

## **E-40 F/ Young Mugzi**

### **"On My Grind"**

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[Verse 1]

When I was in the sixth grade, these niggas was bitch  
made  
They was thinking science, I was thinking get paid  
I always kept a plan to get doe  
Like selling the same shit I use to steal from outta stop-  
n-go  
I use to run a paper route  
But that ain't pay me enough, I was still on the bus  
My momma would always tell me don't you rush to get  
old  
But rarely did I listen to the shit I was told  
I was a ghetto boy long before the rap group existed  
I use to take my lunch money and pitch it  
I stayed on suspension, I ain't fuckin' with school  
Truant officers be chasin' me, I'd give 'em the blues  
Hit the pipes off of Roomer just to pass the time  
Shoot the shit and walk to Shamrock, stole me a wine  
Get smashed and hit the bus stop when school let out  
Get off at tina house and bust that cot  
Walk up outta Ridgemont smelling like fish in my  
pocket  
Then back to the southside walking home from Watkins  
I stopped to see the homies off of Huckala street  
All you game in the front yard bumpin' this beat

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Ever since I could remember I been on my grind,  
All the time  
Nothing but paper and pussy and the finer things on  
my mind  
I had to Shine  
By any means necessary I had to go out and get it  
And come back wit it, thug life I was wit it  
My balls and my word told a nigga that the world was  
mine  
That's why I stay on the grind

[Verse 2]

I remember when the dope game started up, serving  
the hypes

I was seeing more doe than I ever seen in my life  
I was rocking up eightballs and knowing the shake  
Kept a thousand in my pocket, twenty more in the safe  
I had my grandmother guessing how I got that shit  
'Cause every other day I had to buy new kicks  
Older cats steppin' to me as if I was the man  
Getting telephone calls from my uncle's friends  
I'm sixteen years old, with game so throwed  
I was parking niggas frontin' me and fucking they hoes  
Eventually I moved out, rented a house  
I'm stretching the dope, cuttin' seventeen from an  
ounce  
We cop ya pots fulla spray, I'm moving big weight  
But that was back in the days, nobody thought about a  
dope case  
It's all mapped out, get in get out  
They giving mutha fuckas ten years for each rock  
It's fucked ain't it, but I'm lookin' at the picture they  
done painted  
They hanging all these niggas who's careers was dope  
gamin'  
The crack epidemic had you locked if you was in it  
And even if you stepped out with bread you couldn't  
spend it  
In the beginning niggas had they whole hoods flooded  
Wit that Antonio Montana disease like "fuck it"  
And drug wars just another day in the life  
You fucked over me, I fucked you, done gave me the  
right

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm up and down I-10, with a car full of hens  
Finta check my ends, finta get this Benz  
Stopped short of my drop spot by red lights flashing  
I'm dirty, and if he wants to search I'ma blast him  
I roll the windows down so I can show him my hands  
Wouldn't you know, the cop done pulled me over my  
man  
I got a brand new plan take this shit to the line  
Stop an Sony's and give it back I'll give you a dime  
With ten thousand you can go to work for a week  
Take some time off to think, I'll even throw in a key  
He stopped at the mo', I gave him the doe  
Checked in my room then whooped out the scale and  
the blow  
There's a knock at the door, I grabbed the four-four  
It was the homeboy who set me up down on the floor

[Chorus]

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