

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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