

# Platinum

Z-Ro

Bout time, they opened up the do' for Z-Ro  
Cause I've been dropping hits, since ten years ago  
Trying to do it legal, and not slang yayo  
If I can't get it legal, to the corner I go  
I never took pride, in slanging cocaine  
Never could get a job, but needed some mo' change  
C.d.'s wasn't selling, because I had no name  
Nothing but a t-shirt, no piece no chain  
Too many times, I was ready to give up  
Run up in a bank, and say this is a stick-up  
Put my pain on records, and record sales picked up  
The tears I done shed, led me to the big bucks  
2000 and 4, I ain't broke no mo'  
Cause God is my life jacket, when I sink solo  
I went to a hundred thousand, from a whole fo'  
So all you haters hate me, as I make a little mo'

I'm going platinum this time, (this time-this time)  
I think you fellas, better respect my mind (mind-mind)  
I'm here to collect my pennies, my nickels and my dimes (my dimes-my dimes)  
And ain't nobody gonna block out my shine (shine-shine)

They got me living in a '56, Mass L  
My locker full of commsary, and my fan mail  
My city saying Z-Ro, what you gon do when you get out of jail  
I can't do no mo' pyrexes, no mo' scales  
Trying to make a million dollas, off my melody  
Couldn't see it coming, so I caught a state-jail felony  
F-1 bunk twelve, there resides the stars  
Special thanks to love, cause "I Hate U Bitch" climbed me to the top of the charts  
Being free, is like being on lock  
Niggaz still kick it with ya, but try to get some of what ya got  
I ain't never seen, so many feminine men  
Swear to God they holding in the world, but ain't nobody seeing dividends  
That ain't the life of me, I had to get it  
Might not be rich in the present, but I'ma be rich in a minute  
Cause I got three Cuzos sitting up high, rolling 24's  
Screaming A.B.N. get in the do', waiting for Ro

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Jealousy and envy, play a major role  
Everytime a playa, try to get his pockets swoll  
Somebody said I did this, and said I did that  
Even told homicide, I pushed the homie's wig back  
They don't wanna see, a nigga make it out of poverty  
When will they realize, God is running with me ain't no stopping me  
Probably never will, so keep on trying  
You can clip my wings, but I see happiness in the sky so I'ma keep on flying  
Until I find, a rested place  
So many battle scars, blood on my chest and face  
Whether I'm working or rapping 24/7, me and Satan be scrapping  
He want my soul, but I ain't gon let it happen

Even if I lose my life, trying to chase my dream  
Whoever do me, gon have hell when they face my team  
I got them same three Cuzos holding me down, if I ain't coming back  
Bet they bury me with g-stacks, plus a platinum plack

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