

**Craig David & Pete Dinklage & Mark Hill****"Grind Fulltime"**

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[Hook: Trae & (Dougie D) - 2x]

We grind full time (now what it do)

All day and all night (now what it do)

(Because we, cock glocks and make a nigga slide out)

(And then we ride out, niggas be on a hide out)

[Trae]

24/7 I be on the grind, all around the clock

And I won't crap out, cause I gotta get paid

The life that I live, gon keep me real

The fold that I got, gon keep me dibs

I'm a street nigga, that'll tell you

You don't wanna try me nigga

Running up on me, nigga you fin to feel

The heat, that's coming up out of my triggas

Quick to click, like I'm a time bomb

Fucking up your eyesight, with a red light

Light enough to light, fin to make

These niggas, get the shit right

I'm a Guerilla Maab soldier, already told you

Hopping out, we gon get crunk

Pop the trunk, and somebody get dumped

You hating us, it ain't never no fading us

And when these niggas testing us

Then my glock is next to us

And I ain't gon give up, till I hit the top

Trae, Dougie D just ain't gon stop

Till I got the rap game, all chromed out

Running around, with a big fat knot

Of cash flow, the fast do is all I know

Living in this game, saying thugged out

And untamed, while trying to set my time frame

Before my time, will get to running out

Straight up I just can't quit, trying to get rich

On the grind, full time

Cause we the ones deserving this

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Constantly grinding, with my mind up on my feddy

Working my jelly, communicate on cellular tellies  
Niggas ain't ready, for the shots we proceed to blast  
Constantly struggling striving, on a mission for cash  
Cause we live the life, steady pursuing our cheddar  
Everything gotta get better, when I put it together  
Dougie, Rock and Trae, kicking down doors to make  
our way  
Niggas be peeping our flow, like whoo I'm on the way  
Now tell me what it do, chunking on up look if y'all hear  
me  
You can run but you can't hide, from this lyrical incision  
From your ear to ear, fill you with roughness and the  
rawest  
Everytime that we touch you, Trae be spitting sickness  
flawless  
And if it's about paper, better believe we grabbing that  
And if it's about plex, better believe we blasting that  
Niggas you smelling that, 3D-2 fucking up platinum  
placks  
Drama we ain't having that, when we see money we  
after that

[Hook - 2x]

[Raw-D]

I'm down to ride, for the god damn green  
These hoe ass niggas, can't fuck with me  
I'm out here, hustling up in these streets  
Pack my glock, and roll with heat  
Trying to make this meat, cause my belly rumbling  
I don't have nothing to eat  
On the fulltime grind my nigga, so I'm barely getting to  
sleep  
So I can't slow down my mission, till my quest is  
complete  
Swift and unique, I'm still gon be that same ol' G  
Ounces of cheese and weed, but I'm fiending for that  
green  
While y'all capping and trying to bling  
I be bleeding, trying to get my green  
Fulfilling my dream, one deep never had a shoulder to  
lean on  
Can't postpone, see your boo and get motherfuckers  
better get on  
Or get spit on, making bitches hitting up on my cell  
phone  
Thinking that I'ma fall off, then you hating bitches are  
dead wrong  
Raw-D is who I be, a young ol' G from the 4  
Fin to let you know if you's a hoe, knocking knocking  
now here it go

Might explode like C4, on your back like some  
dominoes  
My nigga that's how it go, for the love of my payro'

[Hook - 2x]

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