

# Z-RO, Mo City Don Freestyle

(\*talking\*)

Shit, Z-Ro the Crooked, I know y'all  
Been waiting on this here, yeah shit  
R.I.P. Big Mello, Screw, Mafio, Big Boo, Gator  
All the fallen soldiers man, Southside  
Eastside, Westside, Northside, know I'm saying  
All my partnas, all your dead partnas  
But shit I still feel stress, still gotta get something  
Off my chest, while these hoe niggaz be doing what  
They be doing, I don't know though, shit fuck it  
We gon stay two deep in a fo' do'

[Z-Ro]

Slow Loud And Bangin', all in my trunk  
Trunk full of funk, I ain't never been a punk  
I blow on skunk, I blow on doja  
Military minded, I'm a motherfucking soldier  
Out the streets, of the Ridgemont 4  
Not no bitch, and say I still ain't a hoe  
Letting niggaz know, everyday of the year  
I pimp my pen, and I get my point clear  
Why niggaz wanna talk down, I don't know  
Gotta take a trip to Akapoko, from the 4  
With my 4-4 on my side, when I ride  
Ready to do another homicide, in a pine box  
And I'm gone, nigga old glory  
I'm H-Town to Cali, just like Robert Horry  
If I do a murder, flee the murder scene  
No missing shortage on the drank, I can't find no lean  
From Southwest to Southfese, bitch it's about war not bout peace  
Nigga like me, I'm bout knocking out teeth  
Know I'm saying, I'll loose your grill  
A nigga coming down, in the Coupe Deville  
Looking gravy, looking real throwed  
I'ma be the nigga, pulling over at the fucking cross road  
With my K on my side, I'm ready to ride  
And if I gotta go, it'll be a homicide  
Me and another nigga, on the way to the Golden Gate  
A nigga like me, can't wait  
Just to make it, to another day  
Gotta get the big pay off, so get the fuck out my way  
When I come around your corner, so slow  
It'll be the nigga, in the damn Polo  
That's the Ralph Lauren, jackers ain't barring  
Why I skipped the slab, when I went straight to foreign  
Said it like I said it, in the old school  
Some niggaz they be red, but Z-Ro blue  
I come around your corner, but I ain't set tripping  
But I will, wet niggaz and wet women  
With the calico, I had to let a motherfucker know  
That I come around your corner, in a Lincoln four do'  
A fox photo, cause I do it in a flash  
Nigga watch out, cause that could be your ass  
I rhyme so long, rhyme so strong  
I flicks my bar, sip then I swoll on  
Get on, the motherfucking bench  
And when the laws hit the corner, I hit the fence  
They wonder where I went, they keep looking  
I don't give a fuck, like Tyson I keep hooking  
Or maybe like Lenox, I'm strong to the finish  
I'm like the ghetto Popeye, but I don't need spinach  
I'ma keep going, I keep on flowing just like the Nile  
Million dolla mouthpiece, everytime I smile  
Look and load a, nigga ashtray

Everytime he smile, he can turn the night to day  
You can open up the pop, and let the smoke come out  
We don't give a damn, bout a crooked ass cop  
Crooked officer, crooked officer  
Make a nigga wanna blow the badge, off of ya  
Me and Dougie, my motherfucking brother  
R.I.P., to my motherfucking mother  
That's the Dorothy Marie McVay Matthew  
There's ten toes planted, in my motherfucking shoe  
I gotta be a man, hope you understand  
There's nothing but the work, and the calico in my hand  
On a corner on the Ridgevan, and I'm serving a fiend  
A real live B-Boy, and you know what I mean  
I be stacking up chips, like Lego  
Dark on a pump, just like Calvin Kato  
Houston to the Rocket, a four-peat like Comets  
I don't give a fuck, good punch a bitch nigga make him vomit  
On the grind, I'ma take a trip on Greyhound  
I be flying on a plane, but the dope is on the ground  
Headed to Lake Charles, or headed to Lafayette  
Maybe off in Alexandria, but I ain't finished yet  
I gotta make a hoe I-10, I sin  
Then I, do it again  
I get my ends, I'm in my motherfucking Benz-e  
Got these hoes running round, in a friendse  
I be busting full clips, till they empty  
A piece of potent pussy, might tempt me  
Rain is trying to send me, to the Penitentiary  
The main reason why, I ain't friendly  
I'm wired up, but I ain't on no damn slaughter  
Dejaun in the back, and he got the camcorder  
Recording everything, the 4's gon swang  
Still pulling up, on Fondren and the Main  
Looking lovely, got to look good  
I throw up Ridgemont 4, cause that's my hood  
Never been a hoe, I'm letting hoes know  
I gotta get a fucking P-L-A-T, but first a G-O  
L-D, a motherfucking plack  
I keep it straight and simple like that, hit a bitch from the back  
And I use my, motherfucking tool  
Make her say ouch, when I hit her with the mule