Times is harder than they ever been Babies get sick so babies need medicine The gas price rising, hey Mr. President It's only getting worse, so it's only more evident That we gotta (grind) 'Cause over in the hood, they ain't doing that well Why you think Black males gotta make crack sales? 'Til they go to jail and they gotta make bail Call they homies from the cell, tell 'em get on that (grind) Pops 49 and he still on his Took hard work tryna raise two kids 'Til we got grown and we really needed time Ain't a damn thing free in this world, gotta (grind) Mom and pops, all the hustlers on the block All the teachers in the classrooms, ladies cleaning bathrooms It don't stop, man, this is all we got So we punching in the clock 'til we make it to the top and

Everything's gonna be alright
We're gonna make it
I don't worry 'bout nothing no more
Because I'm keeping my faith in you
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Man

They cutting down jobs again And we wonder what the problem is Taxes rising up like the drama is How the hell is we 'posed to stay positive? Got grown-ass jobless men moving back to where they mommas live I'm in church trying not to steal the offering And what advice are they offering? Not a cent They line us up against the cop cars and got us bent Somebody's at the top, pulling strings, got us pimped I'm praying up to God, wondering what he got us in I need a breath of fresh air, man, some oxygen I wouldn't be surprised if they charged for oxygen And with no healthcare, can't even get a doctor checkup Can't get a doctor visit, can't get a Doctor Pepper Move with instinct, they waiting for my thoughts to catch up Still you can hear the love flow through my aggression

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Man

Nah, this nine to five can't cut it, dog Bills is late, my lights getting cut off Got my check, I know they took numbers off
Motherfuck my boss, he don't know about my (grind)
Fifteen, my little cousin lost
Smoking weed and he swear he above the law
Still in school tryna get his little hustle off
I tell him nah but he tell me it's the way he gotta (grind)
And he won't stop 'til he locked down
Running wild 'cause he ain't have no pops 'round
Thugging, thinking nothing of it 'til he popped [?]
Another body for the cops to lay the chalk 'round
While others slang bootleg watches to boost they pockets
Loot through projects
Few use logic when loot is the object
It's all about who got it on lock, that grind and

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