

## 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 swell