

Big Pokey

"On Our Grind"

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(Caretta)

Ooooh, yeeah

Presidential roll deep, and that's for sho

We got that M.O.B. Style, M.O.B. Style

M.O.B. Style, M.O.B. Sty-e-yle (yeah)

[Big Pokey]

Keep quiet don't talk, peep the fifth and chill

Bumping bout something you heard, don't know if it's
real

You don't like m but when you see me, you showing
your grill

Skinning and grinning for what, do you know what it is
I got a face full of tears, cause the game done scarred
me

Niggas I lost, right now I ain't the nigga to cross
The bigger the balls, more of the money bigger the
boss

I wear the pants in the house, and I call the shots
Keep my head to the sky, when my well run dry
Treating my spits, some of y'all know what I'm talking
about

Some of y'all got it twisted around, think it's a joke
Cold fix, though we need some throw
Everybody on dope, trying to cope with life
Cause hold with Christ, cause that's the one that wrote
your life

Sometimes I don't sport my knife, I just wear my cross
And if it's on, then I'm for my routes

[Hook: Caretta]

All my life, I'ma beat these streets and stack my ends
All about my do' ain't got no friends
All my life, still blinding hoes with glassy 4's
Presidential roll deep, and that's fa sho all my life

[Big Pokey]

Throw your hands in the air, cause it's hard but it's fair
Nobody to turn to, nobody don't really care
No hat with no hair, when it's cold outside
And you alone outside, a track with no square

I'm trying to get, from A to Z
But my ride be tripping, I don't think this hoe gon make
it to B
I know what these niggas, waiting to see
A nigga slip and fall it ain't no love, I got a a clip for
y'all
This for my niggas on the wall, with a slash in they
name
Holding it down, I'm bout to leave a gash in the game
Got a license for my strap, I ain't stashing the thang
On the block hot or cold, plus the nastiest rain
What this cash game like, don't earn it and burn it
It's discipline, dog you gotta stack it and turn it
Burn your odors, punching the clock
Earn your Rover 2K4, the game is over

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

I'm a M.O.B. nigga, and I love to ride
I-6-3-3-50, let's touch the sidewalk
I walk it like I talk it, sometime I chill
Sometime I let go inside talk it
Some say, located in the dirt
In the Tre, my K bullets hit niggas in they vertebrae
Let em know, what the Southern bout
It's them V-Dozens parked, we holding the block
Stuff my crotch, when I got in the Benz
Three quarter mink coat, blocking the wind
Hard Ward hollering, yo I got a twin
Six in the morning, it's on again
Break back on the six tens, Superbowl
Thinks he did, but I did cruise control
Patience nigga, keep your grind
Move more dope, than a Nino Brown
They think we broke hoe, we gon shine
M-O-B Style, low in the mind

[Hook]

(Caretta)

Presidential baby, M.O.B. Style baby
Yeah yeah

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