

# P.O.D., On The Grind

Psycho Realm, P.O.D., Boo-yah Tribe. What? What?  
My soul is payable on death, the flow I'm layin here is deaf  
Mics come with a teflon vest, my words wreck  
I'm a Psycho, ill with the voco-loco.  
Heard a sick pedo noco noco by coasta logo  
Gas mask with the gangsta strollo  
Got a piece that will match the chrome D's on my low-low  
Total chaos, you think that I'm a rapper your way off  
I'm a killer that be murderin these tracks, so stay off.  
Serial rhymin, convicted of driving and beat the hymen  
and breaking the hymen on ears that never heard of the line that I'm in  
The danger zone is common, city blocks got the demons mobbin  
I'm a con-artist, starvin, strong armin  
Jason's guitarin, Traa's bass while Wuv is bombin  
Bring the streets to the booth, It's my therapy from mental scaring  
From the hell when i dwelled in an L.A. projects

Ever since the day the streets be callin  
Ooo what it takes to keep from fallin  
All i know is how to hustle man, so I'll stay on it.  
Somewhere in the world the sun is shining  
down on my face there's someone trying  
trying to grind it out these streets we live  
and I'm not dying

My souls payable on death, home grown out the west  
my words be leapin from the grill leaving you holding your breathe  
So who want next, and who gonna test?  
Come get this lyrics beating, I'm out the frame like graffiti  
It's so misleading, but i make it look easy  
and everybody out the box trying to cop my steezy  
So my crew roll through, you know quite is kept  
But my level is next, so bet it all on dread  
I break bread with hustlers, conversate with kings  
Conquer kingdoms with warriors and preach to the fiends  
Partake communion with dealers, love the least of these  
Ask forgiveness from a priest and keep my ears to the streets  
Some of my people still fightin they own demons  
And some of my people still shootin until it's even  
Some kill you just because, and I'll leave it at that  
But I choose to use this mic to push these platinum plaques

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When it drizzle come the storm  
and when you born, you see that rappers die where I come from  
You thankin gangsta, thank the game  
West full circle and it finally came  
From the waters runnin how the west was won  
How them candles flamin for my brothers to find home

Broken halos and clipped wings  
Though we birthed of the west coast, we'll talk in them real things  
Did ya'll know that gangstas don't cry?  
Did ya'll know all thugs don't ride?  
We gangsta pimpin but we had to  
You ever touch my sister, got you!  
I'm keepin it gangsta cause keepin it's worth keepin  
And paid for being processed  
With sleeping worth leaking  
The streets ball callin me out of control  
I'd rather be sending love before I let it go

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I'll stay On The Grind, I do this all the time  
For all it's worth, I keep on searching for my piece of mind.  
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