

## On The Grind

Paul Wall

I'm on the grind all day until the sun go down, puttin' paper i  
n 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 v  
isions of chains and diamond rings, one thing here to obtain is  
fortune forget the fame been ballin since back in the game bee  
n changin the strings, these lames tend to complain its a godda  
mn 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, m  
y hustle sceduele is simpley all night all day, I'm snapping li  
ke 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 einst  
ine, 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 inpressed with bling I'm more conserved with ching, gri  
nding since I was a teen, money over everything, see I'm all ab  
out 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 s  
hining so clear the face look like a mirror call it time to ref  
lect.

I'm on the grind