

## **P.O.D. "On The Grind"**

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Psycho Realm, P.O.D. Boo-Yah Tribe, what? What?  
My soul is payable on death, the flow I'm layin' here is  
deaf  
Mics come with a Teflon vest, my words wreck  
I'm a Psycho, ill with the voco-loco  
Heard a sick pedo noco noco by coasta logo

Gas mask with the gangsta strollo  
Got a piece that will match the chrome D's on my low-  
low  
Total chaos, you think that I'm a rapper your way off  
I'm a killer that be murderin' these tracks, so stay off

Serial rhymin', convicted of drivin' and beat the hymen  
And breakin' the hymen on ears that never heard of the  
line that I'm in  
The danger zone is common, city blocks got the  
demons mobbin'  
I'm a con-artist, starvin', strong armin'

Jason's guitarin', Traa's bass while Wuv is bombin'  
Bring the streets to the booth  
It's my therapy from mental scarin'  
From the hell when I dwelled in an L.A. projects

Ever since the day the streets be callin'  
Do what it takes to keep from fallin'  
All I know is how to hustle, man  
So I'll stay on it

Somewhere in your world the sun is shinin'  
Down on my face there's someone tryin'  
Tryin' to grind it out these streets we live  
And I'm not dyin'

My souls payable on death, home grown out the west  
My words be leapin' from the grill leavin' you holdin'  
your breathe  
So who want next and who gonna test?  
Come get this lyrics beatin', I'm out the frame like  
graffiti

It's so misleadin' but I make it look easy  
And everybody out the box tryin' to cop my steezy  
So my crew roll through, you know quite is kept  
But my level is next, so bet it all on dread

I break bread with hustlers, conversate with kings  
Conquer kingdoms with warriors and preach to the fiends  
Partake communion with dealers, love the least of these  
Ask forgiveness from a priest and keep my ears to the streets

Some of my people still fightin' they own demons  
And some of my people still shootin' until it's even  
Some kill you just because and I'll leave it at that  
But I choose to use this mic to push these platinum plaques

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When it drizzle, comes the storm and when you born  
You see that rappers die where I come from  
You thankin' gangsta, thank the game  
West full circle and it finally came

From the waters runnin' how the West was won  
How them candles flamin' for my brothers to find home  
Broken halos and clipped wings  
Though we birthed of the West coast, we'll talk in them real things

Did y'all know that gangstas don't cry?

Did y'all know all thugs don't ride?  
We gangsta pimpin' but we had to  
You ever touch my sister, got you

I'm keepin' it gangsta, 'cause keepin' it's worth keepin'  
And paid for being processed with sleepin' worth  
leakin'  
The streets ball callin' me out of control  
I'd rather be sendin' love before I let it go

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Down on my face there's someone tryin'  
Trying to grind it out these streets we live  
And I'm not dyin'

I'll stay on the grind, I do this all the time  
For all it's worth, I keep on searchin' for my piece of  
mind  
I'll stay on the grind, I do this all the time  
For all it's worth, I keep on searchin' for my piece of  
mind

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