

Matt Damon, Jude Law, Fiorello And The Guy Barker

International

"All Night"

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[Chorus: Reesa & Z-Ro]

Up all night, up all day
Up all night up all day
See some of us trying to get paid

[Z-Ro]

I had to keep from going under, like Stevie Wonder
Thinking hard, running out of places to lay my head got
me drinking hard liquor
Still a go killer, should I rely on my skills
In the mist of poverty it must be the straight up get to
an ending peal off
Recognizing the drama offense of living in my life
Got to go get it and come back with it until it's prison in
my life
Born struggling, a nigga acheived his bubbling
The fact that I can't get no job can't do nothing but rub
it in
20 years old, I was screaming I would reach 25
Now 24 and still no dough I started struggle and strive
I was a Bridgemont hardhead, yellow and purple
repper
And never let another nigga check us, nigga that was
low yet
Use to live with Z-Ro all in your deck
But back in 1995 I would of been all in your chest
With a pistol grip punk giving up for you gone die
tonight
Since I'm going through the bitch that more for the
night, come off the ice

[Chorus - 4x]

Up all night day, up all day
See some of us trying to get paid

[Z-Ro]

Back in the doghouse, the love I give nigga my
cellmate said
You reach your freedom when you die but if you

rapping single bread
Already knowing I'm throwed when my pen is pimping
Having visions of me in a V-12 motor corners my benz
bending
Straight down to the T I'd have a ?
I promise I'll do it right this time wait till the g get free
If I could make the jail house all of that Mo-Town live
When I ain't T.W. to the free the rap game is mine soon
as I get signed off
Lock, a thug nigga fresh out the jail house
Still addicted to hustling attempted to pull my steel out
Show me the money, I'm gone show what you need
Half a ticket and a half-a-gallon and a quarter ounce of
weed
I'm your mama I'm your daddy I'm that nigga in the
alley
That when I go straight, but the prices be so cheap in
the valley
I had to keep my mind right and keep my rhymes tight
Praying to god I wouldn't lose my freedom or my life
before the limelight

[Chorus - 4x]

[Z-Ro]

Motherfucking all night, I put the heat to the dro, pass
the lighter
Hitting stage till my vision gets brighter
Remember poverty, it ain't a part of the plan
Cause while I'm on the corner hustling with work in my
hand
Like a super star selling rocks, because the stage
becomes a block
But my plot is put my trust up in my glock
Z-Ro the ghetto rap versus the world but could I lose
But even though I'm still paying dues, I'm still the last
man standing
With a mad cannon ready to bust
Look how I did after I left that nigga dead in the dust
Cause I'ma ride when it's time to ride strictly for cash
I'm doing bad so I'm leaning on a beam and a mask
A Mo-City nigga, we don't know how to show pity nigga
Sold up your block and take over your whole city nigga
Me and Skinny Garaw, we at your front door
Aggravated cause it's tough on the pole

[Chorus - 4x]

(Reesa vocalizing)

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