

## Masta Ace

### "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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