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

[Verse 1: Penz]

I'm seein everything, from currupt 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 acknoledge 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 attorny 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

[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

You not fuckin fit for the grind

You not fuckin fit for the grind