

Z-Ro**"Bottom To The Top"**

Visit "[Bottom To The Top](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bottom all the way to top
And it seem like a struggle so I had to get out
No doubt
I'm bout my paper so I had to smash
150 on my dash
So you know I'm rollin fast
All about my cash

Since 16 I can remember a Benz on her
Now I'm out in Sunny California
On that marijuana
I'm talkin an ole G
And the drank got me leaning
Put the 84's on a '64 and show em how the gangsta
Leanin

I was at the bottom now I'm at the top
Switched up my style and they don't like me now
I put it in yo face that's why I stay on your mind
And y'all can keep haitin but I'm a stay on the grind
Can't slack one second can't lack one minute
Ain't got a million yet daddy but the plot thicken
With that said I will kill niggas dead
Go to playing with my bread
And I'm a show you how to play it
Pass out four and a half
The hood a get ya (Third Ward)
Somebody should have told that boy I'm bout business
24/7 around the clock
That's why I get nonstop
From the Bottom to the Top (yea)

Bottom all the way to top
And it seem like a struggle so I had to get out
No doubt
I'm bout my paper so I had to smash
150 on my dash
So you know I'm rollin fast
All about my cash

No weapon will prospeer that's formed against me
(Formed against me)

So you can pull the trigger til the clips are empty
(Clips are empty)
Or you can tie a rope in a noose and even lynch me
(Even lynch me)
If GOD ain't ready for me to go you can't send me
(Bitch)
You crab in a bucket holdin on to my leg (on to my leg)
Don't wanna see me make over the edge
I'm full speed ahead
Nothin can stop me
Even if the prison block me
I'm a press 100, 000 and sell each and every copy
From a Jalopy to a Jag
No more doing bad
Who go carry all the money I can't fit in my pants
We eat offer 130 hard hits
Got a 30 yard 6

For you dirty fraud tricks
Candy doors open and close
On the van and Magnum and the Lac
I remeber where I came from and I ain't goin back
I ain't talkin about the hood
I'm talkin about when it wasn't all good
Understood

Bottom all the way to top
And it seem like a struggle so I had to get out
No doubt
I'm bout my paper so I had to smash
150 on my dash
So you know I'm rollin fast
All about my cash

Ain't no time to play
Pull it in perspective
Time for hoe checkin bitch made nigga wreckin and
Collecting
Memory weapon selecting
Cause a mind is a terrible thing to waste
I'm a keep my mind in they face
Cause I'm thinkin throwed making decisions
On how to come up on anothe million
Even though my people wanna hate
I'm in love with my state, yes I am
How they feel about Texas I don't give a damn
From the Bottom all the way to the top of another
Sticky situation
Too many women wanna have relations
I'm coastin
Inside of my trunk is a big commotion

Twelve 12's ripping it wide open
Don't make me jump executive up in this bitch
Double breasted three piece suit with fedora and gator
Wing tips
Everyday of the week I sleep on satin and silk sheets
Cause I got em
At the top all the way from the bottom

Bottom all the way to top
And it seem like a struggle so I had to get out
No doubt
I'm bout my paper so I had to smash
150 on my dash
So you know I'm rollin fast
All about my cash

Bottom all the way to top
And it seem like a struggle so I had to get out
No doubt
I'm bout my paper so I had to smash
150 on my dash
So you know I'm rollin

Bottom all the way to top
And it seem like a struggle so I had to get out
No doubt
I'm bout my paper so I had to smash
150 on my dash
So you know I'm rollin fast
All about my cash

Visit [Z-Ro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.