

# Z-RO, Block Bleeder

(\*talking\*)

Z-Ro the Crooked, 2K motherfucking 1  
This for all my motherfucking block bleeders  
Fuck 9 to 5, know I'm saying  
I'm talking to the niggas that gon survive  
The motherfucking nine, nickels and dimes  
Stracks, fifty pack, feel that, nigga get your paper

[Den Den]

Got me pissed off frustrated, you know you outta line  
Plus I'm trying to count you getting high, off this Alabama tie  
Falling short of my plans, so my anger is rising  
Let me take out I-10, while my pressure is climbing  
I can't mind on drank, so I'm in another mode  
Moving way too fast, down this one way road  
Let me catch my snap, before I roll another crap  
And regret what I done, I been really shaft  
Its a fact that my block, be hotter than the sun  
You can sco' anything there, from drank to marijuana  
And the corner, is for the stronger heart  
Separate the men from the boys, and the weak from the smart  
And apart, from all these hoe ass laws  
Its a 24 no tolerance, for those that crawl  
Through my block, you might get your busted  
Dick in the dust, for fucking with us on my block

[Chorus]

Block bleeder, surviving in the game  
I wanna live righteous, but I need to stack change  
I know I'm going through it, but I gotta maintain  
Block bleeder, surviving in the game  
My block is on fire, and I'm addicted to the flame  
Stain after stain, know what I'm talking mayn

[Z-Ro]

Judge me not, on what you see, nigga  
Don't you realize, this life of mine is killing me  
Straight from a Christian, to a heartless killa  
Innocent child raised by the guerillas  
Military minded, plus I'm starving for scrilla  
Affiliated with killas, that shermed out and tooted  
But we don't know no better, paper's got our mind polluted  
I repent for my sins, cause I know my number's coming up  
I'm paranoid my nigga, don't be running up  
Whether friends or foe, I really don't know  
That's why I'm warning you Ro, you need to just  
Back up a ski taste, or I'll be tagging your toe  
Since these punk ass individuals, drag my name through the mud  
I ain't got nothing to say to niggas, unless they after the bud  
Pumping pack after pack, barley missing a platinum plack  
HPD be on a nigga with no slack, I want executive money  
The CEA, Chief Executive Artist, instead of 36 ounces  
Pistol grip and a cartridge, a block bleeder

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

The block is hot as a clinic, but its profession to me  
And like Juve I'm posted up, so I can watch for the sweet  
I've been less fortunate, and had to hustle all my life  
Listening to people say, its gon be alright all my life  
I even got a lady that's been faithful, all my life  
She's still my gavel, cause I can't afford to call her my wife  
I should be thankful that Dennison Dre, done gave me some help

But I'm depending on grown men, and I'm a grown man myself  
Feeling lesser than nothing, and barely fucking with zones  
Its like an obstacle course of dynamite, under every corner  
I bob and weave through the hard time, my life is pain  
From struggle where niggas fired, the reason that I record mine  
Infrared, nigga you better protect your head  
On my block when we kill eachother, no tears get shed  
You take a front from a nigga, you better be quick to pay up  
Bring his feddy back on time, or he'll be quick to spray ya  
Twenty Fo' seven packing a Mac 11, on my turf  
Running away from the police, chunking evidence like a Nurf  
I'd rather sell my own records, Chief Executive Artist  
Instead of 36 ounces pistol grip and a cartridge, a block bleeder

[Chorus]