

Jt Money **"On The Grind"**

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East coast nigga if ya wit me let me hear ya say east coast

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[jt money]

I want the jackpot

The gats, the yachts, the fat knots, the big house

And fly bitches I can dig out

I need a room for every day of the week

But right now it's kinda hard tryin to stay on my feet

I gotsta hide it

Dolla bill dreams of a poor hustla

And I get's money wit no busta

That's why I don't fuck wit a lot of niggaz

'cause hoe niggaz foul out bout gold diggerz

See I'm a nigga tryin to get by

Get high

And get that money right so I can get fly

I want the finer (? ? ?) skins the leathers

Wake up every mornin wit 2 bitches in bed

Im high foreva

Lazer beams guard my door

Champagne bottles on the floor from the nite before

Da money man be's the illest

I mean foreallist

Killa gets hot man like phillis

[talking]

Hey you j you know we gotta put it down baby

Know what I'm sayin

We gotta put it down for the 9-9 know what I'm sayin

You gonna put it down

[chorus]

Keepin my mind over matter

People walkin 'round talkin that chit chatter

Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here

It's about all who you know

Pound for pound

Toe to toe

Blow for blow

Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here

[jt money]

E'verthangs addictive sex, drugs and gamblin
Fat chunks, fly cars, bitches and gun handlin
Niggaz goin out for the goods don't believe me
Im tryin to move on up like georgia wheezy
But shit ain't easy
E'verythangs a hustle
Cracka's out to rush you
Niggaz out to touch you
Camoflauged down but never camoflaug'n
Out on the grind tryin to bump fed charges
Information be leakin
Bullets heat seakin
93 hour peepin
Nowadays I be creepin
It's a God damn shame how dis game make a nigga
Always see in benzo's, lexo's, lac's and figga's
And fly ass bitches out for the witchin
But ain't no thang here bitch you cant get dis
But when you get dis
There's plenty more to earn
When you got fast loot in your pocket dat shit burn

[talking]

Ay yo bi
You know what I'm sayin
You got dem niggaz and dem hoes out there
Yryin to come up off of you
You know what I'm sayin

[chorus]

Keepin my mind over matter
People walkin 'round talkin that chit chatter
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here
It's about all who you know
Pound for pound
Toe to toe
Blow for blow
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here

[talking]

Yo boy you been puttin it down for 10 years now
Know what I'm sayin
It's yo time to shine now
So all y'all wannabe's need to step back baby
There ya go
You got the keys to the benz
Keys to the house
Know what I'm sayin
Got 3 million in the trunk

And you know I got you some of the poudy
For you to smoke on the way where ever you wanna go
And put it down any state, round the world, nationwide
baby

[jt money]

I came up so now a nigga sittin on butt
Nowadays when you see me I'm in nothin but plush
Luxary auto
Get loose my motto
I sip and swallow
Bubbles right from the bottle
Cript joint the follow
They get me nice
Girlies lose they site from starrin at the ice
Got grip like a vice
Pockets stay fat
All my niggaz in da pip holdin gats
My mob is thick e'vrybody sittin on cheese
Wit fly ass bitchez wit tricks up they sleeve
Da boys burnin trees and fonto leaves
Bitchez wanna skeeze for honey bees and g's
But naw fuck them hoes
A nigga cant stand em
Flow get low when them hoes leave you stranded
Naw fuck dat shit bitch get out on the ground
I ain't tryin to spend shit ima hold on to mine
What?

[chorus]

Keepin my mind over matter
People walkin 'round talkin that chit chatter
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here
It's about all who you know
Pound for pound
Toe to toe
Blow for blow
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here (2x)

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