

Guerilla Maab f/ Young Paccinos

"Constant Grind"

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[Hook - 2x]

Flossing for my ends when they, all in line
I know it look like we balling, but it's a constant grind
I got my mind on money, (3D2 taking over the game)
I got my mind on my money, (Young Paccinos finna do the same)

[Trae]

I'm living so thoed in the game, when I'm swanging the block
I'm thinking I can have a dot, so I can rock the yacht
I'm pulling out my slab wood gripping the grain, drop top Dreamcast in a six inch frame
We Gucci shades and playa made with bald fades, and way 16 me and customized
I watch satellites boy you better recognize
I'll make you realize I still be in them bubble eyes
I'm thinking nationwide and being platinum plus
I'm bringing ten 18's in a baby bus
When I'm on the flip I'm moving state to state
I bet my pit genocide can get the hate straight
We glass 4's and we glass 3's, watch a twelve inch screen with a DVD
No more VC's flying overseas
I'm first class in a jet that's going to West Key
And Maab till I fall you better hold what you got
get up out my spot and we don't want no plex
And who's next to flex I'm fin to relieve my stress
one shot red dots keep me acting a mess
I must confess man I be thoed on the mic, 3D2 for life
so you better get it right
And I'm running everything, that I need to receive
So you better believe a playa like me, gon shine indeed

[Hook - 2x]

[D-Drew]

TV's I customize, gotta stay on a constant grind
Er'body trying to hold me down but it's my time to shine, so I gotta get out and get mine
Ery'body wanna be down, but where you motherfuckers

at when I ain't even have a dime
In my fifth when I come around it's gon four rise, so let
my top down on my way to Chi-Town
Acting bad on Southside, fuck with 4's so I can calm my
nerves down
Hop to Mars and we gon ride out, got a couple glocks
it's more than one dot
When I ride the block you hear chop-chop-chop, but it's
'fore I'm rude sideways in a drop
I got too many bops up on my jock, we six cars deep
over at iHop it don't stop

[Kendro]

Say flip out on the grind and drop the top, swang down
on glass crawl up the block
Had to cock the glock make the ass end hop, with a
magic wand and put locks on blocks
Two by the pine jump on my grind, make my money
when I lead my line
Whip the grain I'll remain the same, but I'm two piece
Gucci tailor made down
Candy red stains on they brain, better turn your head
cause I hog my lane
Calculators and Internet, I swang on glass and squash
the plex
Lil' Kendro is in the trunk, ride thoed and crank it up
Throw the deuce and raise it up, body rock and blaze it
up

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Coming through in a big body, we swang the block and
chopping like karate
In a Mazratti when I drop the top the screens fall, I
steady be shining
Everybody wanna meet the thugs, that came on from
the ground on up
And I remember they just skip in the club
and now we up in a hot tub and now we sipping on mud
Do you like the marble on my flo'
this here body cost 50 G's for the pictures on my wall
You like the chandaleers up in my hall
and everytime I do a show, everybody stand up and
applaud
Cause I'm a playa that was born to ball
they checking the ice and they wanna start pricing it
Because they think, I got the nicest wrist
But when I step in the do' I be breaking the shows, it's
like the dude who slicing it
Me and my kinfolk Trae steady blue over grey, Maabing

the block on a constant grind
Tip on the top's all bubbly and everything is lovely, look
we putting it down
Past time to shine for me and my guerillas, Trae and
Dougie D in the Escalade
Tipping out on glass blades chopping the block, TV
screen for lil' girl Reign

[Hook - 2x]

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