

Akir

"Grind"

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[Akir]

Nowhere to, nowhere to, nowhere to, nowhere to

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Nowhere to run cause they got guns and they were
gonna get'cha

For stackin ones and stashin funds as we build and get
richer

Switchin your plans, hit your man hidin behind a picture
Won't ever slip up, end up zipped up or swervin on
scriptures

[Akir]

Fresh out the 'tainment on the pavement made in our
arraignment

Heinous in places where the darkest spaces rot in
wastes

He needs some paper, have an eighth, I think it's like
the eighth bust

The past G's nasty, gotta get his weight up

They took his Gators, and cash from the last caper

Hittin his ace who pulled a card at that last playa

Not at his place, he probably out to the Himalayas

For some Now'n'Later, Lifesavers, newspaper

Told the owner, solo homer broke, see him later

And when he dashed off, thanks for the favor neighbor

Thug behavior, grab a Kodak in a scratch off

And seen his man with the stove like the gnats off

Whattup playboy, I need that fifty

Here you go, niggaz down the road got that sticky

Yo I know you can't smoke but come throw dice with me

Fuck around and got lucky, G made 250

Homecomin, nigga felt like John Gotti

Dapped up everybody, hit the corner store, copped him
some Bacardi

He hit his ex-girl crib, found out where she lives

Some drug dealer nigga, and his two bad kids

He ain't home so he boned, grabbed his Roley

Went to the bathroom where the robes be, spot full of
knot rolls

He - grabbed one worth a half a G, shorty smilin

happily
Smashin she G started snappin he, pictures
Took him shoppin, two bills for stoppin by
Up to the movies after nigga got high
He said, "Remember the time, when you left me in the
jail just to die?
Got the pictures for your nigga so I need like five
thousand tomorrow at nine, on the dot"
Left the spot on his way outside, throw him to the side
Three guys mask over they eyes in full strides
Droppin jewels and G bagged 'em up on the slide
Sold the shit to the pawn shop and some fat guy
for like 35 hundred and a knife he can run with
Fresh to death, left far from that bum shit
Snuck into a party where he made a nigga run it
in the back room, with the knife up to money's stomach
475, and a new chain - before that
Got brained from some dame, never knew her name,
oddly
She let him in the party cause the nigga had Bacardi
(Yo why you let the nigga rob me?!)
Money outside like, "How the fuck you let him rob me?"
(I ain't let him rob you, bitch ass nigga!)
She's at the breakfast spot, eatin somethin hearty
Rottin on the bus all night, just to go to sleep
Seen shorty pick up his cheese, and get back on his
feet
Five G's worth of Benjamins, at the little store
and the bus station tryna turn his winnings in
25 dollar scratch, really nothin to holla back
Headed to Atlantic City, ten thousand dollar stacks

[various ad libs to the end]

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