

In My Prime

Z-Ro

Had enough of struggling, now I'm destined for dolla signs
In my prime, know you hate on all my rhymes
Trying to be a living legend, in my lifetime

In my prime, I'm professing my reason for rhyme
From the slum trying to shine, stacking nickels and dimes
And pursued the bigger picture, with the states and lace
Jesse James of the rap game, nothing but yellow tape
Homicide when I ride, watch me glide like glide
Killer we still fried and died, and laid to the side
When from cracks to dats man, that's why the ride sprayed
Chunking hundreds off the stage, cause my bills is paid
Pimping the pen up in a ga-gangsta, a-stacking change
Respect the So-a-Southside, ru-a-running thangs
Ain't no beefing with the No-a-North, ain't no pl-a-plex
Just collided and provided you, with music for your deck
'78 Impala Cheve, sitting on top of Yokohama
Moving like I'm the Daytona, transporting marijuana
I sing to a song-a, paid for it you a loner
I ball if I wanna, while turning heads on every corner

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(2x)

In my prime, to see the hustling nickels and dimes
Got a smile on my face, but everything ain't fine
Stay on my grind, I had to keep a cool mind frame
Day dreaming and fantasizing, FED's calling my name
Am I insane, just think that I would wanna be rich
Though I'm living in a dream, and still loving this shit
The shoes fit, the game bout to get bent for chedda
Pull up on a box of chedda, with this black baretta
Trend setter, while FED's be all up in your name
Got a slug to fit your brain, for this kilo of caine
What's my name, Trey D's the nigga that's tatted and all
I live to do you harm, with this mic in my palm
Am I the one, to shoot off in they face like cum
Three times bright as the sun, and your girl time to bond
So forward run, but the K is gonna track you down
For these heros trying Z-Ro, bout to mash and climb

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In my prime, cause everyday I shine like the sun
Rap game phenomenon, lyrically I drop bombs
Remember me like Vietnam, with a pistol in my palm
Bout to move my killa swarm, you should of remained calm
We some wig splitters, dumping bullets up in your liver
You shake and you shiver, nothing but casualties I deliver
Ain't no time for plex, me and that Young collect checks
Fellas be bumping and better respect, and running a check all Mo City bets
Z-Ro the po', coming through the do', with a loaded four-four

From the 44 to Ridgemont 4, taking trips to Akapoko
See my ends they done met with blood, tears and sweat
26 letters the alphabet, all rap I make bets
Pimping a pen and straight collecting my feddy, its so lovely
My bath water stay bubbly, when I had some of ugly
You can't touch me, I think I got it under control
I'm feeling my riches ain't too big, its just my pockets on swoll