

## Gregorian

### "Nose to the Grindstone"

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[Chorus]

Top secret nobody can see, we got secrets nobody believes  
Nobody but speech we zone off greez the high off the trees fly like the breeze  
The mind is the key, to unlock it, completely off the wall a little out of pocket  
nose to the grindstone, lets make a profit, were winnin with this process

[Inkwell the Biologic]

while pickin a pack of blunts to grab  
my mind was suddenly stabbed by something utterly sad  
kids these days are dying sole fact they wanna be bad  
of course they wanna see cash and never wanna be trash  
living below the richest class is a contradiction to gettin cash  
life is a trip you need to live it fast  
forget about constables and hospitals your obstacles are optical  
nothing stoppin you, youre unstoppable  
propelled by rocket fuel to rocket you to a dollar two  
we know you stop to do anything that could possibly profit you  
gawk at who doesnt walk like you or talk like you  
looks to me we're not at fault like you  
prejudging will be the fall of you  
you ought not do what you thought to do  
cuz I brought a crew who will walk you through  
the removal of all facts you thought you knew

[Chorus]

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[Windchill]

staring at the sky star gazin  
my bars are amazin sicker than sars patients  
the hard way is the only way I know  
relaxin to a beat, puffin on hydro  
and my flow is sometimes hard to decipher  
like your brain after slaughtering yeager meister  
somebody tame this tiger  
lyrical navy sniper I'm crazy brighter than 80 lighters  
every page is priceless my mental device is nice  
in the midst of hype shit you found a crisis  
I'm crowned the nicest walkin the earth  
im that strange feeling you get everytime you walk into  
church  
gettin lost in my verse sure i'll wake up soon  
blackout in january, wake up june  
id dive in my verse but the waters too shallow  
admist the sun, I cast two shadows

[Chorus]

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[Inkwell the Biologic Verse 2]

let me pick up where I left off on the issuse  
I think I convinced you that the superficial  
is a stupid principle too supercritical  
of peoples who dough is minimal  
who can't afford a pimpmobile, who livin day to day  
with little more than two dimes to pave their way  
they slave away to pay their way go to church on  
sunday  
to hear what the savior say hopin that one day  
the light will make its way to where they staked their  
claim  
reverse their nuerons infiltrate their brain and take  
their pain  
but until that day when they can finally say  
that the work is over and its time for play  
they pray thanking whoever for another day of  
beautiful weather  
stay true and try and make day two unusually better  
true happiness is in you, not what you do with your

chedder  
or if you bruise your competitor  
quit chasin high priced replacements for spots in your  
soul that  
have always lied vacant, have patience, nah mean..

[Windchill Verse 2]

I'm only sixteen lines away from being divine/  
should I remind even with stilts you guys only knee  
high/  
only moments to reply defy laws of gravity when I  
speak mine  
evil takes over weak minds so we find  
no longer on a decline, although its a steep climb  
im a close encounter of each kind reflect on my life  
each and everytime speech shine  
the least I can give is an ounce of my soul  
cashing in on my huge mountains of gold  
emerged out the cold was seduced by the wind  
why do we cry at birth, we're produced from a sin  
try to find peace within everbody hates the pain  
artists over industry don't mistake the name  
unpredictable the same as rain  
artists over industry and thats our claim to fame

[Chorus]

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