

## 50/50 Twin "Grind"

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[50/50 Twin]

If you eat as you cook, you won't have a full plate  
All nighters everynight, on the block I stood late  
The cash start burning my pocket, I couldn't wait  
Chopping rocks, making predictions off what I would  
make  
In the game you can't double, everything you spend  
My big dog told me Twin, move it fast as you can  
Like Biggie front shit is punk shit, have nothing to lend  
Save that change get a piggy bank, stuff the shit in  
You never know when them quarters, gon come in  
handy  
Somebody could come rob you, and charge to your  
family  
Gotta crack it all his piggy bank, that's horrible ain't it  
Can't afford a lawyer, judges do you raw in the anus  
Cars on chrome to police, like kids in a candy store  
They cut holes in your seats, dismantle your door  
I don't have shit bitch, what you harassing me for  
Because you black guys always, flashing your cars  
what

[Hook x2]

Grinding ain't on my mind, while shining is on my mind  
Shining ain't on my mind, while grinding is on my mind  
In order to shine I grind, I grind in order to shine  
You wanna shine grind, grind if you wanna shine

[50/50 Twin]

While I'm hustling, I'm riding in a low key car  
144 ounces, that's a four ki car  
If I get caught with that, the judge gon throw me far  
If a bitch ride with me, she gotta show me jaw  
I must complete my destination, make it another day  
I'm a grown man, see lil' boys they get to run and play  
The last thing I need is, to be facing another case  
Trying to get the first worm, waking up before day  
You standing on the block, dressed in fancy is a no-no  
Old school cats with cash, they dressing like a hobo  
A black dude that lost discriminated, the Lex fo' do'  
Shining car tattoos, associate with sell snow cones  
Shine while you grind, you only waste your little time

You will never see profit, you spend every little dime  
Be ready for the drought man, it's getting winter time  
Waste nothing eat everything, on the plate at dinner  
time

[Hook x2]

[50/50 Twin]

I swear, while writing this song on my spot  
Three jump-out boys jumped out, and told my boys  
don't try  
Thought I was a school boy, cause I had my folder  
I'm always calm, even if I have my yola  
Ounces under the baby, they ain't gon grab the stroller  
Anyway I scratched out, when two female friends rolled  
up  
Like a Goodyear blimp, I stay on top of my game  
Guilty by association, don't hang out with the lame  
While shining jackers pull up, start popping the thang  
You can't even steer the snap, they even shot up your  
grain  
Spend it all (uh-uh), save it all (uh-huh)  
See the laws run from, stand still dump son  
It's Christmas time they hungry, trying to get they  
bonus  
New Years the judge throw time, trying to get real up  
on it  
Ten po pulled up departed, and said you see what's on  
it  
When you get out you'll have grown daughters, 25  
years gon get

[Hook x4]

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