

# Z-RO, I Don't Stop

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Nigga it don't stop, so keep on flippin your Glock  
Whether it's drama or not  
Cause somebody might run up in ya spot, whether you servin or not  
That's how it go on the block  
Keep your eyes open because the police they plot  
Don't let your spot get hot, you gon' end up gettin popped  
So when I'm in the drop I'm strapped with my thumb cocked  
Only gon' take one shot, leave you stretched out on the block

[Z-Ro]

I'm a motherfuckin asshole, every day all day  
E.B.K. every 24 hours these Houston streets made me this way  
I spit it like I live it homie and the way I live is dangerous  
Fuck Officer Thornton Berry and Precinct 5 for playin games with us  
Mad cause we in a big house, driveway look like a car lot  
Since we young and black that's enough to make them President bitches fall out  
But I got the game from J. Prince bitch and I'm still learnin  
Able to flip with a suspended license, a sweet tooth, and still burnin  
On top of 22 inches of chrome and they still turnin  
Tryin to reach a bigger market I don't have a plaque but I'm still earnin  
Mo' than a motherfucker, my kinfolk Trae doin his thang too  
Fuck with us must be baldheaded so a hat is what I brand you  
Here's a couple of bitch niggaz that would love to see me dead  
And they can't stand the fact that Joseph McVey is backed up by bread  
Holla

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

(Say Ridgemont!) Mo City my motherfuckin hood  
My nigga Grady and Mike Newsome in the streets up to no good  
Tryin to make good and get out the hood like I did, and I'm gon' help 'em do it  
Cause I got love for my real niggaz and I got extra chips to do it  
Look I used to reap a lot of shit now I'm startin to sew some  
Remember when I was dirt broke and love nobody showed none  
That's the reason I ain't smilin when you see me in person  
I'm tryin to peep out my surroundings cause them jackers be lurkin  
Ain't none of that takin my car or my chain, bitch you must be smokin  
Ain't nuttin smoother than to {?} his ass and I'll leave yo' head open  
I'ma roll the way I wanna roll in the 3 or the glass house  
Rov' Rangin with motherfuckers displayin my glass mouth  
Hit my licks and get off the game 'fore they get me I cash out  
Be somewhere down in water, off season with a big mustache mouth  
Barefooted on the beach bitch, just me and my fam  
Don't make these bullets melt in your mouth from this heat in my hand  
Holla

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Listen, I been a sucker for love once, I ain't gon' do it no mo' do'  
So listen up bitches you hoes won't get a red cent or rose doe  
Faster than the flash of a photo I'ma beat and hit that  
And if any lil' momma start to get possessive I'll dismiss that  
Not a jiggalo or nothin like that, but I like to beat it up  
by smokin 'dro and bumpin some rap  
Lil' momma get on top of me and put a hump in your back  
But if you upset a bitch I promise yo I'm dumpin the gat  
A couple of 7 point 2-6's right up under ya naps  
Hit everybody that was involved and put 'em under the map  
I run the streets like Jackee Joyner-Kersee plus I run rap  
I took a fall for 9 and a 1/2 months but I had to come back  
And at my arrival there was some bitch niggaz with some yakkity yak

That hoe-ass nigga DJ Den and his whole raggedy pack  
Y'all niggaz'll never be Guerillas or the Screwed Up Click  
So when you see me holla at me lace ya shoes up bitch  
It's Screwed Up Click 4 Life

[Chorus]