

Big Pokey, On Our Grind

(Caretta)

Ooooh, yeeah

Presidential roll deep, and that's for sho

We got that M.O.B. Style, M.O.B. Style

M.O.B. Style, M.O.B. Sty-e-yle (yeah)

[Big Pokey]

Keep quiet don't talk, peep the fifth and chill

Bumping bout something you heard, don't know if it's real

You don't like m but when you see me, you showing your grill

Skinning and grinning for what, do you know what it is

I got a face full of tears, cause the game done scarred me

Niggas I lost, right now I ain't the nigga to cross

The bigger the balls, more of the money bigger the boss

I wear the pants in the house, and I call the shots

Keep my head to the sky, when my well run dry

Treating my spits, some of y'all know what I'm talking about

Some of y'all got it twisted around, think it's a joke

Cold fix, though we need some throw

Everybody on dope, trying to cope with life

Cause hold with Christ, cause that's the one that wrote your life

Sometimes I don't sport my knife, I just wear my cross

And if it's on, then I'm for my routes

[Hook: Caretta]

All my life, I'ma beat these streets and stack my ends

All about my do' ain't got no friends

All my life, still blinding hoes with glassy 4's

Presidential roll deep, and that's fa sho all my life

[Big Pokey]

Throw your hands in the air, cause it's hard but it's fair

Nobody to turn to, nobody don't really care

No hat with no hair, when it's cold outside

And you alone outside, a track with no square

I'm trying to get, from A to Z

But my ride be tripping, I don't think this hoe gon make it to B

I know what these niggas, waiting to see

A nigga slip and fall it ain't no love, I got a a clip for y'all

This for my niggas on the wall, with a slash in they name

Holding it down, I'm bout to leave a gash in the game

Got a license for my strap, I ain't stashing the thang

On the block hot or cold, plus the nastiest rain

What this cash game like, don't earn it and burn it

It's discipline, dog you gotta stack it and turn it

Burn your odors, punching the clock

Earn your Rover 2K4, the game is over

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

I'm a M.O.B. nigga, and I love to ride

I-6-3-3-50, let's touch the sidewalk

I walk it like I talk it, sometime I chill

Sometime I let go inside talk it

Some say, located in the dirt

In the Tre, my K bullets hit niggas in they vertebrae

Let em know, what the Southern bout

It's them V-Dozens parked, we holding the block

Stuff my crotch, when I got in the Benz

Three quarter mink coat, blocking the wind

Hard Ward hollering, yo I got a twin

Six in the morning, it's on again

Break back on the six tens, Superbowl

Thinks he did, but I did cruise control
Patience nigga, keep your grind
Move more dope, than a Nino Brown
They think we broke hoe, we gon shine
M-O-B Style, low in the mind

[Hook]

(Caretta)
Presidential baby, M.O.B. Style baby
Yeah yeah