

Fates Warning

"Da Grind"

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Yeah

Send this one out to everybody, trying to make end
ends meet

Yeah

I'm on the grind

Still got my money on my mind

And I, feel like I'm walking on the line

When it, seems like I'm running out of time

That's when I'm going on the grind

[Masta Ace]

Ay yo, I'm trying to make my dollars double

I done found a place to fit in

For niggaz trying to get into this power struggle

I work hard on the job like immigrants

And always try to get my first half in advance

It sounds strange but the rap game is not a game

You could make a lot of money gain a lot of fame

But don't get it twisted

You could get addicted

Buy a mansion in the Hamptons, and get evicted

Now if you call me and I'm not around

I'm probably putting my grind down

Doing shows out of town

I be the manager, road manager, and call handler

Booking agent, choreographer and tour planner

I be the V.P. of marketing and promotions

Producer and arraigner, with a range of emotions

And after it all, I still gotta perform

At three o'clock in the morn', when half the fans are
gone

But it's fine

Been on the grind since like '88 or '89

The game is foul like a plate of swine

Now is there anybody con like me?

Is anybody out there on the grind like me?

For everybody working nine to five

For everybody trying to rise with they eyes on the prize

I'm with 'cha, we all going through it

But yo, deep down inside I know we still gon' do it

Oh

[Chorus]

I'm on the grind
Still got my money on my mind
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line
And it, seems like I'm running out of time
That's why I'm always on the grind

Yeah, I'm on the grind
Still got my money on my mind
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line
When it, seems like I'm running out of time
That's when I'm going on the grind

[Apocalypse]

Yeah
I really feel I'm blessed 'cause I was born with a talent
to rhyme
But the stress got me this close to quitting sometimes
On the crowded A train every morning
I can't wait for the day
My hustle game don't got to start this way
Niggaz think it's all good when they see me and hear
my CD
And think I'm jumping in the 745 with TVs
They don't know I miss tours and shows
To go to work and pay bills and keep dough on my
clothes
In the shadow of a legend so
They expect me to spit and sound like him
But y'all need to let it go
Everyday I face the crossroad of rap or drugs
Album cuts and singles and crack heads and clappin'
thugs
When I'm broke my moms won't even give me a hug
But on payday I'm her baby then she call it love
I keep making my moves 'cause one day I'm a prove
I got what it take and I will not lose
Yeah

[Chorus]

("I had to hustle hard, never give up" scratched to end)

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