

## 50 Cent "The Grind"

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G-G-G-G-G...G-G-G-G-G...G-G-G-G-G-G-UNIT!

(Tony Yayo)

You a half time hustla, im a full time hustla

(50 Cent)

Cuz I stay on the grind, i stay on the grind

(Lloyd Banks)

While you chasin your dick, Ill be chasin them chips

(50)

Cuz I stay On the grind, I stay on the grind

Man, the D's on me, cuz they caught me with a nine

And I, stay on the grind, I stay on the grind

(TY)

Wife be beggin, for me to spend time

(50)

Cuz I, stay on the grind, I stay on the grind

(Verse 1: 50 Cent)

All I do is sit and think of ways that I can come up

Catch you joukes and run up, and leave a nigga dun  
up\*

My pockets i'm hurtin homie, I aint feelin this shit

Have yo mama screamin "BABY MOVE! IT'S A HIT!!!"\*

I aint Scarface, "No women no kids" I dont give a fuck

Better teach that bitch and that little nigga ta duck

With a P90 Ruger, I put shots all through ya

If you survive, you gon feel what talons'll do to ya\*

I'm a hard-headed nigga, I came up so hard

Had to get shot 9 times for me to find God

If them planes hit the projects, nobody will care\*

Look around, they aint nothin but black folks around  
here

When brothas become political, and start to manuever\*

They'll give you a hundred years man, they did it to

Hoover

Ya, you can hate me or love me, when you see me bust  
shots

Or come and hug me, come show me she loves me

(CHORUS: 50 Cent)

I go hard for mine, I work 9 to 5, and I

Stay on the grind, I stay on the grind

I aint got time for love. I'm tryna get mine, and I  
Stay on the grind, I stay on the grind  
I got more than a little, and I'm always gon shine, cuz I  
Stay on the grind, I stay on the grind  
If you call when I'm busy, when you got spare time, cuz  
I  
Stay on the grind, I stay on the grind

(Verse 2: Tony Yayo)

I got cliental, I flip coke in a hurry\*  
Darryl Strawberry even called me on the celly  
And Whitney Houston, so my coke be movin  
I got the china white from this Cuban\*  
And my dope connects, a doofy African\*  
He got Boo-koo bucks, he be traffican  
I know feinds that'll rob a train, to feed their vein  
Feinds that'll kill an addict that support their habit  
Feinds that'll pawn their jewels for dog food  
So when I'm on the strip, you know I'm on the move  
Fuck coppin a Bentley, wit low ass milage\*  
I cop ten bricks and pay for a palace\*  
Now theres coke in Atlanta, dope in Alabama\*  
I'm, not a rapper, Tony Yayo's a scrambler\*  
Remember back then, is when I slinged on the corner  
I had the sheep skin, my girl had the leather bomber\*

((Chorus))

(Verse 3: Lloyd Banks)

Dont get caught robbin the pot, cuz your hand'll be  
tossed  
And playin both sides'll getcha man Berry Boss'd"  
Imma flood the watch, and every cross  
Nevermind the chorus, im in a porsche, its my turn to  
floss  
Dont put me in a mix of your rap lies  
Diss me, Ill dip you in toilet water so you can get  
baptized  
I grew up with the peasants in the halls  
Elevators is broke, probably had asbestos in the walls\*  
Now haters get wreckless with the calls  
Cuz Im fuckin their bitch and they buyin breakfast in the  
morn  
Not to mention, he dresses in the malls  
New Prada footwear, Nexino necklace with the bars\*  
I dont care if you over 300 pounds, dont seduce me  
You'll get your big ass cut up like Bruce Lee  
I wont stop till my squad eat  
We got tools, that'll spin your ass around like a 5 heart  
beat\*

((Chorus))

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