Z-RO, Keep Runnin

[Z-Ro] I pledge allegiance, to getting my cash on Either ligalo with a glock, and my mask 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]