

On My Grind

Thi'sl

(Yeah)
This your world God
(Haha)
And everything in it
(I see you homie)
I guess they think because
(Ay boss)
We serve You right
(You told me they need to hear it like this man)
We supposed to slack up
(Ay juice)
Now that I know what I'm fighting for
(Let's get it)
Man we go harder
(We on our grind)

Now, ain't going to waste your time
I sure ain't about to let you sit and waste mine
I'm sick of seeing young boys out there dying
You go on and handle yours and I'm going to handle mine
(I'm on my grind)
Ha, ha, ha
I'm on my, I'm on my, I'm on my grind cousin
I'm on my, I'm on my, I'm on my grind cousin
I'm on my, I'm on my, I'm on my grind cousin
I'm on my, I'm on my, I'm on my grind

(Thi'sl)
Granny told your boy that she was proud of me
That I was off the streets, and her boy was through thugging
I know that granny baby, don't you worry bout nothing
If it ain't bout the Lord then your boy ain't budging
(We ain't moving)
Yeah I never did think myself
The word of God would make your boy wanna two step
But granny told the Lord would meet me, two step
He still working on me granny, through care
I told a homie, we going to take it to the block
And post up in the hood like we still selling rocks
The only difference is, we ain't worried about the cops

Pull on my own, we ain't worried about the shots
Flame told me, go on take it to the streets
There's dudes in the hood that the Lord going to reach
If it means me dying, Lord still send me
We bout to get it in, if it mean no sleep
I'm on my grind

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(Let's get it)

(Thi'sl)

I'm on the road headed to another show
I asked the Lord if He send me I'll go
(Send me)

Momma have you seen, gotta worry no more
But the law pulled me over like I'm still selling dough
I told I ain't trying go flip a pound
I'm trying to show them Christ before they put them in the ground
Before the boys catch them, hit them with another round
Since I met the Lord, this the way it's going down
If I'm in your city, take me to the block
Cause Jesus real homie, I'll tell it to the cops
Without a bull horn I'll yell it on the block
I wasn't ashamed when I was out there trying selling rocks
Json told me, go on and take it to the streets
There's dudes in the hood that the lord going to reach
We bout to go hard if it mean no sleep
And we can get it in no rhymes, no beats
I'm on my grind

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(Yeah, I'm on my grind man, feel this, get it)

(Brotha Tone)

Told me I need to leave the hood alone man, go on let them roll by

But I'm tired of seeing guys die from the 4-5

No lie, I'm praying they get to know God

Saw them on the grind, with the mind of the post-high

I'm in the hood trying to show love to a bunch of cats

(What)

Who be all up in the club blowing buns guns and sex
Screaming life is more than blood runs and money stacks

(Preaching Christ)

Telling bout His blood, and He's coming back

They by the street right, holding on their heat tight

Said tripping, down them, lose their life in a street fight

But knowing they should seek Christ

(Why)

Cause by far, that them jail bars is all you going to get out a street life

Go on take it to them thugs

GD, Group cliques, and them westside bloods

Even hard head g's, need to see God's love

Cause when the choppers go back, after that, it's the judge

I'm on my grind

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