

Corinne Hermes

"Grind Fulltime"

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[Hook: Trae & (Dougie D) - 2x]

We grind full time (now what it do)

All day and all night (now what it do)

(Because we, cock glocks and make a nigga slide out)

(And then we ride out, niggas be on a hide out)

[Trae]

24/7 I be on the grind, all around the clock

And I won't crap out, cause I gotta get paid

The life that I live, gon keep me real

The fold that I got, gon keep me dibs

I'm a street nigga, that'll tell you

You don't wanna try me nigga

Running up on me, nigga you fin to feel

The heat, that's coming up out of my triggas

Quick to click, like I'm a time bomb

Fucking up your eyesight, with a red light

Light enough to light, fin to make

These niggas, get the shit right

I'm a Guerilla Maab soldier, already told you

Hopping out, we gon get crunk

Pop the trunk, and somebody get dumped

You hating us, it ain't never no fading us

And when these niggas testing us

Then my glock is next to us

And I ain't gon give up, till I hit the top

Trae, Dougie D just ain't gon stop

Till I got the rap game, all chromed out

Running around, with a big fat knot

Of cash flow, the fast do is all I know

Living in this game, saying thugged out

And untamed, while trying to set my time frame

Before my time, will get to running out

Straight up I just can't quit, trying to get rich

On the grind, full time

Cause we the ones deserving this

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Constantly grinding, with my mind up on my feddy

Working my jelly, communicate on cellular tellies
Niggas ain't ready, for the shots we proceed to blast
Constantly struggling striving, on a mission for cash
Cause we live the life, steady pursuing our cheddar
Everything gotta get better, when I put it together
Dougie, Rock and Trae, kicking down doors to make
our way
Niggas be peeping our flow, like whoo I'm on the way
Now tell me what it do, chunking on up look if y'all hear
me
You can run but you can't hide, from this lyrical incision
From your ear to ear, fill you with roughness and the
rawest
Everytime that we touch you, Trae be spitting sickness
flawless
And if it's about paper, better believe we grabbing that
And if it's about plex, better believe we blasting that
Niggas you smelling that, 3D-2 fucking up platinum
placks
Drama we ain't having that, when we see money we
after that

[Hook - 2x]

[Raw-D]

I'm down to ride, for the god damn green
These hoe ass niggas, can't fuck with me
I'm out here, hustling up in these streets
Pack my glock, and roll with heat
Trying to make this meat, cause my belly rumbling
I don't have nothing to eat
On the fulltime grind my nigga, so I'm barely getting to
sleep
So I can't slow down my mission, till my quest is
complete
Swift and unique, I'm still gon be that same ol' G
Ounces of cheese and weed, but I'm fiending for that
green
While y'all capping and trying to bling
I be bleeding, trying to get my green
Fulfilling my dream, one deep never had a shoulder to
lean on
Can't postpone, see your boo and get motherfuckers
better get on
Or get spit on, making bitches hitting up on my cell
phone
Thinking that I'ma fall off, then you hating bitches are
dead wrong
Raw-D is who I be, a young ol' G from the 4
Fin to let you know if you's a hoe, knocking knocking
now here it go

Might explode like C4, on your back like some
dominoes
My nigga that's how it go, for the love of my payro'

[Hook - 2x]

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