

On The Grind

Paul Wall

I'm on the grind all day until the sun go down, puttin' paper in my pockets grindin all year round' I'm on the block with the gangstas stayin two toes down I'm on the grind.

I'm on the grind all night until the sun come up, countin cash up in the cut tryin to make me a buck, I'm making moves stackin g paper cuz I'm handelin ya, I'm on my grind.

Check it out baby.

I got money on my mind, big frank on my brain, intoxicated by visions of chains and diamond rings, one thing here to obtain is fortune forget the fame been ballin since back in the game been changin the strings, these lames tend to complain its a goddamn shame you think you flyer than a plain but you washed up in the drain, baby paint the picture frame its all work no play, my hustle sceduele is simpley all night all day, I'm snapping like popperazzi I'm plotting on maserati been grinding since lott y dotty trying to earn that pay collecting that green paper I'm scheming and pulling capers I'm giving these brouds the vapers from the fold to the tray.

I'm on the grind

My hustle is godzilla, my muscle is king kong, my mind is einstine, my flow is off the dome, my grind is dope feen addicted to counting green, my money is bill gates my ballin is yow ming, I'm not impressed with bling I'm more conserned with ching, grinding since I was a teen, money over everything, see I'm all about that paper stacks and bank rolls the lack on fo's with dran k cold and dank roll.

Hustle is my hobby inspired by jonny gotti call me, give me the wallet because its time to collect, VS up in the jonny watch shining so clear the face look like a mirror call it time to reflect.

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