

## **Big Zak "Resolution"**

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[Hook]

How many people you gonna let pass you up  
To get rich  
Before you get your shit together  
Promise myself out in vegas on new year's eve  
That I won't just ride forever, ever, ever and ever  
Ever and ever, and ever  
Maine I gotta get my shit together, together  
Together, together, together  
Maine, I gotta get it

I started out at the bottom, halfway to the top  
I realized once I get that, this shit never gonna stop  
My ambition runs deep, hunger seek through my pores  
I can't even watch the game unless my seat's on the  
floor  
It's this voice in my head keep screaming "more zak,  
more"  
Eat greedy like big chief, my hunger, a pain's roar  
The plane don't feel the same, mean flying first class  
in  
My nuts need room to breathe plus my expensive  
baggage  
I never, ever, ever, been an ordinary nigga  
Used to dream of where I'm at, now big zak dream  
bigger  
You think balling is affording  
Putting gas in your swisher  
Got a tux I wore in vegas  
I ain't rock since the picture  
So the AP's, rollies and hugh blows ain't enough  
You play poker with the big boys, they tryina call you  
bluff  
Partners saying you lying cause you got pressure on  
your money  
You keep a zero balance, your connect will keep you  
pumping

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Well I ball every day I breathe  
Chains all on me, home, I don't really nose go  
Never really fuck with slow  
Money represent my face  
I mean my face represent that check  
Throwing up y'all niggas dead,  
Rain rock the fucking ved  
Fuck nigga going ends about me  
I've been getting to the money for quite some time  
Stay live in the field... y'all nigga, no grind, no shine  
Want this shit for a life time  
Young niggas dream about a life like mine  
MÃ©nage a trois, on the 9 or die... they flying  
Boss in the fit, these ain't flits  
Catch me on south bitch run through a shit  
Cash on deck, on cod,  
Look at thousand motherfucking money on me  
Mcm, lcc, pound gay pussy nigga we too deep  
Get money on the street from a trap dead beat  
Get money on the street from a trap dead beat  
Life's not crazy, ain't flow gravy,  
Now... sometimes it feels like a nigga didn't made it  
Plus it's been the shit, now we here to get hated  
Live like a don with the hunger of a goon  
Tryina to stunt everything under the moon  
All the shit, came real quick  
Fucking with the click  
And the trap that boom

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