

FiO Baby

"Grind"

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Verse 1:

I Been Gone for a year, damn where I been?
Well I been in the crib self-marketing
Never stagnate, always I'm writing
Picking out beats, always debating

Put the clubs on pause, non celebrating
Cause I been in my cave, straight hibernating
And you know I'm worth the wait, cause ya love my tape
And I know your irate, but no need to hate

Let me explain my myself, and what I've done thus far
Once shot for the stars, now my target is Mars
I been filming a show, called "16 bars"
I'm a rare find, like a Charizard

Tried out, made the cut, 2010, July
Made it to the end, took the stage with pride
But to my fans, I can never lie
I don't really know, if the show will survive (Hey!)

I'd like to apologize, to my fans, all of ya'll
I'm so sorry, my bad, I dropped the ball,
I love every single fan I get
But you are all I need, so please just forgive me, as I
sing...

Chorus:

I, I been on my grind
I can only grind for so long

Verse 2:

Been Gone for a year, damn where I been?
Well I've been in my hole, been studying
Tupac, Asher, and Joe Budden,
Billy Joel, Kanye, and Eminem

So when it's my time, they'll let me in
Cause I deserve a shot, un huh, Amen
Cause I'm gettin nice, metaphors on cue
Plus I can sit back, tell a story or two

See ya gotta be the Drake, but ya gotta be the Asher
Quick punchlines, for something they can dance ta
Ya gotta be the Nas, but ya gotta be the Slim,
Emotional rhymes, that break the ceilings

I write about my life, hoping you'll relate
Cause if ya can't, the truth is a waste
And if it is, I could always lie
But I tried years ago, I just ain't that guy (Hey!)

I'd like to apologize, to my fans, all of ya'll
I'm so sorry, my bad, I dropped the ball,
I love every single fan I get
But you are all I need, so please just forgive me, as I
sing...

Chorus:
I, I been on my grind
I can only grind for so long

Verse 3:
Been gone for a year damn where I been?
Well I been Facebook, Youtube, Tweeten
Just tryna to let the world who I am
Caught up in the storm, oh Auntie Em

Spreading links after love in all these forums
Passing out tapes became too boring
34th and 7th way out to Coram
Guess ya boy transformed, Rise of the Fallen

Posing, hose em, hot? he's frozen
Heard Matt say this faggit's folding
Anted up my chips and I went all in
And I did what I could, and I did what I can

Now I'm being compared to I'll musicians
Chris Webby, Mac Miller, and Sammy Adams
With no PR, agent, or label
I networked like FiOs Cable

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