

Da Grind

Masta Ace

Yeah

Send this one out to everybody, trying to make end ends meet
Yeah

I'm on the grind
Still got my money on my mind
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line
When it, seems like I'm running out of time
That's when I'm going on the grind

Ay yo, I'm trying to make my dollars double
I done found a place to fit in
For niggaz trying to get into this power struggle
I work hard on the job like immigrants
And always try to get my first half in advance
It sounds strange but the rap game is not a game
You could make a lot of money gain a lot of fame
But don't get it twisted
You could get addicted
Buy a mansion in the Hamptons, and get evicted
Now if you call me and I'm not around
I'm probably putting my grind down
Doing shows out of town
I be the manager, road manager, and call handler
Booking agent, choreographer and tour planner
I be the V.P. of marketing and promotions
Producer and arraigner, with a range of emotions
And after it all, I still gotta perform
At three o'clock in the morn', when half the fans are gone
But it's fine
Been on the grind since like '88 or '89
The game is foul like a plate of swine
Now is there anybody con like me?
Is anybody out there on the grind like me?
For everybody working nine to five
For everybody trying to rise with they eyes on the prize
I'm with 'cha, we all going through it
But yo, deep down inside I know we still gon' do it
Oh

I'm on the grind
Still got my money on my mind
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line
And it, seems like I'm running out of time
That's why I'm always on the grind

Yeah, I'm on the grind
Still got my money on my mind
And I, feel like I'm walking on the line
When it, seems like I'm running out of time
That's when I'm going on the grind

Yeah
I really feel I'm blessed 'cause I was born with a talent to rhyme
But the stress got me this close to quitting sometimes
On the crowded A train every morning
I can't wait for the day

My hustle game don't got to start this way
Niggaz think it's all good when they see me and hear my CD
And think I'm jumping in the 745 with TVs
They don't know I miss tours and shows
To go to work and pay bills and keep dough on my clothes
In the shadow of a legend so
They expect me to spit and sound like him
But y'all need to let it go
Everyday I face the crossroad of rap or drugs
Album cuts and singles and crack heads and clappin' thugs
When I'm broke my moms won't even give me a hug
But on payday I'm her baby then she call it love
I keep making my moves 'cause one day I'm a prove
I got what it take and I will not lose
Yeah

("I had to hustle hard, never give up" scratched to end)