

# Z-RO, On My Grind

[Z-Ro]

Uhhhh oh, y'all motherfuckers done fucked up now  
Man Z-Ro the crooked the mothafuckin Moe-city don  
Yeah nigga I done hooked up with Rap-A-Lot  
Knahimsayin I know y'all don't like that  
but fuck y'all though feel me

[Verse 1: Z-Ro]

From mansions, to Hummers, resently I want it all  
like every other nigga that's twenty-six I wanna ball  
that's why I get off my rump and I go and get it(go and get it)  
so when my pockets lookin' low it's time to pay the suburbs  
but this it I can't see my self at the bottom of the food chain  
when a nigga hungry, and broke I go thru some mood swings  
lay it down motherfucker I got kids to feed  
I was on the block when it moved slow, all Z-Ro needed was speed  
do I suffer from greed? I gotta get some cash quick  
cause I look back on my life a nigga ain't never had shit  
50-packin get me thru the night, want get me but my profit  
I gotta room but shit y'all them J's done kept on chopping  
(??)on some big O's, keepin fiends lit (??)like pillows  
I eat on the block, and sleep on the block, then I retreat on my block  
goin out of town for birds about the piece on my block

[Chorus]

Caught up in the game of chasing dough  
I'm not mama's little boy no mo'  
so next time you see me in public I'm on my grind  
starving I'm just tryna get fed  
so I gotta get up and go get this bread  
and I'm about to be a million, about to lose my mind

[Z-Ro]

Catch me if you can is my vision of me screamin'  
so I chase e'm like the law until my jewelry is gleamin(\*brake\*)  
(\*scratches into next song on the album\*)