

Celine Dion % Andrea Bocelli

"On the Grind"

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East Coast nigga if ya wit me let me hear ya say East Coast
Coast
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Coast

[JT Money]

I want the jackpot
The gats, the yachts, the fat knots, the big house
And fly bitches I can dig out
I need a room for every day of the week
But right now it's kinda hard tryin to stay on my feet
I gotsta hide it
Dolla bill dreams of a poor HUSTLA
And I get's money wit no BUSTA
That's why I dont fuck wit a lot of niggaz
Cuz hoe niggaz foul out bout gold diggerz
See im a nigga tryin to get by
Get high
And get that money right so I can get fly
I want the finer (???) skins the leathers
Wake up every mornin wit 2 bitches in bed
Im high foreva
Lazer beams guard my door
Champagne bottles on the floor from the nite before
Da money man be's the illest
I mean foreallist
Killa gets hot man like phillis

[talking]

Hey you J you know we gotta put it down baby
Know what im sayin
We gotta put it down for the 9-9 know what im sayin
You gonna put it down

[Chorus]

Keepin my mind over matter
People walkin 'round talkin that chit chatter
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here
It's about all who you know
Pound for pound
Toe to toe
Blow for blow

Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here

[JT Money]

E'verthangs addictive sex, drugs and gamblin
Fat chunks, fly cars, bitches and gun handlin
Niggaz goin out for the goods dont believe me
Im tryin to move on up like Georgia Wheezy
But shit aint easy
E'verthangs a hustle
Cracka's out to rush you
Niggaz out to touch you
Camoflauged down but never camoflaug'n
Out on the grind tryin to bump fed charges
Information be leakin
Bullets heat seakin
93 hour peepin
Nowadays i be creepin
It's a god damn shame how dis game make a nigga
Always see in benzo's, lexo's, lac's and figga's
And fly ass bitches out for the witchin
But aint no thang here bitch you cant get dis
But when you get dis
There's plenty more to earn
When you got fast loot in your pocket dat shit burn

[Talking]

Ay yo BI
You know what im sayin
You got dem niggaz and dem hoes out there
Yryin to come up off of you
You know what im sayin

[Chorus]

Keepin my mind over matter
People walkin 'round talkin that chit chatter
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here
It's about all who you know
Pound for pound
Toe to toe
Blow for blow
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here

[Talking]

Yo boy you been puttin it down for 10 years now
Know what im sayin
It's yo time to shine now
So all y'all wannabe's need to step back baby
There ya go
You got the keys to the benz
Keys to the house
Know what im sayin
Got 3 MILLION in the trunk

And you know I got you some of the poudy
For you to smoke on the way where ever you wanna go
And put it down any state, round the world, nationwide
baby

[JT Money]

I came up so now a nigga sittin on butt
Nowadays when you see me im in nothin but plush
Luxary auto
Get loose my motto
I sip and swallow
bubbles right from the bottle
Cript joint the follow
They get me nice
Girlies lose they site from starrin at the ice
Got grip like a vice
Pockets stay fat
All my niggaz in da PIP holdin gats
My mob is thick e'vrybody sittin on cheese
Wit fly ass bitches wit tricks up they sleeve
Da boys burnin trees and fonto leaves
Bitches wanna skeeze for honey bees and g's
But naw FUCK them hoes
A nigga cant stand em
Flow get low when them hoes leave you stranded
Naw fuck dat shit bitch get out on the ground
I aint tryin to spend shit ima hold on to mine
what?

[Chorus]

Keepin my mind over matter
People walkin 'round talkin that chit chatter
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here
It's about all who you know
Pound for pound
Toe to toe
Blow for blow
Aint nothin goin on but the rain around here (2X)

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