

Supersci, On The Grind

when Im on the grind
somebodys always tapping on my shoulder and Im trying
to get a piece/peace of mine/mind but I just cant find the time
my babys always calling me crying on the line
wont you please come home to me

(Noun)

sometimes I wonder how this rapping thing would look like
without a hundred other crappy things that took my
attention and time away from this rhyme Im trying to say
trying to conquer the world but aint got time today
Im on the grind today - until when? - I dont know
striving for pursuing my goals but moving kinda slow
gotta find the dough - gotta pay the rent
on the grind for sure - got a lady friend
saying that she loves me and asking later when
the album drop and the video shot yo maybe then
could we find a little time to chill and play again?
and not fall asleep after sex but hit the hay again?
but working later than Lettermans the state Im in
Im married to this music making but I hate it when
I have to end up wondering where my baby went
but for now dont tap my shoulder - play that break again

(hook)

(Chords)

nah pretty pretty please - I roam the city streets
little bit of sticky green clears up my mind when Im in between
a rock and a hard place - they got me speeding like a
cop in car chase dont stop and I dont break
see time flies so Im living it up
I always check my stop watch and I divvy it up
between the ladies and the studio I hardly see my family
Im playing and Im doing shows caught up in it gradually
I miss my mother miss my sisters and brothers
but I gotta keep working cant listen to others
and Im caught up right now but Ill visit this summer
and when the album drops Ill blow yall a kiss on the cover
but for now Im chilling right here music filling my ears
been through it and you knew it Imma do it til my mind clears
it aint no joke forget the hocus and pocus
when Im in the booth Im totally focused

(Arka)

this just aint how I planned it would work out
I pop the bass in my cans oh man I put in work now
but right now this aint working for me
got so much wheight on my back that its hurting my knees
I can take it to a certain degree but not for long
stop pulling my arm man Im putting down a bomb
I can feel it inside - its a classic in the making
let the feeling compensate for the bread I aint breaking
Im sick of gut pains and stress my head aching
music makes me tick but its a tricky situation
grinding like a nine-to-five but dont get paid like one
soon as I can find the time Imma raise my son
and my girl is stressing me to get a proper job
so we can get a proper car get rid of the rusty Saab
and how about going on a nice vacation
this album better start breaking