Paul Wall
"On The Grind"

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[Chorus]
I'm on the grind all day until the sun go down, puttin'
paper in my pockets grindin all year round' I'm on the
block with the gangstas stayin two toes down I'm on the
grind.
I'm on the grind all night until the sun come up, countin
cash up in the cut tryin to make me a buck, I'm making
moves stacking paper cuz I'm handelin ya, I'm on my
grind.

Check it out baby.
I got money on my mind, big frank on my brain,
intoxicated by visions of chains and diamond rings,
one thing here to obtain is fortune forget the fame
been ballin since back in the game been changin the
strings, these lames tend to complain its a goddamn
shame you think you flyer than a plain but you washed
up in the drain, baby paint the picture frame its all work
no play, my hustle sceduele is simply all night all day,
I'm snapping like popperazzi I'm plotting on maserati
been grinding since lotty dotty trying to earn that pay
collecting that green paper I'm scheming and pulling
capers I'm giving these brouds the vapers from the
fold to the tray.
I'm on the grind

[Chorus]

My hustle is godzilla, my muscle is king kong, my mind
is einstine, my flow is off the dome, my grind is dope
feen addicted to counting green, my money is bill
gates my ballin is yow ming, I'm not inpressed with
bling I'm more conserned with ching, grinding since I
was a teen, money over everything, see I'm all about
that paper stacks and bank rolls the lack on fo's with
drank cold and dank roll.
Hustle is my hobby inspired by jonny gotti call me, give
me the wallet because its time to collect, VS up in the
jonny watch shining so clear the face look like a mirror
call it time to reflect.

I'm on the grind

[Chorus]

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