Two of my favorite rappers one of them said "I don't get tired" The other one said "you ain't grinding til you tired" I said I'm tired

I'm tired of struggling fucking the profit up like I'm grinding for nothing

Fuck it I can't give up

I'm a die from hustling trust me that bike I took

I'm alive because of it

Crushed ice all in my watch and my cup
I come from watching for cops on the block with a tuck
Socks stuck how many times them niggas shot at us
Shit not enough prolly why I never got high as buck but I could
n't give a fuck

Bullet holes all in through the headrest like I wasn't in that truck

On that pac with my two Glocks like I won't hit em up People I was close to now I don't hear from much Cause everybody want to know am I gonna get my cut What the fuck why how hold it in Til you crying out loud for crying out loud Hold up I trying to smile how about now shit Looking out I'm down about now hundred thou

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Yeah you lying but fuck it smoking they plus they minus Grinding the subject that's cause I smoke too much Sometimes I be clubbing hustling backwards boy purp Got me paranoid luck fucked up from fort and on her I know I don't care for her there for her I'm moving forward TSA keep staring I be up in the airport supernova Hell yeah I'm self-

employed with 10 bands and some hooping shorts
Ask me who I do it for Reba out her lets do some roids
Used to go so hard to blow it all in the Gucci store
Or fixing up a car just to impress all these stupid whores
Shooting dice to win a little bit end up losing a little more

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