

Slaughterhouse

"On My Grind"

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[Joe Budden]

L-look look look look look look look
I'm on my grind homie, that's the status
My apparatus never comprehends a lack of cabbage
Ain't gotta floss to the show the world when I'd rather
stack it
So if your convo don't include it it don't matter-fact it
All I saw while bein poor havin a lack of cabbage
had me tad savage, I promise to never go back to
average
Some other niggaz can't help but think sellin crack is
lavish
I'm willin to bet that them same niggaz ain't in my tax
bracket
Traded in my all-black with the mask and ratchets
For full throttle with models that always ask for
marriage
If Joey wrote it then you know the notepad is acid
You could bet against it, just know whatever you have
I'll match it

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah, me and my niggaz kick it, fuck all the pussy-
footin
It could be Jersey, Long Beach, or it could be Brooklyn
That's because I'm a soldier
Diamonds that's cushion cut, sit in my ears
but still big as your momma's sofa
I carry around a toaster, while tryin to find ambrosia
Any nine I'm totin been fired like Omarosa
Fuck all your dance tactics, don't get yo' man cracked
in
Kidnapped and slapped in a van wrapped in Saran
plastic
Don't get yo' damn ass kicked, by them fantastic
furious fo' motherfuckers flashin in front of yo' face
without the grandmaster
Slaughterhouse nigga, I'm a felon
Cops stop me? I'ma tell 'em

[Chorus]

[Crooked I]

(Yeah) You can't fuck with the head honcho, my nacho
give ya body holes in your barrio, my vato
C.O.B. is cheese over beef like a taco
But we still wrap you in them shells like you not dough
Gucci, Chuck Taylors and khaki'd up
I'm in the Caddy track, blackened Daffy Duck, laffy
taffy guts
Purple uzi, E pills make for happy sluts
and they nasty, tell 'em to pass the panties and they
ante up
I take 'em home, hit 'em hard as Miguel Cotto
You niggaz spell +Nerd+ like Pharrell's logo
Real niggaz is all I fucks with
You're bigger pussies than the one that just gave birth
to the Octuplets

[Chorus]

[Joell Ortiz]

Uhh, ay where that money at? It's weird and why are we
here?
If it ain't 'bout dough then why the FUCK would you
think that I care?
E'rything costs, I don't floss but the outfits I wear
make me look like a mil' cause it's costin me thousands
for gear
Couple mo' hundreds for the room gettin balcony air
After your daughter caught a quarter Slaughterhouse
in the rear
Like forty more to get that whore the fuck up outta
there
Few more bucks to cop a beer, e'ry night's a guap
affair
I never seen a price tag that my pockets fear
I'm like the elevator broke, I get a lot of stairs/stares
But me not scared, cause me and Joe will stop your ear
Crooked keep a chopper near, Nickel got his Glock in
here

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