

# Z-RO, 3rd Coast

(\*talking\*)

Yeah sup Ro sup Grace, it's your boy Den Den  
To jump on this track with you boys, you know I'm tal'n bout  
It's all about the 3rd baby 3rd coast, yeah I got this

[Den Den]

See I'm mentally ready, fuck those is testing me  
Progress is so sweet, ain't tripping with envy  
Slip and slide like a snake, vibrate the world like a quake  
Mashing hard on the gas, with 3rd Coast on the plate  
Roll on cowards and busters, peeping them soldiers and hustlers  
Got an eye for them fuckers, that trying P.H. with snorkels  
Got a trunk full of clutches, blinding mine make you stutter  
I blow like a hurricane, so close all your shutters  
See I wants everything, and everything I'm gone have  
Roll out my red carpet, just to go to my stash  
Third coast, blinding and shining like a brand new slab  
On my birthday, I'm throwing me a fortune life bash

[Hook]

If you living shife, don't fuck with 3rd Coast  
These niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast, these niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast  
You could lose your life, don't fuck with 3rd Coast  
These niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast, these niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast

[Grace]

This how we ride in 3rd, po' up syrup blow herb  
From lane to lane we grip the grain, and 20's chop up the curb  
We popping flippers on sippers, 3rd Coast g's on the rise  
With bubble eyes and customized, and chrome be 20 inches wide  
Entertainment center be lit up, and all the trunks gone lift up  
Button rims they rip up, down talkers mouths gone zip up  
It's that time and here we come, 3rd Coast take a stand  
We drew it up and screwed them up, proceeded through with the plan  
Jumped in the mix with hundred bricks, and now a mobbing gorilla  
Unanimous go-getter, about the scrilla my nigga  
Stay loaded up and we ready, Box City working that jelly  
Burning more streets than Perelli, while cutting up like machetes  
No doubt screwed up candy paint, killer think straight drink  
Down here we swinging the tank, and every thought be bout bank  
I'ma be T from the S.U.C., pay dues got stripes that be ranks  
That boy G-R-A-C-E, 3rd Coast born caught off game

[Hook - 2x]

3rd Coast, don't fuck with 3rd Coast  
These niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast, these niggaz can't fade 3rd Coast

[Z-Ro]

I done took a lot of losses, now it's time to win  
No more signing dotted lines, and I stay dollars spend  
I want convertible Benz, with the blue bubble lens  
I'm worth a million off the corner, when I'm pimping my pen  
Blue over gray is my choice, pearl white Rolls Royce  
Don't need no natural lemon tea, I don't be training my voice  
I'm signed thoed by nature, suckers, punchers, simps and fakers  
A click full of back breakers, and more in a Studebaker  
The Mo City Don, I wave a truck like it's a wand  
Hit the ATM machine, ain't no need for me to pawn  
Cause I'm paid, my game sharper than a razor blade  
Bald faded and X-rated, the Gucci's is tailor made  
I bubble in the sauna, as I smoke marijuana  
From Daytona to Arizona, no longer on the corner  
World wide, I gotta keep the dream alive  
Tupac and Biggie done died, so now they ready for the Southside

Top dropping, body rocking like Fat Pat  
Dirty rats get splat, when I pull out my black Mack  
Cause it's over, the fat lady done sung the song  
From California to Rome, these hoes pussies stay warm  
And on to the Alamo Dome, then right back home  
Ain't no regular we hydro'd, as 4-54  
On the po's, be spinning flipping with yellow boned women  
Swimming in divid-ends, cause I'm cold with my pimping

[Hook]

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