

Z-RO, All Night

[Chorus: Reesa & Z-Ro]

Up all night, up all day

Up all night up all day

See some of us trying to get paid

[Z-Ro]

I had to keep from going under, like Stevie Wonder

Thinking hard, running out of places to lay my head got me drinking hard liquor

Still a go killer, should I rely on my skills

In the mist of poverty it must be the straight up get to an ending peal off

Recognizing the drama offense of living in my life

Got to go get it and come back with it until it's prison in my life

Born struggling, a nigga acheived his bubbling

The fact that I can't get no job can't do nothing but rub it in

20 years old, I was screaming I would reach 25

Now 24 and still no dough I started struggle and strive

I was a Bridgemont hardhead, yellow and purple repper

And never let another nigga check us, nigga that was low yet

Use to live with Z-Ro all in your deck

But back in 1995 I would of been all in your chest

With a pistol grip punk giving up for you gone die tonight

Since I'm going through the bitch that more for the night, come off the ice

[Chorus - 4x]

Up all night day, up all day

See some of us trying to get paid

[Z-Ro]

Back in the doghouse, the love I give nigga my cellmate said

You reach your freedom when you die but if you rapping single bread

Already knowing I'm throwed when my pen is pimping

Having visions of me in a V-12 motor corners my benz bending

Straight down to the T I'd have a ?

I promise I'll do it right this time wait till the g get free

If I could make the jail house all of that Mo-Town live

When I ain't T.W. to the free the rap game is mine soon as I get signed off

Lock, a thug nigga fresh out the jail house

Still addicted to hustling attempted to pull my steel out

Show me the money, I'm gone show what you need

Half a ticket and a half-a-gallon and a quarter ounce of weed

I'm your mama I'm your daddy I'm that nigga in the alley

That when I go straight, but the prices be so cheap in the valley

I had to keep my mind right and keep my rhymes tight

Praying to god I wouldn't lose my freedom or my life before the limelight

[Chorus - 4x]

[Z-Ro]

Motherfucking all night, I put the heat to the dro, pass the lighter

Hitting stage till my vision gets brighter

Remember poverty, it ain't a part of the plan

Cause while I'm on the corner hustling with work in my hand

Like a super star selling rocks, because the stage becomes a block

But my plot is put my trust up in my glock

Z-Ro the ghetto rap versus the world but could I lose

But even though I'm still paying dues, I'm still the last man standing

With a mad cannon ready to bust

Look how I did after I left that nigga dead in the dust

Cause I'ma ride when it's time to ride strictly for cash

I'm doing bad so I'm leaning on a beam and a mask

A Mo-City nigga, we don't know how to show pity nigga

Sold up your block and take over your whole city nigga

Me and Skinny Garaw, we at your front door

Aggravated cause it's tough on the pole

[Chorus - 4x]

(Reesa vocalizing)