

(Let the Band Play)

Ahh

Grind Hard

They done fucked up before they looked up

I done ran it up

Bruh hand me my hammer, it's right there by that Fanta

(Aye)

Damn bruh I thought I seen something moving on the camera

Aye, hella high, 50 inch screen televised

What you televised just for telling guys (Aye)

This bullshit, that we selling guys (Aye)

Hard called, we got several guys who got several ties

We won't set aside (Aye)

Never had to go and tell a lie

Unless the rent due, (Yeah) or the sack high (Gone)

(Aye) Hit the field like Pacquiao

Can pack it out, but I'm in traffic now

Trying to track it down, before they track it down (Whoo)

Got a hundred round, after hundred round (brrra)

Broke ain't ya, probably need a pound

Probably need a fix, just to buckle down

Too petty for ya own good

If I ever front ya, I'll probably have to run ya down

Aye

Put a four in the blender, by breakfast my check was Right there by the dishes (Aye)

I'ma grind till I get it

From halves to zips, to zips to chickens (Aye)

Ten steps ahead of that hoe

I already remix what I sent 'em (Aye)

Shit you gotta charge it to the game

We all out here playing the victim

Count it on the kitchen counter, fuck a money machine

And lil homie work that blender like it's Smoothie King

And I don't know how it feel playing for a losing team (Grind Hard)

And it ain't gon have no seal, but I can get you the lean

Ain't been selling clean lately, Grinding since a teenager

Got the magazines taped, and that bitch got a green laser

Prolly seem crazy, this my game face ain't had no sleep in days

By any means get paid (Grind Hard)

I gotta meet my plays

Aye

And you know that, no picture perfect, I'm Kodak

I get my lean by the door mat

You ain't street if you niggas don't know that (Huh)

Shit ain't sweet, drop yo ass by the floor mat

Purchases you know you can't bring this back

Count up in the trench, I won't go back (Beep)

Run it up now they acting, I owe that

Aye, Where ya at

FN right on my lap

Don't watch me, watch for who I attack

Got the flat, with the cameras attached

This that real, this that Okland batch

She ain't real, she bent over for this
Got to deal with the When come from where I be selling it in
(Trap)
Aye, Where ya at
FN right on my lap
I've been grinding getting this sack
You still chasing that bitch, she ain't nothing
Hit her raw, drop that bitch off public
Ain't making no scenes no seals in public
I flash in a min, swinging this choppa
Have it singing like drum percussion
(Trap)

Count on the kitchen counter, fuck a money machine
And lil homie work that blender like a smoothie king
And I don't know how it feel playing for a losing team (Grind Hard)
It ain't gon be sealed but I can get you the lean
Ain't been sealing clean lately Grinding since a teenager
Got the magazines taped, and that bitch got a green laser
Prolly seem crazy, this my game face ain't had no sleep in days
My enemies get paid (Grind Hard)
I gotta meet my plays