

Keep Shining

Z-Ro

Yeah yeah you know us, rings on top of rings
Chains on top of chains, don't watch us watch the watches
King Tut status haha, Mob Style Music
King of Da Ghetto Entertainment, Chris Wizzard
Z-Ro the Mo City Don, yeah

Shine shine shine shine
It seem like that's all I do
Nothing but money on my mind mind mind
I won't except a million bucks, if I can get two
I think I'ma let my top back let the sun on in, see me riding
I'm a motherfucking gangsta, you ain't gon' ever see me hiding
Let's see fifteen around my left, twenty eight around my right
Fifty more around my neck and eight around my finger, I am a light
King George that's the homie, King Johnny that's the homie
Everytime I come around, they like that's Z-Ro that's the homie
When I come out I'ma be shining, harder than when I went in
I'm glowing, now all I gotta do is rolling and po'ing

Keep shining, King Johnny I need another piece and chain in my life
Keep shining, most people addicted to drugs me I'm addicted to ice
Keep shining, V.I.P. I never stand in a line
Keep on shining, like sunlight dipped in chrome shining like sunlight
dipped in chrome

Fuck the straight my swag on the scene, like it's a symphony
Flash my rocks across the screens, like Pimp C it's the pimp in me
Kids love the style, I ain't lying ask Timothy
He'll tell ya mama let C. Wigga play, there'll be no simp in me
Drankie Mulla Frankie Mulla, why you think you cooler
Ice nice and when all the lights on, it can't be cooler
That ain't no real bright, than why you got a janky jeweler
You can't smell drank on my breath, cause of that stanky fooler
Sports car no sports bra, for the sports bar
This what you think we got in the back, the way we po' up bar
Promethazine'ing gangsta leaning, hella-clean
Diamonds blinging felony fresh, you misdemeaning

I'm feeling so fly, I'm standing outside in my Polo Ro
Man and horse from head to toe, I ain't got nothing but Polo on
This beat so jamming I said to myself, self this one you should go so
lo on
But Chris Ward is a brother from another mother, so I'ma put my lil'
bro-bro on
Damn King Johnny, I can't see no mo'
Everytime the sun reflect off my watch, vision will be no mo'
And that shit in the middle of the mall ain't glowing, quite like the
se hoes glow
They can sell that trash to you, but I bet they can't sell it to Z-
Ro though
I rock them blue and them yellow diamonds, and that old school gold t
hat's right that old shit

I ain't gotta be out in the sun either, my shit shine at fo' in the morning

If I want it then I don't give a damn what it cost, I'm just gon' get it

Real ice is almost like real ice, I can keep my drink cold with it