

# Z-RO, Mirror, Mirror On The Wall

[Z-Ro]

Let my coedine settle, and have a toast one time  
Multiplications on my digits, come up over some time  
3-57 in my spine, they can't hold me like Kobe Bryant  
Powered up, popping tulips and clovers and stop signs  
Taylor made, Gucci looking like a million bucks  
Neck full of gold baggets, and trillion cuts  
I reside on cuts, cause having money is a must  
Give me the issue or get touched, the scuffling up  
Fuck with the raw like a cut, cause I hit too hard  
Radio stations don't play, cause I spit too hard  
I know they hate me everyday, and I ain't quit so far  
But if you cross the line, AK is gone hit your car

[Hook]

Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the throwdest of them all  
Cause you know my name, it's Z-Ro the Crooked  
Z-Ro the Mo City Don, it ain't over it just begun  
Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the throwdest of them all  
Cause you know my name, it's Z-Ro represent the third coast  
Let my codeine settle, and have a toast

[Z-Ro]

I'm a guerilla that's after the scrilla, I cock glocks  
I'm the top knotch, body armored like Shaq done blocked shots  
Dropping cops cause they crooked, I'm the law now  
Posted on the corner, selling raw now  
Looking for them people, keep an open eye  
And if I see the jackers, never hesitate I gotta open fire  
Active like a live wire, retaliation is a must  
Rock and buy these bezzels, and then I bust  
Geniva watch, telling me it's time to ball  
Get in the line till I make it to the front, and then it's time to fall  
But if I ever fall off, just fall back behind the scene  
Take seven, catch me up in sitcoms and big screens

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

When I roll, I roll one deep  
I never stop wrecking, these H-Town streets  
And ain't nobody holding me down I'm a roll, I'm rolling  
If you didn't know Southside still holding, folding  
Big lemon faces, got real money cause I catch cases  
Sipping on skeet tastes, and I'ma lean in private or public places  
Milicated refreshness, keep my mind at ease  
Trying to reach another level, keep me climbing trees  
Coming smoke out my nose, bald faded minus before  
Keep it gangsta, got groupie hoes striking a pose  
But see they ain't getting chose, or catch me tipping my dob  
I need a independent thug chick, launder money and drug shit  
I'm the boss hog, ain't nobody hogging me over harder  
Soft then I'm off, in the funk in my roller

[Hook - 2x]