

Z-Ro f/ Lyrical 187

"One Day"

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[Hook]

(one day), I'ma be a star
See me on the block, hundred thousand dollar cars
(but today), I'm still on the grind
A hustler gotta hustle, if he think he gon shine
(these street hoes), wanna give me sex
At the same time, I got em on the X
(fo' life), 1-8-7 a gorilla till I die
I keep a pistol on my side, when I ride (one day)

[Lyrical 187]

One day you gon see me, in a drop top Bentley or a
What's the name, with a big screen TV in it
Sitting sideways, eyes blazed from green
I'm bout to hit them highways, put my face on the
scene
It's 1-8-7 already, you ain't heard of me yet
I'm bout to take this game over, y'all ain't sure of me
yet
I'm out that dirty South, I represent them Southernly
ways
Them big chicken thighs, and grilled out trying to get
paid
On the block or in the booth, I'm still grinding the same
I want a big body with big wheels, in my big driveway
One day I'ma ball, take my family to the mall
Spend bout fifty grand, and never give a second
thought at all
Holla y'all if you feel me, got plans of building
A whole neighborhood, for my people's and they
futures
And really it's musical, or daily pharmaceuticals
I'ma make it happen one day, huh

[Hook]

[Lyrical 187]

2K3 god damn, it's off the clock these days
They doing way more, than just giving up the twat now-
a-day's
Any broad these days, probably go both ways

And that's ok by me, as long as daddy get to play
Me and herb, a quarter pound and the bottle
In a presidential suite, on the strip in Nevada
On the sands in Quasmel, naked on the beach
All up in the club with me, trying to holla at freaks
I can see big thangs, rubbing elbows with fame
Baby Hummer limos, like I'm a star in the game
Say my name, and the crowd goes crazy
I step up to the stage, with my bald head eyes red
blazed
Spit fire, they both can make lava
Never, has there been another like me
Presidential Boyz, G.I.N. representer to the end
These boys, gon respect me

[Hook]

[Lyrical 187]

They say money, is the key to success and happiness
Without that paper, all you have is hard times and
stress
Don't bless, with the comfort of never struggling
Could never understand, the ones that suffer the ones
that gotta hustle
The ones that gotta bleed the block, the ones that have
not
The ones who mama ain't at home, and daddy on lock
The baby cuz with the baby girl, stuck on they side
Two young for unemployment line, too young to be
wise
Now put this on your mama lie, that dollar I chase em
With the mentality I have, when I catch em I'ma wake
em
And take em for all I can, and everything she got
It took a lot of nuts, for me to get to this spot
And I want my watch and rings, the cars the cribs to
bling
Even if I have to make some ends, man fuck it
I'm down for whatever, I gotta do to get the truck
And I'm rolling with my tools, in the trunk

[Hook]

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