

TQ "The Grind"

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I often dream of bad days and different times
And I just don't know a better way
For me to get mine, mmm
That's why I got to shine
The game been good to me

Ain't nothin' gon' stop my grind
So it ain't no need to fake on me
Guess some folks just too far behind in they mind
(And it's a crime, crime)
Well, Terry gon' keep on movin'

I see you tryna get me
Never gonna let them bustas get to me
'Cuz I'ma get that, even if ya with me
Always keep my tired eyes open

Like OJ, you can't stick me
I got something for the whole damn world to see
So I'ma give it up, best believe me
Ain't gon' get me off of my grind

Grind, grind is exactly what it seems to be
For all of those times, you know those times
When you wish for some prosperity
All you could find was hate, deceit and lies

So you tell somebody else, to get it off your mind
Wanna get it off of your mind, well, I start hearin'
melodies
So I grab my pen and pad and recline on my grind
And that's how Terrance keep movin'

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We on the grind y'all, 'cuz we some worldwide riders
What, we on a grind y'all, uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah
You jackin' me up, you takin' my cash
All my life, LBC, for my city I mash

All these OG's and BG's and wannabes and L O C's
The only friends I got is my 2 1 3
Just my dog Snoop, T, Woop and my nigga N A T E
Can't forget about my nigga H to the dizzy

Pressure and strifes, them wanna take my whites
But these jaw jacks and hood cracks
Will make you break some bizacks, what you thought?
Ya know what I'm sayin', we on the grind like that

Thought we was trippin'?
Haha, all you thought we had was jeans and t-shirts?
What? We hustlin' 'cuz we want it all
Brand new socks and drawers, fool

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