

# Yo Gotti, On Da Grind

(Talking: Yo Gotti)

I'm a North Memphis Survivor...Survivor

I'm a North Memphis Survivor...I'm a young nigga, money and power

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(Yo Gotti)

I was a young nigga thugging now, moms bugging now

Getting the Third Degree, for bringin drugs in the house

Getting my ass in, but my mama had to spoil it

Ran across my work, flushed my shit down the toilet

Fucked me up bad, but I tried to ignore it

Couldn't though, why? cuz I owed the nigga for it

125 grams eight one yo-la, 50 dollar power tell blue motorola

Broke up my tube and my scale, I got no luck

Hold up, mama even threw away the soda

I remember this shit like it was yesterday

Falling in the house late, seent the look on mama's face

I knew something was wrong, by the smile and the smirk

You know the look you get when your mama really hurt

She shook her head, I dropped mine, ya'll already know

Boy you selling dope, get your shit you got to go

(Chorus repeat- X2)

I'm on the motherfucking grind

You think this easy, you out your motherfucking mind

You could see the shit I'm doing, if you was blind

Straight up, I'm just trying to get mine

(Yo Gotti)

What am I to do now, where am I to go?

And how the fuck I'm gonna pay this nigga for his do?

Been looking for me, got a nigga kind of scared

And all the other niggaz looking up side my head

They said he came through, layin low with his beeper

Two, Three cars Two, Three Desert Eagles

Got me a fresh quarter ounce and a beeper

Fuck it, I'm a grind till my bank get steeper

72 hours had 28 elither

Know what I'm talking about that uncut ether

Junkies lookin whoin, goose neckin and browsing

Word got around, I sold up the Public Housing

(Chorus)

(Yo Gotti)

One week later had 4 and a split

Called up the nigga, told him come get his shit

I'm a real nigga, I just ran into some problems

All the time you think a nigga tried to slick rob ya

Thinking about my mama and them, I'm ready to go home

I'm fifteen years old, out here on my own

Mama let me back in, mama real strict

After school, straight home, no phone, no shit

Now doom in my room, I assume I was broke and it's true

So what the fuck a nigga gone do

Called grip, I heard he just got back off a trip with that shit

Man fuck it, I'm getting back with my click

(Chorus repeat-X2)