

Z-RO, My Momma

[Hook - 2x]

My mama use to tell me, bout these
Broke hoaching ass niggaz, in these streets
So many people, wanna see me fall
And then they wonder, why my attitude is fuck em all

[Trae]

You still running up, better peep my attitude
Cause I don't give a fuck about, you or the next dude
Hitting the block top down, waving the boulevard
Run on side of my Range, and your feet get scarred
I ain't never leave the house, without me packing a gun
And I ain't never leave the block, without collecting my funds
A lot of niggaz wanna hate, but they ain't fading us
So everytime I show my teeth, I shine like the sun
Breaking the game, and niggaz wanna hate my fame
And take my change, but never will they get my change
I'm quick to aim, and leave a red dot on your brain
You heard the bang, and niggaz gon respect the name
I'm telling you dog, my mama use to tell me y'all
Don't be fake, fraud keeping me behind the wall
But never ever will I let a, motherfucker block me
I'ma run through that bitch, hit up and don't fall
So it's best to vacate, for your sake
The Maab up in this bitch, and I'ma regulate
Disrespect me and mine, I'ma retaliate
They don't really wanna go to war, with a heavyweight
Dirty South veteran, Dirty Third glider
Underground, wrecking a nigga till they retire
For my T. Jones, I'ma set it on fire
Busting they neck and back, like they Khia

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Dorothy Marie McVey, this your son
I've been on top of my cash, till the last of my funds
Even though I haven't seen you, since I was six
I know you keep me with a weapon, when I'm out in the mix
You use to tell me, to never talk back and respect
Now that I'm grown, a nigga be cashing chin checks
I'm a guerilla, with a motherfucking attitude
And whether broke or pain, I'ma be in a bad mood
This is low life, motherfuckers can't go nowhere to roll lights
Struggling to make it, cause this industry is so shife
Niggaz'll take your name, and break your name
And try to give you ten percent, of the change
But, my mama use to tell me about these
Broke hoaching, ass niggaz in these streets
So I'ma be busting, a .50 caliber
Retaliation with bitches, until they stacking up
I know, Z-Ro don't wanna go to the county jail no mo'
But I know, you don't wanna be doing that
It's either that or the graveyard Ro, because I'm a killa
And so many people, wanna see a nigga fall
Want me at the table, if they don't want me to eat it all
And then they wonder, why my attitude is fuck y'all

[Hook - 2x]