

Bad Religion

"On My Grind"

Visit "[On My Grind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

When I was in the sixth grade, these niggas was bitch
made
They was thinking science, I was thinking get paid
I always kept a plan to get doe
Like selling the same shit I use to steal from outta stop-
n-go
I use to run a paper route
But that ain't pay me enough, I was still on the bus
My momma would always tell me don't you rush to get
old
But rarely did I listen to the shit I was told
I was a ghetto boy long before the rap group existed
I use to take my lunch money and pitch it
I stayed on suspension, I ain't fuckin' with school
Truant officers be chasin' me, I'd give 'em the blues
Hit the pipes off of Roomer just to pass the time
Shoot the shit and walk to Shamrock, stole me a wine
Get smashed and hit the bus stop when school let out
Get off at tina house and bust that cot
Walk up outta Ridgemont smelling like fish in my
pocket
Then back to the southside walking home from Watkins
I stopped to see the homies off of Huckala street
All you game in the front yard bumpin' this beat

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Ever since I could remember I been on my grind,
All the time
Nothing but paper and pussy and the finer things on
my mind
I had to Shine
By any means necessary I had to go out and get it
And come back wit it, thug life I was wit it
My balls and my word told a nigga that the world was
mine
That's why I stay on the grind

[Verse 2]

I remember when the dope game started up, serving
the hypes

I was seeing more doe than I ever seen in my life
I was rocking up eightballs and knowing the shake
Kept a thousand in my pocket, twenty more in the safe
I had my grandmother guessing how I got that shit
'Cause every other day I had to buy new kicks
Older cats steppin' to me as if I was the man
Getting telephone calls from my uncle's friends
I'm sixteen years old, with game so throwed
I was parking niggas frontin' me and fucking they hoes
Eventually I moved out, rented a house
I'm stretching the dope, cuttin' seventeen from an
ounce
We cop ya pots fulla spray, I'm moving big weight
But that was back in the days, nobody thought about a
dope case
It's all mapped out, get in get out
They giving mutha fuckas ten years for each rock
It's fucked ain't it, but I'm lookin' at the picture they
done painted
They hanging all these niggas who's careers was dope
gamin'
The crack epidemic had you locked if you was in it
And even if you stepped out with bread you couldn't
spend it
In the beginning niggas had they whole hoods flooded
Wit that Antonio Montana disease like "fuck it"
And drug wars just another day in the life
You fucked over me, I fucked you, done gave me the
right

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm up and down I-10, with a car full of hens
Finta check my ends, finta get this Benz
Stopped short of my drop spot by red lights flashing
I'm dirty, and if he wants to search I'ma blast him
I roll the windows down so I can show him my hands
Wouldn't you know, the cop done pulled me over my
man
I got a brand new plan take this shit to the line
Stop an Sony's and give it back I'll give you a dime
With ten thousand you can go to work for a week
Take some time off to think, I'll even throw in a key
He stopped at the mo', I gave him the doe
Checked in my room then whooped out the scale and
the blow
There's a knock at the door, I grabbed the four-four
It was the homeboy who set me up down on the floor

[Chorus]

Visit [Bad Religion](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.