

## David Stones

# "Grind Baby Grind"

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[Verse 1: David Stones]

I paint pictures with my lines  
Write scriptures in my rhymes  
I shine-baby-shine this young nigga in his prime  
It was written that I'm ahead of my time  
But it was also written I would never be signed  
Niggas always got a opinion with no facts  
So judgmental, cut a nigga no slack  
But oh-snap now a nigga on wax  
Worldwide I tell all them haters hold that  
I grind-baby-grind to get my name on the map  
Put in overtime tryna' clime me a plaque  
It's been a wrap since I came through the door  
I left all them lame niggas laying on the floor  
I claimed fame and got 'em running to the store  
Cause I'm not only a rapper  
I'm much more  
Dogs  
But of course I'm a boss so I floss  
This young show off'll show off in his Porsche

[Hook]

I shine baby shine  
Grind baby grind  
I get's mine and I'm still in my prime  
Don't worry bout me homie I'm a be fine  
Cause I grind baby grind  
Grind baby grind  
(Repeat 1x)

[Verse 2: David Stones]

I could tell you niggas tryna' disguise your green eyes  
I wondered why you wore shades now I see why  
Cause I shine baby shine  
And I shine so bright it'll leave a motherfucker blind  
I could tell that it's fuckin' with your mind  
He just came in the game and homie on his grind  
They already wanna put me in a shrine

But in due time 'til then I'm first in line  
These niggas say I get too much credit  
But I really earned it so it's more like a debit  
Dead it  
All that tough shit forget it  
But if you really want it my nigga then we could set it  
Cause I ain't pussy don't push me I'll bust the fifth  
But I much rather make hits and have 'em bang my shit  
These niggas kill for the thrill  
If I kill it's to chill  
Cause with beef it's no peace and that's real

[Hook]

[Verse 3: David Stones]

I keep perfecting my profession cause it is what it is  
And let my rhymes manifest 'til I'm the best in the biz  
Ask a real lyricist he know what it is  
And all my hood niggas check for the kid  
But let me tell you little something bout this fame shit  
You'll be here today then tomorrow you'll be nameless  
You could set it up where you'll remain rich  
Or you could leave with the same shit that you came  
with  
Man this whole lifestyle is dangerous  
Never knowing if you coming or going and anxious  
To know what's next cause success is a half of step  
away  
Failure is even less  
Look at yourself in the mirror you're a mess  
Everyday is like a motherfucking contest  
But nevertheless I progress  
Cause I ain't satisfied with success I'm obsessed

[Hook]

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