

Respect My Grind

Chamillonaire & Paul Wall

See your rhyme's the kinda rhyme, that's flooded with punch lines
My rhyme's the kinda rhyme, that make niggas punch nine
One what dum-dum, the police gotta come down
And keep the kids from crying, too late cause you done dying
Raps dying without me, I need to breathe some breath in it
It seems like it's a shortage, of real niggas left in it
Ain't no if's and's or but's, somebody is deaf in it
The game got a lot of rappers, but I am the best in it nigga move Fake niggas step aside, cause
them real niggas coming through
You can try to stop my shine, but there is nothing you can do-oo
We ready, we ready for you
So respect my hustle my struggle, my mind and my grind
I can make it to the top, when they was saying I would lose
Now I got my middle finger, talking back to you
I done paid my dues, to get me respect where it's due
So respect my hustle my struggle, my mind and my grind
Gotta grind, gotta stay on my grind
If your scheme ain't bout green, your transaction get declined
If your scheme ain't bout green, I forgot it nevermind
If your team ain't my team, get in line and get behind
I'm next up in line, headed up there with Jay-Z and them
Big E and Em-inem, and I can't even swim
But ain't too many niggas I know, that go as deep as them
And me uh-um freestyle, naw I don't need a pen
It's me your kin, the one major labels love to call
Got Chamillonaire on the line did you get him, naw
Yep I kept with it, the rapper got slept with it
Said my mixtapes was cool, and my album had no depth in it
Niggas criticizing Koopa, now Koopa addressing it
Stop crying playa, go get a dress and go dress in it
Or put your money against my uppercut punch, and let's win it
Your right eye swollen shut, and your left get left squinted Koopa
I'm the people's champ, you the people's chump
You talking BFI trash, but you still a punk
I'm on the road to success, and I'm ready to drive
I'm in the fast lane, you still trying to catch a ride
I heard it through the grapevine, you been talking down
But you be riding my dick, soon as I come around
I know you see me shining, I know it hurts your heart
I'm one hundred percent, I've been it from the start
I always kept it real, you always kept it fake
I always showed love, you always showed hate

You think the game owe you, but you ain't got a clue
If you be good to the game, it'll be good to you
You claiming that you real, but you like a piece of glass
I can see through your lies, you falling off fast
You trying to sprint as fast as you can, the whole race
But you'd be better off, keeping at a steady pace stay in ya place
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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