

## Maxi & Chris Garden

### "Keep Runnin"

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[Z-Ro]

I pledge allegiance, to getting my cash on  
Either ligalo with a glock, and my mask on  
I gotta go get it, cause I got an appetite  
Down to run up in your residence, and blast on sight  
It's for the paper it's for the bread, it's for the feddy  
Seventeen stash spots, between the Dodge and the  
Chevy  
Fuck the whole wide world, it's just me and my songs  
Constantly moving on, to find a better place to call  
home  
Keep running, but always look where you going  
Whether it's sunny or snowing, them people'll kick your  
do' in  
They keep coming, I had to gather up my rocks  
And relocate blocks, and set up my shop away from the  
cops  
Cause I'm a hustler, slash all that  
With plenty Christian in the background, for fall backs  
That mean I got a plan, B-C and D-E-F-G excetera  
Z-Ro running game, two thousand two steps ahead of  
you

[Hook]

Keep running  
Keep on running

[Mr. Drastic]

I'm on a whole nother level, now I'm running for the  
devil  
When I finally get the shovel, I'ma bury him mayn  
Bringing true to the game, so I'm putting God first  
No burden I can't handle, I done been through the  
worst  
Now it's time for the better, me and Ro getting setter  
Drop the top in rainy weather, and I'm loving it mayn  
From the cradle to the grave, no more being a slave  
When you see me best believe me, I be off of the chain  
Gripping the grain doing the thang, with Gene and Day  
Screaming my name, before I go on I make em pay  
Business first, making sure my money is straight

I'm loving the hate, because it's keeping food on the plate  
It's later and Ro, yeah you know we running the show  
Getting the do', rapper slash CEO  
Wherever I go, I always be the number one stunning  
So you better keep on running

[Hook - 2x]

[O-N-E]

Everyday is a struggle, so I gotta get up and get it  
I'm dodging the federalies, trying to stack my mill ticket  
It's wicked up in these streets, if you don't work you don't eat  
That's why my eyes are wide open, never falling asleep  
I roll O-N-E deep, cause I don't need no niggas  
They hold you down everytime, when you trying to stack figgas  
I'm clutching chrome plated triggas, that's keeping these bitches running  
Faster than Forest Gump, that twist and turn when they coming  
I been a hustler for a hustler, was even thinking of hustling  
And sold every kinda drug, and that's the end of discussion  
I'm not trusting nan nigga, nan bitch or friend  
Because they all turn fraud, in the god damn end  
I'm dropping rhymes and wreckes, and my sixteens is cold  
No baking soda it's over, I'm mixing O-N-E do'  
When it's finally wrapped in plastic, then shipped to the stores  
We'll be them seven figga niggas, O-N-E and Z-Ro

[Hook - 4x]

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