

# All Night

Z-Ro

Up all night, up all day  
Up all night up all day  
See some of us trying to get paid

I had to keep from going under, like Stevie I Wonder  
Thinking hard, running out of places to lay my head got me drinking hard liquor  
Still a go killer, should I rely on my skills  
In the mist of poverty it must be the straight up get to an ending peal off  
Recognizing the drama offense of living in my life  
Got to go get it and come back with it until it's prison in my life  
Born struggling, a nigga achieved his bubbling  
The fact that I can't get no job can't do nothing but rub it in  
20 years old, I was screaming I would reach 25  
Now 24 and still no dough I started struggle and strive  
I was a Bridgemont hardhead, yellow and purple repper  
And never let another nigga check us, nigga that was low yet  
Use to live with Z-Ro all in your deck  
But back in 1995 I would of been all in your chest  
With a pistol grip punk giving up for you gone die tonight  
Since I'm going through the bitch that more for the night, come off the ice

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Back in the doghouse, the love I give nigga my cellmate said  
You reach your freedom when you die but if you rapping single bread  
Already knowing I'm throwed when my pen is pimping  
Having visions of me in a V-12 motor corners my benz bending  
Straight down to the T I'd have a ?  
I promise I'll do it right this time wait till the g get free  
If I could make the jail house all of that Mo-Town live  
When I ain't T.W. to the free the rap game is mine soon as I get signed off  
Lock, a thug nigga fresh out the jail house  
Still addicted to hustling attempted to pull my steel out  
Show me the money, I'm gone show what you need  
Half a ticket and a half-a-gallon and a quarter ounce of weed  
I'm your mama I'm your daddy I'm that nigga in the alley  
That when I go straight, but the prices be so cheap in the valley  
I had to keep my mind right and keep my rhymes tight  
Praying to god I wouldn't lose my freedom or my life before the limelight

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Motherfucking all night, I put the heat to the dro, pass the lighter  
Hitting stage till my vision gets brighter  
Remember poverty, it ain't a part of the plan  
Cause while I'm on the corner hustling with work in my hand  
Like a super star selling rocks, because the stage becomes a block  
But my plot is put my trust up in my glock  
Z-Ro the ghetto rap versus the world but could I lose  
But even though I'm still paying dues, I'm still the last man standing  
With a mad cannon ready to bust  
Look how I did after I left that nigga dead in the dust  
Cause I'ma ride when it's time to ride strictly for cash  
I'm doing bad so I'm leaning on a beam and a mask  
A Mo-City nigga, we don't know how to show pity nigga  
Sold up your block and take over your whole city nigga  
Me and Skinny Garaw, we at your front door  
Aggravated cause it's tough on the pole

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