

# Z-RO, More Or Less

[Hook]

A lot of niggaz, wanna see me in my grave (more or less)  
I be ready for the drama, anyday (more or less)  
Go to war, in the midst of gun play (more or less)  
On your street, with the sweet (it ain't no need to have a vest)  
A lot of niggaz, wanna see me in my grave (more or less)  
I be ready for the drama, anyday (more or less)  
Go to war, in the midst of gun play (more or less)  
Only taking head shots, (it ain't no need to have a vest)

[Z-Ro]

When I roll I roll solo, with my 4-4 on the side of me for company  
Wishing a nigga and his click, would think about jumping me  
Six enexchangable clips, seventeen bullets in each  
That's a hundred and twelve reasons, a whole street could be deceased  
Right when I was trying to change, fellas start playing games  
Brought me back to reality, my sanity's now insane  
I be busting for nothing homie, I'm addicted to shots  
Blame my hood, cause that's just the way it is on my block  
I got a bad attitude, cause I'm use to beefing  
They'll never take me alive, the reason for no sleeping  
So when a nigga come after me, I'ma hit him where it hurt  
I'll let him make it, but his mama and daddy gon see a hearse  
Fuck a driveby, I want him to look me in my eyes  
Let him call Junior on his mobile, just to say goodbye  
So call my name out, and watch how everybody run for cover  
Cause they know I'm a heartless motherfucker, until I die

[Hook]

[Archie Lee]

This be the realest shit I ever wrote, and you can quote me cuz  
I'm from the block where we hopeless thugs, but we suppose to thug  
A lot of niggaz hate, a few show love  
But that only keep me focused cuz, I got my heater with me  
So when them niggaz, try to get me on the creep no  
They getting merked, in they fresh white T oooh  
H-Wood, be the set I claim  
Southside we connected mayn, world respected mayn  
Hitman, be the number one honcho  
Get that white from Poppy, and that green from Poncho  
Slab riding, got me loaded and cocked  
Much love to my nigga Trae, good looking out

[Trae]

I heard they coming to get me, but it ain't gon be no easy task  
See me with the Mac-11, sending fifty through your glass  
Am I losing my mind, I don't know and I don't really give a damn  
But these motherfuckers, gon know who I am  
Plus Dinkie shot a kite, and told me watch out for you hating ass niggaz  
Run up on me, I'll be putting you in a grave ass niggaz  
Now I'm riding, with my super entourage of hot shells  
And if they catch up wit ya, garunteed they bringing hell  
Let me take you to, another level of mind  
To get a closer look at death, before I flatten your line  
You done it this time, and ain't no way you getting away  
I put this on me and my son, it won't be safe where you stay

[Hook]

[Boss]

That nigga don't wanna see me, with my black mask  
But that's alright, cause I got a scheme for his black ass  
See I believe, in creeping with reacons

I know where your girlfriend stay bitch, you be there every weekend  
Riding up in a Regal, D-Eagle under the seat  
I'm about to put six of them thangs, up under your meat  
You got a hole in your neck, you need IV's to eat  
I gotta show you the real way, of greeting niggaz with heat  
I pull a black Mac up out the pack, walking from that Cadillac  
Sipping on a low O-E, fired up like a battlecat  
Niggaz don't wanna take it there, with Lil' Boss  
I be fucking with B.D.'s, bitch I can get ya lost

[Lil' B]

I'm sick and tired of you niggaz underestimating, and thinking I'm fake  
You'll be the first example, of catching a slug to the chest plate  
Break niggaz for fun, when they try to use guns  
I can throw hands, but you niggaz so quick to try to run  
To the trunk and wanna dump, old chump ass nigga  
You'll get found, floating off in a swamp ass nigga  
My click killas, and I'm the young guerilla of the pack  
The true definition, of making niggaz back-back  
Fuck a size, I'll demolish 'em all small or tall  
It don't matter, bet your bitch ass fall  
More or less so go on plex, if you think you're ready  
Buck shots'll stretch your flesh, like spaghetti

[Jay'Ton]

I guess you thought that it was over, when you pulled the 12 gauge  
And I won't get no rest, until I see you in your grave  
Last time to start checking when I hit the block, looking for cats  
And since we playing dirty, you just might catch four in your back  
Nonstop, I bet you niggaz finna know about me  
I'm only 18, but still I'm classified as a G  
I run with the best, them niggaz that'll leave you wrapped up  
In a black truck, you don't want the heat clapped up  
Better back up, nigga I'm a asshole  
Everything in this camp, surrounded by the cash flow  
Plus I live on the block, I know I'm being watched by the FED's  
But I'ma still put a hot slug, dead in your braids

[Hook]