Daz Dillinger, On Tha Grind

(feat. Kurupt)

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

[Daz (Kurupt):]
Yo (Gangstafied back on the block)
Straight up
D-A-Z, K-U-R-U-P-T
Doing 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 ?missionin? on the grind for yours

[Chorus: x2] [minor changes the 2nd time] We can't stop, can't rewind the time Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine Until we get we it be out here on the 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
Telling all yall fools yall aint one of us

[Kurupt]

Nigga, get a glimpse of a fact plus that, Blaze Move into the hood with all the OG'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

[Chorus: x2] [minor changes the 2nd time]
We can't stop, can't rewind the time
Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes
On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine
Until we get it we be out here on the grind

[Kurupt]

Yeah nigga, half a days gone by
Ganstafied, givin it just up livin my life
It's hard to survive
Without grabbin 9, and pump five-fifty-five
Forty-five many 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 yall cowards dyin tryin to be like us
Gangsta

[Daz]

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

For set, joints nigga, or half a key I remember when I came up, niggas rang up Some Cripped up some niggas flamed up Crossed your name out, straged my name up (Quick to thow the gang up) What up?! I guess I'm blessed with the gift of rap Or I'll bless you with the gift of crap Like that, white, black, mexican, and jap Homeboy do anything for a scrap

[Kurupt]

Mark up yo hood like this, anybody killa DPGC fuck yall niggas Deep inside we feel like fuck yall hood Hell naw bitch nigga it aint all to the good [Chorus: x2] [minor changes 2nd time] We can't stop, can't rewind the time Off of dollar bills nickles and dimes On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine Until we get we it be out here on the grind

[(Daz) Kurupt]

(We can't stop, can't rewind the time) Yeah that's what's wrong with yall niggas (Out of dolla bills nickles and dimes) (On everythang homeboy that I'm down for mine, all the time, on the grind) Yeah homie, you gotta keep yo hustle on Don't let these bitch niggas move you of the block The gangstas is here foreva, Yeah, huh huh, yeah Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt the Kingpin Daz Dillinger, Kurupt young Gotti '99 millenium 2000 like fuck a bitch Put it on the catalogs homie, Classics' 'CRIP!!