

This a Grind

Lil' Keke

7-13 the truth, ok that's right
We stuck out here in the streets nigga
Still searching for a piece of mind
The hustle is all we got, I'ma grind to the end nigga
I take this shit to the limit, everything from my heart nigga

They say I'm still, one the best there is
Been on the hustle getting paid, for some months over years
Ask God every night, to remove my fears
I done lost a whole lot, but had to lose them tears to switch gears
A lot of niggaz, follow my lead
My team strong fuck failing cause we must succeed, a rare breed
Crazy, when I smoke that weed
I guess these constant bad habits put my mind at ease, I gotta breathe
The streets, get a lot of my time
Got me praying real hard, for a piece of my mind
Yeah I'm still pressing forward, fuck lagging behind
Bout my bidness everyday, while these niggaz is crying and I ain't lying
Mash cause I must get mine
When your days get dark, you know it's tougher to shine
Slow it down get your head right, then unwind
Never gave up I stayed on the grind my nigga, it's my time

R:

I'm still one of the best of my kind
Out here working, and I'm searching for a piece of my mind
Lord knows, I'm out here hustling for the rest of my time
Crawling back, and still looking for the front of the line I'm on the grind
Hey this shit a grind (grind), this shit a grind (grind)
This shit a grind, I can't stand wasting time
So I'm getting mine (mine), I'm getting mine (mine)
I'm getting mine, putting it all on the line

Yeah, was bred to get it in the hardest times
Two options where I'm from, you either starve or grind
Southside nigga, we was taught to shine
Mind of a G bitch, hustling this heart of mine
I'm dying, what you gon' do when that court decline
And your gal bitching in your ear, because your daughter crying
Grind, mayn a helping hand is hard to find
You gotta hit these streets become a beast, morphing time
Diamonds round my neck, same thang around my wrist
Just a year ago, these niggaz claimed I wouldn't amount to shit
Now me and my niggaz hopping off of planes, counting chips
I went from getting hate, to treated like a king around this bitch
I got my foot on they neck, and I won't let go
And still pimping pens, till I'm platinum in the ghetto
Yeah, I ain't stunting I ain't capping
I'm just motivating these real niggaz, showing em it can happen I'm grinding

R:

I swear I'm on a grind, on that all night shit
Anything gotta be better, than them all white bricks
Feds lurking through the neighborhood, gotta watch how I talk on the phone
So much going through my mind, can't express it on one song

I'm in the field as we speak, on my gorilla shit
Seen myself on TV, I couldn't picture this
Do it for the smell of success, that's fresh air
You thinking bout tomorrow, I'm stacking for next year
Kids need food, daddy stay on a mission
So fuck getting a plate, I'm building my own kitchen
Hungry all about my scratch, palms itching
Haters sick thinking I won't explode, this bomb's ticking

R: