

# Mind of a Grinda

Cassidy

Yo my money was small, now my money is growin'  
I throw that coke on the strip and make it look like it's snowin'  
Took my profit, went shoppin', spent a couple of dollars  
Then hit the block out there poppin' and made it back in a hour  
I've got the mind of a grinda, that's right, the mind of a grinda  
I've got the mind of a grinda, mi-mi-mind of a grinda  
I think like a hustla, I put that on my mama  
I've got the mind of a grinda, mi-mi-mind of a grinda

I was born to shine, money on my mind  
And I'm doin' to crime but I ain't doin' the time  
Cookin' white, put my life on the line  
I should have blue balls how I'm on the grind  
I'm makin' the call, pickin' it up  
Weighing it raw and I'm whippin' it up  
Got a dutch of the green, I'm twistin' it up  
Lean off codeine, I'm sippin' a cup  
I'm ridin' around with the chick in the truck  
She got some big tits and a butt  
I'm a get my dick sucked, put the dick in her gut  
I'm poppin' her off and then I'm droppin' her off  
You wanna strip and you knockin' it off  
And I'm the nigga that you coppin' it off  
I'm coppin' this up and sellin' it hard  
Tryn' no to get another felony charge  
I get the coke, 10 birds at a time  
And 20 pounds of the herb at a time  
Even though I get paid from the words that I rhyme  
I'm on the grind and that's word to my mom  
I'm still twistin' up Ganja, I'm still spittin' that China  
I'm still pitchin' Madonna cause I've got the mind of a grinda

I cook up the crack then cut the crack  
Bag up the crack then bust the trap  
Move the work faster than Busta rap  
The hustla back, where the hustlers at?  
I paid half price but I cop it whole  
My pockets all, too much guap to fold  
Cause the rockets sold, I make the profit  
Then take the profit, start coppin' clothes  
I stay shopin' and poppin' hoes  
My cock is always getting mop and glow  
Cause I cup the rose, my watch is froze  
And I roll a hose to pop oxies whole  
The pocket roll that hurt your chest  
I sip patrone, I'm getting stoned  
I work the best when I'm on percosets  
And these bitches can't leave my dick alone  
They call my phone and Twitter me  
Like why you tryna get rid of me  
I'm like go to hell with all that  
Bitch fall back and don't call back  
They be all on my ball sack  
Tryna give me that vagina  
But I ain't with all that drama cause I've got the mind of a grinda

I pinch bills that fish scale when move that marijuana  
Cause I got the mind of a grinda, go-go-got the mind of a grinda  
I wear LV, that double G, that Dolce & Gabbana  
Cause I got the mind of a grinda, go-go-got the mind of a grinda  
My bank account got 2 commas but I walk around with that lama  
Cause I got the mind of a grinda, go-go-got the mind of a grinda  
I fucked a chick, let her suck the dick but I'm not gon wine and dine her  
Cause I got the mind of a grinda, go-go-got the mind of a grinda