

Cam'Ron ft. Penz, Fit For The Grind 2

[Verse 1: Penz]

I'm seein everything, from corrupt politics
To my cop killers runnin loose with the hollow tips
Niggaz poppin shit, body bags, pop em' quick
Sometimes it's like only me that acknowledge this
When you rapidly movin, shootin and runnin through life
There's a chance you can crash, loser be under the pike(Damn)
Man I thought I was nice, runnin and pumpin the white
Then I slipped the interrogation room, I'm under the light
I felt the pressure, they test ya, and try to make ya rat
But I'm ahead of the weather, so I'm a take the wrap
I was ready cop, time in ready for shot
Then the feds startin talkin bout I was heavy with rocks
It's the life that I live, shit'll stay right in my crib
Movement from the allen to the feds extra indited the kid
Now they pressin me hard, talkin bout attendin the L
District attorney like "I recommend you to tell"
But I live by zoo, scavenger homie a beast
Calabar backsmackin you cowards that boney and weak
Stop flippin them dimes, cause if you can't do your time
Homeboy, you not fuckin fit for the grind

[Hook: Penz]

You not fuckin fit for the grind
You not fuckin fit for the grind
You not fuckin fit for the grind
You not fuckin fit for the grind

[Verse 2: Cam'ron*]

Yo, won't hear a sound from your kids
They'll get found by the bridge
In a fridge, it's cold, you ain't around for the bibs
Keep the pounds by the ribs, I ain't down for your fibs
So high, yo I had to lie your cuffs around the crib
Where I used to live, but the truth of it is
We is always on the run, I'm harborin a fugitive
Dust and dirt, they comin in with the cuffs and they hurt
Chirp, we must be alert, harry start flushin the work
I see the canines ya'll, put the guns in the cieling(man, shut the fuck)
I get the numbest feelin, like I'm done with dealin
Me, James, and Duke, this ain't no fed tale
They came in 10 deep 12 guages, red shells
Now I'm thinkin of foreman, tanya, maybe lawrence
Could be they correspondants, do I got any warrants(shit)
Who droppin the dimes, fast forward unlock your mind
To the block of mine, off of weed sold 15, copped out the nine
When it rains, it pours, we never seen it drizzle
He got foreign shit, I've seen many nickel
I ain't being fickle, these shots, they gon' tickle
My money, honey, bun bun, I love to see it trickle
Vista seas are trickles, (huh)more than sniffles
Pull the pistol on yourself, it'll leave you crippled
Stop flippin them dimes, if you can't do your time
Homeboy, you ain't fuckin fit for the grind

[Hook: Penz]

You not fuckin fit for the grind
You not fuckin fit for the grind
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You not fuckin fit for the grind