

Platinum

D Kay and Epsilon

[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'

[Hook]

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)

[Z-Ro]

They got me living in a '56, Mass L
My locker full of commssary, 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 dollars, 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 'causeos sitting up high, rolling 24's

Screaming A.B.N. get in the do', waiting for Ro

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Jealousy and envy, play a major role

Everytime a playa, try to get his pockets swell

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 'causeos holding me down, if I ain't coming back

Bet they bury me with g-stacks, plus a platinum plack

[Hook - 2x]

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