

Grind Hard

UGK

T.O.E. - hol' up!
Say my name in my city when you talk about cash
I'm stackin chips, grindin hard, nigga showin my ass
Nigga the game on smash (smash) streets on lock (lock)
Other niggaz block roll but my block never stop (stop)
Don't you know I'm pushin rocks, stashin cash in your socks
Young TOE and Pimp C, candy red drop top
My hoes yeah they hot so I'm steppin out clean
Got a MEAN grind game, Underground like the Kingz
Blowin purp' and sippin lean, but still buzzin off water
Don't fuck with me, I'm T.O.E., ain't nobody shit harder
I'm droppin numbers in the pot, the same age as my father
And when they hit that, the kick back, freeze up like water
P.A. 1-5 nigga, like to stay high nigga
Hoes call me first class, cause I stay fly nigga
I'm known to skate by nigga, but the snake hittin licks
Keep a brick full of shit that get filthy right quick bitch!

UGHHHHHH~!

Me and Young TOE in a drop top 'llac
It's cold outside, so the top and hood back
Hit the town again when the skunk come through
The Swisher Sweet brown, but the inside blue
Bet'chu never seen blue 'dro befo'
It come from Hawaii, bitch niggaz don't wanna try me
I'm the MVP of that P.A.T.
You say he lookin for me, I don't see nobody chasin me
Roll my own shit, I don't need no niggaz lacin me
Guerillas in my trunk, ain't no nigga outbass'n me
Cocaine lady, I don't fuck her no mo' (no mo')
The bitch pussy good but she a sheisty-ass hoe
She fuckin up my hood, she won't let my people go (go)
They comin up fast, but all the fiends die slow (slow)
I ain't Jesse Jackson, I'm just watchin the reaction bro
I keep pushin cause grindin hard the only life I know

If ain't 'bout bread, then it's dead
I count money all day 'til my fingers turn red (red)
Fuck a rubber band, a nigga need a buncha ropes
Custom trill niggaz from Port Arthur sell a buncha dope
Game got good, so a nigga eatin steaks
Pimpin on drank, blowin purp', chillin on a lake
Get it straight mayne, I'm sittin on old cash
Ball in the club 20 deep just to throw cash
If you lie doe, I got somethin for them jackers
A mean 17 they hit hard like linebackers
Boys talkin down I put it all in they face
Cause I set up shop and bop to 48 states
So when you see them Texas plates, you know it's goin down
B-do in a city near you, straight out that 409
And I'm a hold it down, I bar none and fade all
Twenty-five, hoe three-sixty-six, no days off

"Sellin weight, get it straight, fuck the 20's and 10's"