

# Z-RO, II Many Niggaz

[Verse 1: Z-Ro]

When will it ever stop all this hatin and droppin salt  
all I'm tryna do is live lavish with millions in my vault  
now from selling crack on the corner I'm tryna do it legal  
but I guess it ain't no pleasin my people cause everything I do  
feel like somebody tellin me I want suceed  
but I'm a millionaire and I owe it all to the hatred I recieved  
motherfuckers that use to be down, ain't down no mo'  
my true partners just can't be found no mo'  
there fore my motto is 'Fuck Friends'-my only dogg is Benjamin Franklin  
tryna take him away from me you gon' wind up stankin'  
I gotta family to feed so currencies what I need  
but the people I break bread with would rather see me bleed  
tryna take all of my fortune but my fame is forever  
and S.U.C I'm a claim it forever and I'm still down with the yella  
so fuck all of these bitches and bitch ass fella's  
and fuck a 4, it's a PT, glock 50, foes is jealous nigga

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

2 many niggas tryna take me off of my game (take me off of my game)  
a nigga from the hood didn't live so good  
now they all wanna jock my fame (all wanna jock my fame)  
when I'm comin down in my foreign  
and I'm rollin one-deep that should tell ya about me (S.U.C.)  
I don't give a damn about none of you hoes  
I blast on site cause I ain't trippin no more

[Verse 2: Z-Ro]

As soon as them eyes close it's over and that's that  
'cause when they murdered my partner he didn't get to blast back  
is that the price to pay just to have nice things?  
and it's my life in danger because I have ice mayne  
it's ashame can't even sport our jewerly like we wanna  
cause everytime we shine them jackers tryna creep up on us  
catchin pistol case, after pistol case, ridin dirty  
Mr. Officer I'm not a killer just wanna see thirty  
cause boys be against me when I roll alone  
I get full of demon reppings when I'm holdin on  
I'm tryna make it, with this gangsta shit I ain't gon' fake it  
anything a nigga earned, I'll be damned if a nigga take it  
now days the ghetto version of Spundalay  
a nigga will run up in ya residents with the undelay, cold hearted  
just to get they fetti, bustin brains for a living  
disrespecting God's children bitch you made for a prison

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Z-Ro]

Too many motherfuckers so I'm a hate everybody I can hate  
and I don't give a fuck about nothin'  
fuck-a-nigga, fuck-a-bitch let me get that straight  
ain't no love I'm not ya blood or ya cuz nigga, bitch I'm a loner  
I'm a asshole by nature you can get with that, or leave it at this bitch  
the only company I need is weed  
and since I'm nervous by nature I'm a make you bleed indeed  
I trust nothing-if I get a funny feeling I'm gon' be bustin'  
plus if my blood rushing it'll be more then a concussion  
from my hitch I see these red dots gonna cover you're brain  
nigga I got problems I can't cope-with murder scene to keep me sane  
one love, to my nigga Moe, and one love to my nigga Redd  
and one love, to my mothafuckin bread I'm a get that!

[Chorus till end]