

Z-RO, All Night Long

(Billy Cook)

Yeah, yeah, Z-Ro, DP, Billy Cook lay it down
All night long, smoked all fire, yeah yeah

[Z-Ro]

We can ball all day, four play in the hallway
Taking trips overseas, France, England, and my way
I'm the Don Datta, but you can't be my baby mama
Let me save you the drama, roll on like a Yokohama
We can, go half on the room, and half on a sack
And while you breaking the buzz down, I'ma be hitting it from the back
Bend over baby, I got something to show you baby
Turn around on your back toes up on the shoulders baby
Steady deep stroking don't mind me, just keep smoking
Bust a lot to break the serve and the soda water open
But you ain't my may thang, just a little something to the side
So don't talk when I'm talking on the phone, you keep quiet
Just open your mouth wide and let me put it inside
Smoke a sweet and to finish my cup and then it's time to slide
Don't worry about nothing cause it's confidential
Open up your runway for my ?con? to dent you

(Chorus - 2x (Billy Cook vocalizing in background))

All night long, all night
We be smoked all night
All night long, all night
As we flip and sip pink sprite

[Z-Ro]

Put a six in a Cris we gone sip on that
It's harder than a roll of quarters put your hips on that
Removing your thong, penetrate the pick and it's on
Still sipping and smoking stroking steady making you moan
I'm number 0 City Don, got a cottage by the barn
Automatic gauges vicious dogs roaming the lawn
You got to worry about nothing except for keeping me happy
And if it's with you than a bitch steady tapping and nappy

[DP]

Steady tapping and nappy, getting the headboards clapping
Hell shot, pussy with your man asking what happened
And no excuses out your mouth cause you've been riding with me
Arrange my soldiers, T-H-U-G
See you can tell from the smile and the way that you strip
Something ain't right, though nigga been all up in the guts
Better soak on some alcohol, and leave me alone
Bitch ask for the cash I get it

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]

I need a thug bitch, a shop lift and sell drug bitch
But don't be tripping when I'm pimping in the club bitch
We can hit the telly and get under the sheets
Knocking you down till I move around back on the streets
And keep rolling, got to keep my benjamins folding
Then I'm coming back to beat it up until it's swollen
Baby it's non stopping fix a nigga a plate
So don't worry I be coming to your house real late
Meanwhile I'm a soldier in the battlefield
I'm on a mission trying to get it, I'ma make a mill
With or without you, but if you down
Then we can do it together, drank rubbers and automatic rounds
But don't be tripping when I say I need space

I ain't cheating but it's some reason it's a knee case
I'm a block bleeder, you got to share me with the drugs and shit
But when I'm fucking you it's beautiful I love the shit

(Chorus - 4x)