

Marmalade

"Stickin to the Grind"

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(Young Lay)

Chillin in my own hood 87's on the corner
The loc'est side in Vallejo California
But I must warn you it's dangerous on my side of the
way
That is why we bump the sounds that get down the lay
Straight mugsta a thugsta that's getting paid
Too fast spliffs in my half of game will make'em pay
The month of may is when I first started my grinds
Slanging brakes even cake in eighty-nine
Things was fine cuz brothers wasn't front in black
Now what do I know thangs was way too wack
Cuz everytime I turn my back there was a new one on
the scene
Saying a little bit of nuthing will get in paid green
On magazines rapping the hoes and the whole nine
That ol punk shit makes me leave the grind
And go full time in my whole rap career
Cuz I scrap with the raps that you love to hear
Sipping on beer and dojies from the dank spot
I hit the spliffs and split my shit and now I can't stop
Pushing crack rock only on the strips and alleyways
It's gangsta lay from the v straight from the cali main
What we caught and shit we bag it up and chop it down
cut rates
Sell weights pound for pound
Check out the product me show you think you can get
served
And if you got with the rest of the nigga to the curb
Beat down to the ground that like he's there
That's how it's done with a muthafucking loc'est playa
The crazy ants spicey ohh and my cousin tay
Riding waves just get a magazine in my niggas main
Macking mic lil twan me and spoon d gp and big g and
lil reek
Loccest solja smoking doja
And paying the cops no mind why

[Chorus 3x]

Sticking to the grind
Gotta make that many

(Young Lay)

Engine itching is number nine sticking to the fucking
grind
And if that bitch is in your scratch let the nine give her
depth
Put the gat down her throat diggity down deeper
though
Time to let a hoe know that I'm all about the flow
I'm know on my side the loccest side ride like that cold
turkey
And keep a strap in my black derby
So when I got it on then I'm rocking a microphone
Nigga let it alone for the set ring it on
Got my cudee crazy het in the back of me
Young juve's from the lowest place young face clocking
g'z
And something will be stopping his mail I let the coat
sold some dope now
cari got me clocking man

Chorus 3x

(Young Lay)

Mr. muthafucka musta brought the niggas
Looking at the nuts I'm about to but some nuts in you
Fucking mouth cuz you's about being a bitch
And everytime I turn my back you nose is in my shit
I stack pay and hustle hard everyfucking day
Payed it to myself even though rapping keep though
suckers away
But niggas be up on the dick like it's the fucking thing
to do
I hit the locest strip seen somebody slanging too
They ain't from the crew
So they muggs on me but what you trying to do fool
Make some green trick you ain't no hoe
You aint' no dope pushers
See niggas be hitting ninety dope rest in the bushes
Trying to knock my game coming through they must be
curious
Cuz I'm slanging things that make a few bangs go
delirious
It's just like the seventh day when a young playa wakes
up
Get my pager I got to pagers to make these feens think
I'm faking or what
My shirt I tuck then I put on my dirby cotton heens
Hooked up with the crew now we sitting in a group
steady serving the feens
Hoes dwell off the sales and I'm liking the broad

And off to Josie off the dank I had to make the fall

[Chorus]

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