

**E.s.g.**  
**"Keep On Grindin'"**

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(\*talking\*)

Man huh, you gotta get up on your feet  
That means ha-ha, you got's to bring it (shine on)  
Cause there's no hand outs and ain't a damn thang  
free  
And if you don't know that by now, you will never know  
You know what I'm saying, you wanna shine you get  
your grind on

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]

If you wanna shiiiiiii-iiii-iiiine  
(you wanna shine nigga, you gotta grind nigga)  
Because the only thing you wasting is your time nigga)  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting is your time  
One day you here and then you gone (so get your grind  
on)

[E.S.G.]

I seen a whole lot of niggaz, that I knew in the past  
Use to be up on they feet, now they flat on they ass  
I knew some athletes who thought, they game was the  
shit  
But when draft day came, my niggaz didn't get picked  
Now they ain't doing shit, but sitting around getting  
high  
Niggaz thinking a million dollas, just gon fall out the  
sky  
That's why I mash niggaz, and I stay thoed  
24/7, hustling in the studio  
Money comes money go, so I must invest  
My dues more boys like D-O-C, and have a god damn  
wreck  
I know some niggaz who'd rather, sit around on they  
porch and smoke  
Instead of taking they ass to work, they get paid in  
truck note  
Now depending on mama, ain't gon last forever  
See I fell off before, but I got my act together  
I know some niggaz got rap, contracts for mills  
Didn't grind in the studio, and they lost they

motherfucking deals

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now this ain't all about niggaz, I know some trifling  
hoes

Rather get they hair fixed, than by they kids some  
clothes

These hoes rather go, to the club every night  
Until she came home, and wasn't no gas and lights  
Now when shit don't go right, people love to blame  
another

When a buster get caught, he run and tell them  
undercovers

Y'all sorry motherfuckers, I ain't gon say it no mo'  
And broke niggaz get jealous, when a playa got do'  
But if you know like I know, they say it's hell for a  
hustler

In this white man's world, see everybody's trying to  
fuck ya

Kin folks be the worst, they'll fuck a nigga first  
Like them dopefiend uncles, stealing your grandma  
purse

Gotta peep my verse, it's all fact not fiction

We all started in the ghetto, from the same position  
Don't get mad you ain't listen, you chose to skip class  
Should of made you some cash, with your unemploy'd  
ass

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Tick-tock, Cardier watch still ticking

Your partnas getting the head, you in the bed  
bullshitting

Now everybody trying to claim, you owe 'em some'ing  
Because we all started out, on the same block pumping  
I'm trying to have 'em jumping, to the message I'm  
sending

Got bills to pay, ain't no time to leaning

If you ever been broke, I know you boys know the  
feeling

Now what would you do, you had your hands on a  
million

It prolly wouldn't last, brand new S-Class

By the time you bought a house, you back on your ass

I'm on some Bill Gates shit, some Microsoft shit

Create a new computer chip, and build my own cruise  
shit

Get down with your keep, promote some fights and shit

Call Quentin Tarantino, go half on a flick  
Prolly invest in some melons, so when my folks get sick  
If we'd get off our ass, we'd have all kinds of shit

[Hook]

[Ronnie Spencer]

Ain't you tired, of sitting down  
Waiting for the first, to roll around  
Bill ain't paid, rent is due  
Stand up and be a man, it's all on you  
You wanna shiiiiiii-iiii-iiiine  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting, is your time  
(so get your grind on)  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting, is your time  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting, is your time  
(so get your grind on)  
One day you here, and then you gone

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