

## Andrew Gold "On Our Grind"

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(Caretta)

Ooooh, yeeah

Presidential roll deep, and that's for sho

We got that M.O.B. Style, M.O.B. Style

M.O.B. Style, M.O.B. Sty-e-yle (yeah)

[Big Pokey]

Keep quiet don't talk, peep the fifth and chill

Bumping bout something you heard, don't know if it's  
real

You don't like m but when you see me, you showing  
your grill

Skinning and grinning for what, do you know what it is  
I got a face full of tears, cause the game done scarred  
me

Niggas I lost, right now I ain't the nigga to cross  
The bigger the balls, more of the money bigger the  
boss

I wear the pants in the house, and I call the shots  
Keep my head to the sky, when my well run dry  
Treating my spits, some of y'all know what I'm talking  
about

Some of y'all got it twisted around, think it's a joke  
Cold fix, though we need some throw  
Everybody on dope, trying to cope with life  
Cause hold with Christ, cause that's the one that wrote  
your life

Sometimes I don't sport my knife, I just wear my cross  
And if it's on, then I'm for my routes

[Hook: Caretta]

All my life, I'ma beat these streets and stack my ends

All about my do' ain't got no friends

All my life, still blinding hoes with glassy 4's

Presidential roll deep, and that's fa sho all my life

[Big Pokey]

Throw your hands in the air, cause it's hard but it's fair

Nobody to turn to, nobody don't really care

No hat with no hair, when it's cold outside

And you alone outside, a track with no square

I'm trying to get, from A to Z  
But my ride be tripping, I don't think this hoe gon make  
it to B  
I know what these niggas, waiting to see  
A nigga slip and fall it ain't no love, I got a a clip for  
y'all  
This for my niggas on the wall, with a slash in they  
name  
Holding it down, I'm bout to leave a gash in the game  
Got a license for my strap, I ain't stashing the thang  
On the block hot or cold, plus the nastiest rain  
What this cash game like, don't earn it and burn it  
It's discipline, dog you gotta stack it and turn it  
Burn your odors, punching the clock  
Earn your Rover 2K4, the game is over

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

I'm a M.O.B. nigga, and I love to ride  
I-6-3-3-50, let's touch the sidewalk  
I walk it like I talk it, sometime I chill  
Sometime I let go inside talk it  
Some say, located in the dirt  
In the Tre, my K bullets hit niggas in they vertebrae  
Let em know, what the Southern bout  
It's them V-Dozens parked, we holding the block  
Stuff my crotch, when I got in the Benz  
Three quarter mink coat, blocking the wind  
Hard Ward hollering, yo I got a twin  
Six in the morning, it's on again  
Break back on the six tens, Superbowl  
Thinks he did, but I did cruise control  
Patience nigga, keep your grind  
Move more dope, than a Nino Brown  
They think we broke hoe, we gon shine  
M-O-B Style, low in the mind

[Hook]

(Caretta)

Presidential baby, M.O.B. Style baby  
Yeah yeah

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