

# Kurupt, On Da Grind

(feat. Daz Dillinger)

[Daz]

It's been a long time since you've heard from us  
Dat Nigga Daz Dillinger, Young Gotti Kurupt  
And now we back wit a little rhyme  
We can't stop, can't quit, 'cause we on da grind

[Daz (Kurupt)]

Yo! (Gangstafied back on the block)  
Straight up  
D-A-Z, K-U-R-U-P-T  
Doin' it like usual, you know what I'm sayin'?  
You can't stop  
You can't rewind the time  
You can't think about the past  
So look forward to life  
And keep on the missionin' on the grind fo' yours

[Hook - 2x: Daz]

We can't stop, can't rewind the time  
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes  
On everything homeboy that I'm down for mine  
Until we get we it be out here on de grind

[Daz]

I wake up with the birds, early as fuck  
Stash my dope in the cut, serve the clucks  
Lil' bitches around the way they know what's up  
They wanna bust, wanna try to smoke a nigga weed up  
It aint shit to flip a double up  
And I love when I'm comin' up  
I got thangs for these suckas when they runnin' up  
Tellin' all yall fools yall aint one of us... nigga

[Kurupt (Daz)]

Get a glimpse of a fact - plus that, Blaze  
Move into the hood with all the O.G's  
That help me get paid homie, we a unit  
Doin it how a gangsta do it  
Run through it  
And stampede the block like bitch  
Your on the wrong side to be servin your shit (yeah)  
Jack nigga, Daz and Kurupt the Kingpin  
Back on the smash with heaters to reclaim the ass

[Hook - 2x]

[Kurupt (Daz)]

Yeah nigga, half a day gone by  
Ganstafied, givin' it just livin' my life  
It's hard to survive  
Without grabbin' my 9, and pump 5-50-5  
45, Milli Mack eleven  
Gunshots non stop to funk pop  
Then pop baby glocks (Homie you ridin or not?)  
Me and the homies are the first to bust  
And y'all cowards dyin' tryna be like us  
Gangsta

[Daz (Kurupt)]

With three mouths to feed, it's the life I lead  
I guess I'd die in the life of greed  
Mothafuckas 'round here die to bleed

For set, joints nigga or half a key  
I remember when I came up  
Niggas ranged up, some Crip'd up  
Some niggas flamed up  
Crossed your name out, stragg'd my name up (Quick to thow the gang up)  
What up?! (Yeah!)  
I guess I'm blessed with the gift of rap  
Or I'll bless you with the gift of crap  
Like that, White and Black, Mexican and Jap  
Homeboy do anything fo' a scrap

[Kurupt]  
Mark up yo hood like this, anybody killa  
DPGC fuck y'all niggas  
Deep inside we feel like fuck y'all hood  
Hell nah bitch nigga it ain't all to the good

[Hook - 3x]

[Kurupt - Over the 3rd Hook]  
Yeah that's what's wrong with y'all niggas  
Yeah homie, you gotta get ya hustle on  
Don't let these bitch niggas move you of the block  
The gangstas is here fo'eva,  
Yeah, huh, huh, yeah  
Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt the Kingpin  
Daz Dillinger, Kurupt Young Gotti  
Huh, '99 millenium 2000  
Like fuck a bitch!  
Put it on the catalogs homie  
Classics