

Plus Tax

Z-Ro

Plus tax

Trying to make a million dollars outta 15 cents
Go broke homie, fuck that
I gotta get it how I live, or I can't pay my rent
Plus tax
If it ain't the best, it ain't none at all
Showed ya how to ball
Go broke homie, fuck that
I ain't worried bout no jackers
I'm just worried bout these crooked ass laws

Trying to make a dollar outta 15 cent
It's hard to be a real one and still pay your rent
Robbin' Peter to pay Paul
Dodging laws, and these frauds
Gotta hold your head to the clouds, these everyday problems
When you think you're in the clear, the street taxes hit you
Go to flexing with that check and watch them jack boys get you
Same thing, T-Bone got rolled
I got robbed for a half a brick up the road
My nigga lost his freedom, I could've lost my life
But a nigga still living, I thank God every night
Came home, hugged my kids, looked them dead in the eyes
They don't know what it takes in these streets to survive
I got real nigga issues, that's real nigga shit
Yea, I need a real vato to throw me a brick
So I can bounce back and
Show 'em how I act and
Add it all up, plus tax

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A beat like this make a nigga wish he was cool with Snoop
I'm just groovin' my nigga, you know how Hoovers do
I be 1 deep getting my money, I don't use a group
You try to rob me, you know I got this tool for you
I'll be damned if somebody end up with Ro money
Y'all kill us all, won't nobody end up with no money
Punk ass promoters be trying to play with my show money
That's why I be tripping, I take mines, plus the bar, plus the do' money (Sh
it)
Look, I got kids to feed
I don't bleed the block no more, these days this is the bleed
I wouldn't have it no other, this what it is for me
This shit legal, prison ain't takin no more years from me
I put my hoes on the stroll 'round nine-thirty
Feeling like UGK, everyday I be ridin' dirty
This better not be a short stack

I'll hit you with the back
And I'm gonna need it all, plus tax

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All my life I had to get it how I live
Will the Lord forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did
Started off hanging, twisting up my fingers
The streets chose me, I just stepped up and claimed it
Really got focused, moved to Nacogdoches
They was selling for ten, I was poppin' for fifty boulders
Nice from the shoulders, ahead of my time
Hung around the older heads, I was ahead of my grind

You know I got to get this paper
Living behind big ol' gates, and eating big ol' stakes
I keep listening to the money, I can't hear your hate
We ain't fucking wit it if it ain't major
We on top of the food chain up in here
You ain't about your money, you never came up in here

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