

Banga (RIP) - Grind

Troy Ave

I hustle, I'm a rebel, and no doors
I ain't sleep in a couple days, in the same fucking clothes
You don't grind, you don't shine
You don't hustle, you don't eat
Trust no one, keep a small circle
The code of the streets

I hustle, I'm a rebel, and no doors
I ain't sleep in a couple days, just getting to the dough
You don't grind, you don't shine
You don't hustle, you don't eat
Trust no one, keep a small circle
The code of the streets
I hustle

I got that pill white baby, are you gon'
Cut it or not, my gangsta, the product's gon' go
I put a sample of that loud in the air just to let you know
I got it on deck for the low so you can shop some more
I'm taking pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters
Dollars, fives, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds, and I'm swiping orders
Hit me in the summer, spring, or fall
No matter the time, rain or shine, I'm on my grind

I hustle, I'm a rebel, and no doors
I ain't sleep in a couple days, in the same fucking clothes
You don't grind, you don't shine
You don't hustle, you don't eat
Trust no one, keep a small circle
The code of the streets

I hustle, I'm a rebel, and no doors
I ain't sleep in a couple days, just getting to the dough
You don't grind, you don't shine
You don't hustle, you don't eat
Trust no one, keep a small circle
The code of the streets
I hustle

I be the man to sell you a dream up by the wishing well
Might even tax you on that, spin off and wish you well
Charge you overprice for some knockoff gas
Or I could charge you full price, 'cause it dropped last year
Or I could hit you with that promoter game, sell you a bottle ticket
60 dollars with me, 5 G's chief
I'm in the club selling dimes for dubs
Dubs for fifties, fifties for hundreds, if I ain't got it I'm a get it
This hustle game, I live it
Got smoked, huh
The rollup too, I got that
I got backwoods, dutches, raw papers, [?]
Hustle's in my blood, I'm a get it how I live

I hustle, I'm a rebel, and no doors
I ain't sleep in a couple days, in the same fucking clothes
You don't grind, you don't shine
You don't hustle, you don't eat

Trust no one, keep a small circle
The code of the streets

I hustle, I'm a rebel, and no doors
I ain't sleep in a couple days, just getting to the dough
You don't grind, you don't shine
You don't hustle, you don't eat
Trust no one, keep a small circle
The code of the streets
I hustle