Ain't nothin' changed but the time
Still nothin' shine like a dime
A never ending paper chase
I'm tryina see the finish line
They scream about punk rock with a 401k
They preach a hardcore ethos from a desk job all day
Never said that I hustle on some funny shit
I'm tryina teach these kids to hustle 'cause they gotta, shit
Fuck your existencial crisis, they in financial crisis
You ain't teach my class shit

Go chase your bag, hold down your fam, make sure they eatin' be fore you sip

World slips out your hands, when the drip's at your finger tips Don't just go flexin', on the next man, first make sure that yo u got a grip

World slips out your hands, when the drip's at your finger tips

If it don't make dollars
Shit, it don't make sense
If you don't make dollars
Shit, you won't make rent
Don't throw stones at the throne
While you sit on the fence
I wanna see my people prosper
You ain't givin' 'em shit

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No daily grind no time to shine
I turned water into wine, just by believing in mine
No daily grind no time to shine
Get that shit the ski mask way, when they pull the wool over your eyes

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