

Z-RO, Keep Runnin

[Z-Ro]

I pledge allegiance, to getting my cash on
Either ligalo with a glock, and my mask on
I gotta go get it, cause I got an appetite
Down to run up in your residence, and blast on sight
It's for the paper it's for the bread, it's for the feddy
Seventeen stash spots, between the Dodge and the Chevy
Fuck the whole wide world, it's just me and my songs
Constantly moving on, to find a better place to call home
Keep running, but always look where you going
Whether it's sunny or snowing, them people'll kick your do' in
They keep coming, I had to gather up my rocks
And relocate blocks, and set up my shop away from the cops
Cause I'm a hustler, slash all that
With plenty Christian in the background, for fall backs
That mean I got a plan, B-C and D-E-F-G excetera
Z-Ro running game, two thousand two steps ahead of you

[Hook]

Keep running
Keep on running

[Mr. Drastic]

I'm on a whole nother level, now I'm running for the devil
When I finally get the shovel, I'ma bury him mayn
Bringing true to the game, so I'm putting God first
No burden I can't handle, I done been through the worst
Now it's time for the better, me and Ro getting setter
Drop the top in rainy weather, and I'm loving it mayn
From the cradle to the grave, no more being a slave
When you see me best believe me, I be off of the chain
Gripping the grain doing the thang, with Gene and Day
Screaming my name, before I go on I make em pay
Business first, making sure my money is straight
I'm loving the hate, because it's keeping food on the plate
It's later and Ro, yeah you know we running the show
Getting the do', rapper slash CEO
Wherever I go, I always be the number one stunning
So you better keep on running

[Hook - 2x]

[O-N-E]

Everyday is a struggle, so I gotta get up and get it
I'm dodging the federalies, trying to stack my mill ticket
It's wicked up in these streets, if you don't work you don't eat
That's why my eyes are wide open, never falling asleep
I roll O-N-E deep, cause I don't need no niggas
They hold you down everytime, when you trying to stack figgas
I'm clutching chrome plated triggas, that's keeping these bitches running
Faster than Forest Gump, that twist and turn when they coming
I been a hustler for a hustler, was even thinking of hustling
And sold every kinda drug, and that's the end of discussion
I'm not trusting nan nigga, nan bitch or friend
Because they all turn fraud, in the god damn end
I'm dropping rhymes and wreckes, and my sixteens is cold
No baking soda it's over, I'm mixing O-N-E do'
When it's finally wrapped in plastic, then shipped to the stores
We'll be them seven figga niggas, O-N-E and Z-Ro

[Hook - 4x]