

On My Grind

Z-Ro

Uhhhh oh, y'all motherfuckers done fucked up now
Man Z-Ro the crooked the mothafuckin Moe-city don
Yeah nigga I done hooked up with Rap-A-Lot
Knahimsayin I know y'all don't like that
But fuck y'all though feel me

From mansions, to Hummers, resently I want it all
Like every other nigga that's twenty-six I wanna ball
That's why I get off my rump and I go and get it (go and get it)
So when my pockets lookin' low it's time to pay the suburbs
But this it I can't see my self at the bottom of the food chain
When a nigga hungry, and broke I go thru some mood swings
Lay it down motherfucker I got kids to feed
I was on the block when it moved slow, all Z-
Ro needed was speed
Do I suffer from greed? I gotta get some cash quick
Cause I look back on my life a nigga ain't never had shit
50-packin get me thru the night, want get me but my profit
I gotta room but shit y'all them J's done kept on chopping
on some big O's, keepin fiends lit like pillows
I eat on the block, and sleep on the block, then I retreat on m
y block
Goin out of town for birds about the piece on my block

Caught up in the game of chasing dough
I'm not mama's little boy no mo'
So next time you see me in public I'm on my grind
Starving I'm just tryna get fed
So I gotta get up and go get this bread
And I'm about to be a million, about to lose my mind

Catch me if you can is my vision of me screamin'
So I chase e'm like the law until my jewelry is gleamin'