

# Z-RO, Eyes On Niggas

(\*talking\*)

Ha, S.U.C. to the motherfucking fullest  
Me and my nigga Trae and Duwan  
Steady everyday dump bullets, on you hoe ass  
Bitch made niggas, I got my switchblade nigga

[Hook - 2x]

We ride on niggas, and disguise on niggas  
Glock cocked we hop out, and surprise on niggas  
Fiending to pull another homicide, on niggas  
So I keep my enemies close, and my eyes on niggas

[Z-Ro]

I keep my eyes on niggas, cause they watching me  
Setting up road blocks, planning on stopping me  
But they can't stop me G, cause I'm way too throwed  
Blowing on dro, so I'm way too blowed  
I'm way too dranked out, sipping on bar  
Don't matter who you is, don't matter who you are  
I flip with my kin folk, Jay'Ton  
Got my motherfucking, AK on  
Your motherfucking fo'head  
Like Darrel Burton, I'll be leaving many mo' dead  
Up in the motherfucking bushes, nigga don't push me  
I'll leave the scene red and gushy, like pussy  
Don't give a fuck about nothing, but my paper  
Holla at you later, me and Trae and Jay about to pull a caper  
Running up in your motherfucking house, today and tomorr-a  
Taking your TV, and your V-C to the R-a

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

I don't give a fuck, no mo'  
It's the nigga Ro, and I stay on dro  
Gotta have a crease, in my motherfucking clothes  
Standing on the stage, rock a crucified show  
Holla at the Trae, holla at the Jay'Ton  
I can make the season change, at the wave of a wand  
We don't give a damn about nothing, but stacking  
Renegade packing, steady bad ac'ing  
Ask Lil' C, cause he's a bad actor  
That's my damn partna, man and we after  
Nothing but the platinum placks, gold placks and all of that  
Fatter stack, cause we don't know how to act  
We don't jack, nigga we get it legal  
I'ma have a bitch barking, that's my desert eagle  
Once it bark, everybody gon listen  
Everytime I smile, my gold and diamond glissen

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

We ride on niggas, then we glide on niggas  
Popping trunk on 4's, and look fly on niggas  
If a nigga talking down, I'm fin to slide me a nigga  
Put his ass six feet, then I'll be a grave digger  
That's the Trae, the nigga from the Maab  
And I don't give a damn, you see me strutting in my dob  
I'm looking so playa in a throwback, with a black Lac  
Grab a gat where the haters at, time to push back  
Like I'm Fat Pat doing em raw, I put it down  
One more time for the shine, when I put it on I'm blind  
Have they ever seen a G, like Trae

Coming through sideways, flip the Few Quay  
Repping for the blue and the gray, all day  
You ever see my mug, get to mean that I don't play  
I'm quick to spray, I'm with a K and a Mack 1-0  
I'm fin to leave a bitch dead, with a tag on the toe

[Hook - 2x]