Platinum

Logistics

[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 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 '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 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 '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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