass

Chorus:(2x)(minor changes the 2nd time)  
We can't stop, can't rewind the time  
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes  
On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine  
Until we get it we be out here on the grind

[Kurupt]

Yeah nigga, half a days gone by  
Ganstafied, givin it just up livin my life  
It's hard to survive  
Without grabbin 9, and pump five-fifty-five  
Forty-five many Mack eleven  
Gunshots non stop to funk pop  
Then pop baby glocks  
(Homie you ridin or not?)  
Me and the homies are the first to bust  
And yall cowards dyin tryin to be like us  
Gangsta

[Daz]

With three mouths to feed, it's the life I lead  
I guess I'd die in the life of greed  
Muthafuckas 'round here die to bleed  
For set, joints nigga, or half a key  
I remember when I came up, niggas rang up  
Some Crippd up some niggas flamed up  
Crossed your name out, straged my name up  
(Quick to thow the gang up) What up?!  
I guess I'm blessed with the gift of rap  
Or I'll bless you with the gift of crap  
Like that, white, black, mexican, and jap  
Homeboy do anything for a scrap

[Kurupt]

Mark up yo hood like this, anybody killa  
DPGC fuck yall niggas  
Deep inside we feel like fuck yall hood  
Hell naw bitch nigga it aint all to the good  
Chorus:(2x)(minor changes 2nd time)  
We can't stop, can't rewind the time  
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes  
On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine  
Until we get we it be out here on the grind

[(Daz)Kurupt]

(We can't stop, can't rewind the time)  
Yeah that's what's wrong with yall niggas  
(Out of dolla bills nickles and dimes)  
(On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine, all  
the time, on the grind)  
Yeah homie, you gotta keep yo hustle on

Don't let these bitch niggas move you of the block  
The gangstas is here foreva,  
Yeah, huh huh, yeah  
Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt the Kingpin  
Daz Dillinger, Kurupt young Gotti  
'99 millenium 2000 like fuck a bitch  
Put it on the catalogs homie, Classics' 'CRIP!!

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