

Don Jagwar F/ 2Pac

"Grind Season"

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(Hook 1)

This is for the the the the haters
The playa the the the the playa haters
This is for the the playa the playa haters
This is for the the playa the playa haters

(Hook 2)

All you male hoes disrespecting grind, my rhymes
(Pellegrino)
Get yours and stop playa-hating dogg that's how I keep
on getting mine
So eat a dick

(Hook 3) {JoJoPellegrino} [Krupt]

[What's the verdict yo]
{Doin me stuck in my grind}
[Let the globe know]
{MC stuck in my prime}
[What you dealing with, nigga]
{South Shores ducking the swine}
{It's grind season niggaz, crime season, nigga}

[Verse 1: JoJo Pellegrino]

One big giant crap game
That how I look at my life
Step to the front and say some slick shit while shooting
the dice
Like, "Go seven", luck be a lady tonight
Yo I'm a good-looking bastard
I'm gonna fuck me a lady tonight
Pardon my French
I starved in the trench
My father's convinced
Crash dummy
Car full of dents
Got famous
Got the big joints
Ducking the tens
Parked in the bricks
Hopped the fence
Barked at a bitch

My daily routine
Steaming the mots
Scheming for knots
Cop checking on my blue jeans
Quested in my cool genes
Hot like Southern California
I'm trying to push the Benz drop top
Jump off
Watch when summer's round the corner
Sneakers and boots
Jeans for the troops
The plus trees
But never chick by any means for some coupes
Impala test drive
Spark vendetta, duck trees on the Westside
Kurupt ridin shotgun
I'm too cool to catch a hot one

(Hook 2)

(Hook 4) {JoJoPellegrino} [Kurupt]
{What the verdict Kurupt}
[Doin me stuck in my grind]
{Well let the globe know}
[MC stuck in my prime]
{And what you dealin with}
[Westcoast fuck one time]
[It's crime season honey, it's crime season, nigga]

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

Kinetic, energetic, imperial, serial psychosis
Exorcism, poetic, the poltergeist overdoses
The dosages
The littlest nigga bullyin niggaz
You think I'm jokin muthafucka
I love my bullyin niggaz
Snap and whine
Ricochet off your kidneys
And tap your spine
Snatch your thoughts outta your mind
Travel inside and jump back outta your mind
Kurupt Young Gotti muthafuckin one of a kind
Stomp like Timbalands and step shows
Techs and grimey Mac-90's
What the fuck
You thought I played like records
Check it, niggaz
I'm bout to rotate that cake and start checkin, niggaz
Pin-point punk be disconnecting, niggaz
Like needles
Insert the token, niggaz
But disrespectin, niggaz

Abduct and start a collection from collecting, niggaz
Kurupt just don't give a fuck, muthafucka

(Hook 2)

(Hook 3)

[Verse 3: JoJo Pellegrino]

I don't be cards with a poker face
And ghetto kids respecting my shuffle
Male birds in my suburbs
Don't question my hustle
Are we destined to tussle
Hollow point leave em swollen
Like Luther ain't no neck
Just flexin his muscle
I'm a big problem
Big boy with big plans
I love broads with big bottoms
Pistolas with big +Blams+
It's the world according to me
Pellewho record with a G
Like Young Gotti from the D-D-P-P-G-G

(Hook 2)

(Hook 4)

(Hook 3)

(Hook 2)

(Hook 2 w/ Hook 1 mixed in)

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