

De La Soul "The Grind Date"

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If the meek shall inherit the earth
And not the weak
Let me inherit the street, fuck it
You know what I mean?
I mean I love life man, you know what I mean
Life is beautiful, it's just the shit in it that's fucked up
It's rough but it's fair
People gotta go out there and bust they, bust they ass
for a job
I mean, my dad's got five kids, man and I mean yo
He hates drivin' a bus but he loves five kids
You feel me?

I'm a rhyme artist
Out here tryin' to grind my hardest
Up early so to milk the cow
Keep my john deere out here plowin' the fields
To keep my john hancock's worth up in the now
Went from hangin' on blocks to hangin' on charts
Positions is parta my mission to hangin' on top
Gotta get your polly cracker or with them crackers
And them scheisty ass niggaz if you like it or not
I've been rewired to work more efficiently in the dirt
I'm hands on with it all up in my cuticles
Some try to get off the farm but fell into harm
Of gettin in the game of those street pharmaceuticals
But, I was raised in those blue collar themes
Havin' white collar dreams cause I see what it means
And though the meek shall inherit the earth but don't
forget
The poor are the ones who inherit the debt
You can bet I got better things to do than that
I was a dick who got jerked by Tom and his boys
Came on my land, seized my cattle, and catalog
As if it wouldn't leave me less than coy
But I'm far from bitter even farther from quittin'
Got a grind date to make, no time for sittin'
And playin' xbox, stand up and exercise my rights
As of by seen of through masta's eye
It's the grind date
Know what I'm sayin? I'm sick of askin' that
I mean, the street philosophy is that

I'm gonna milk the cow and cook the meat

At least I'm gonna have some kind of food and drink
Because sometimes you can't come back
Like momma said that if you need 5 cents don't ask for
3
Ask for 10, that's for sure
Yo fuck a rhyme artist, I ain't here for that
I was born with the boom bap, respect the name
My hands on experience was hands on my first contract
Taught me quick how to respect the game
Introduced to the block, got used to the block
But your neighbors be the ones who throw shit on your
lawn
It's like every single time we pop, they got annoyed
But we got ahead, and we got along
And puttin' work on the calendars, worse on them
calendars
Worth of hump days that broke the camel's back
The grind'll make today look gray
And paint a tainted picture of tomorrows in enamel
black
Meet the rhyme, street grind, son whatever the beast
I'm a take it at the horns till the pinky toe torn
And show you why we here this long
Cause when it comes to puttin' in work
Once again it's on
I'm just like everybody else man
An average nigga with above average potential
You know what I mean? I'm not sayin' that I'm a
gentleman
I'm sayin' that I know how to act like a gentleman
In order to get the things that I need
And if I gotta pull out my nickle bag, I'm gonna do that
This ain't no accident, we stayin' here
You damn right I am proud of myself man
And I'm proud of my team man
I don't want you to get the wrong, yo baby on the real?
I don't have sex with people I do business with neither
And that's the real
But I do do business with people that I have sex with
So if there ain't no conflict, let's get this grind on
Cause I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, that's word

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