

Maintain

Z-Ro

I'ma maintain, all about fortune, not the fame
Feddy, cold cash and a diamond ring, it's all about feddy when I rap sing
I'm sick of this struggling all damn day
never see the sun cause skies stay gray
This for the little kids that can't go play
Cause everybody outside playing with an AK
Come around my niggas you bust you fuck around get lost
Better not set trip, fuck around get tossed
I be a fool with that break them off
Lay it down little daddy straight take them off
Yeah I'm living a sin when against the grain
You don't know Z-Ro you don't know my pain
Tears be coming on down like rain
It's a full time job, trying to maintain
Want to stay right but right be broke, a nigga can't eat with dreams and hopes
Steady be thinking of sell some dope, or trying to get paid from songs I wrote
In it to win it, don't plan to lose, got to be a real nigga fill my shoes
Got to pay the rent, got to pay the light bill
Got to pay the depend, deposit and pay dues
Me and that H-A-W-K, got to deal with stress when it come my way
But one of these days gone be out there
It's a bitch took a ball, ball and parlay
Until we make it we mash together
Ooint seven by the nine we blast together
South sive for live, S.U.C. for life, nigga we get cash forever

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I'm a real hustler stacking funds, riding around with a loaded gun
Some of my niggas that's on the run, with all that weed up in your lungs
Get your paper, get your dough, buy it off the show room floor
Go about this process slow, and feel the pain of my nigga Z-Ro
Over money I lose sleep, sell work, fuck sheep
Spit heat on beats, to make my, ends meet
Press hard on tablet sheets, everything else is obsolete
Victim of these ghetto streets, you don't work, you don't eat
I strive to, gain fame, struggle to maintain
Stay away from no names and flip bricks of cocaine
This rap thang's been good to me, feeds my, family
Forever keep my sanity, and do this shit for P-A-T
Must keep a leather head, for all my partners let's make em spread
Me and my niggas we break bread, until the whole family's fed
You heard what, I said, in this, over bull
All that, I say, I speak, the truth

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Looking at this little light of mine, never did glimmer, never did shine
Cause I resort to a life of crime, and I know I'm wrong, but I got to get mine
Got to feed my mouth and five more, I grind every day but I stay broke
Responsibility baby, taking a load off my little day
Steady be working her fingers to the bone, aching and tired when she come home
Bout to pull a stunt, last of the month
Ain't no more work, just riding on chrome
No rocks in my pocket the on my neck
One slip and I'm tripping one growing up thick
Give me a couple of zeros on a check
I might sweat, but never gone let up

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