

# E.S.G., Keep On Grindin'

(\*talking\*)

Man huh, you gotta get up on your feet  
That means ha-ha, you got's to bring it (shine on)  
Cause there's no hand outs and ain't a damn thang free  
And if you don't know that by now, you will never know  
You know what I'm saying, you wanna shine you get your grind on

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]

If you wanna shiiiiiii-iiii-iiiine  
(you wanna shine nigga, you gotta grind nigga  
Because the only thing you wasting is your time nigga)  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting is your time  
One day you here and then you gone (so get your grind on)

[E.S.G.]

I seen a whole lot of niggaz, that I knew in the past  
Use to be up on they feet, now they flat on they ass  
I knew some athletes who thought, they game was the shit  
But when draft day came, my niggaz didn't get picked  
Now they ain't doing shit, but sitting around getting high  
Niggaz thinking a million dollas, just gon fall out the sky  
That's why I mash niggaz, and I stay thoed  
24/7, hustling in the studio  
Money comes money go, so I must invest  
My dues more boys like D-O-C, and have a god damn wreck  
I know some niggaz who'd rather, sit around on they porch and smoke  
Instead of taking they ass to work, they get paid in truck note  
Now depending on mama, ain't gon last forever  
See I fell off before, but I got my act together  
I know some niggaz got rap, contracts for mills  
Didn't grind in the studio, and they lost they motherfucking deals

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now this ain't all about niggaz, I know some trifling hoes  
Rather get they hair fixed, than by they kids some clothes  
These hoes rather go, to the club every night  
Until she came home, and wasn't no gas and lights  
Now when shit don't go right, people love to blame another  
When a buster get caught, he run and tell them undercovers  
Y'all sorry motherfuckers, I ain't gon say it no mo'  
And broke niggaz get jealous, when a playa got do'  
But if you know like I know, they say it's hell for a hustler  
In this white man's world, see everybody's trying to fuck ya  
Kin folks be the worst, they'll fuck a nigga first  
Like them dopefiend uncles, stealing your grandma purse  
Gotta peep my verse, it's all fact not fiction  
We all started in the ghetto, from the same position  
Don't get mad you ain't listen, you chose to skip class  
Should of made you some cash, with your unemploy'd ass

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Tick-tock, Cardier watch still ticking  
Your partnas getting the head, you in the bed bullshitting  
Now everybody trying to claim, you owe 'em some'ing  
Because we all started out, on the same block pumping  
I'm trying to have 'em jumping, to the message I'm sending  
Got bills to pay, ain't no time to leaning  
If you ever been broke, I know you boys know the feeling  
Now what would you do, you had your hands on a million

It prolly wouldn't last, brand new S-Class  
By the time you bought a house, you back on your ass  
I'm on some Bill Gates shit, some Microsoft shit  
Create a new computer chip, and build my own cruise shit  
Get down with your keep, promote some fights and shit  
Call Quentin Tarantino, go half on a flick  
Prolly invest in some melons, so when my folks get sick  
If we'd get off our ass, we'd have all kinds of shit

[Hook]

[Ronnie Spencer]

Ain't you tired, of sitting down  
Waiting for the first, to roll around  
Bill ain't paid, rent is due  
Stand up and be a man, it's all on you  
You wanna shiiiiiii-iiii-iiiiine  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting, is your time  
(so get your grind on)  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting, is your time  
You wanna shine, you gotta grind  
Cause the only thing you wasting, is your time  
(so get your grind on)  
One day you here, and then you gone