

## Keep Shining

Z-Ro

Yeah yeah you know us, rings on top of rings  
Chains on top of chains, don't watch us watch the watches  
King Tut status haha, Mob Style Music  
King of Da Ghetto Entertainment, Chris Wizzard  
Z-Ro the Mo City Don, yeah

Shine shine shine shine  
It seem like that's all I do  
Nothing but money on my mind mind mind  
I won't except a million bucks, if I can get two  
I think I'ma let my top back let the sun on in, see me riding  
I'm a motherfucking gangsta, you ain't gon' ever see me hiding  
Let's see fifteen around my left, twenty eight around my right  
Fifty more around my neck and eight around my finger, I am a light  
King George that's the homie, King Johnny that's the homie  
Everytime I come around, they like that's Z-Ro that's the homie  
When I come out I'ma be shining, harder than when I went in  
I'm glowing, now all I gotta do is rolling and po'ing

Keep shining, King Johnny I need another piece and chain in my life  
Keep shining, most people addicted to drugs me I'm addicted to ice  
Keep shining, V.I.P. I never stand in a line  
Keep on shining, like sunlight dipped in chrome shining like sunlight  
dipped in chrome

Fuck the straight my swag on the scene, like it's a symphony  
Flash my rocks across the screens, like Pimp C it's the pimp in me  
Kids love the style, I ain't lying ask Timothy  
He'll tell ya mama let C. Wigga play, there'll be no simp in me  
Drankie Mulla Frankie Mulla, why you think you cooler  
Ice nice and when all the lights on, it can't be cooler  
That ain't no real bright, than why you got a janky jeweler  
You can't smell drank on my breath, cause of that stanky fooler  
Sports car no sports bra, for the sports bar  
This what you think we got in the back, the way we po' up bar  
Promethazine'ing gangsta leaning, hella-clean  
Diamonds blinging felony fresh, you misdemeaning

I'm feeling so fly, I'm standing outside in my Polo Ro  
Man and horse from head to toe, I ain't got nothing but Polo on  
This beat so jamming I said to myself, self this one you should go so  
lo on  
But Chris Ward is a brother from another mother, so I'ma put my lil'  
bro-bro on  
Damn King Johnny, I can't see no mo'  
Everytime the sun reflect off my watch, vision will be no mo'  
And that shit in the middle of the mall ain't glowing, quite like the  
se hoes glow  
They can sell that trash to you, but I bet they can't sell it to Z-  
Ro though  
I rock them blue and them yellow diamonds, and that old school gold t  
hat's right that old shit

I ain't gotta be out in the sun either, my shit shine at fo' in the morning

If I want it then I don't give a damn what it cost, I'm just gon' get it

Real ice is almost like real ice, I can keep my drink cold with it