

Z-RO, Still In The Hood

(Chorus)

Too many niggas trying to take me off of my game
Cause a nigga from the hood that done looked some good
Now they all want to jock my fame
But when I'm coming down in my (foreign)
And I'm rolling one deep that should tell you about me
I don't give a damn about none of you hoes
I blast on sight cause I ain't tripping no more

[Z-Ro]

Nigga I'm tired, this drama got me booted and fried
At least I got records in the store bitch nigga you getting dried
Steady running around rapping and capping and talking shit
I got gorillas every where be careful who you walking with
Southside, south-sid for live, wouldn't want to be you
Be running up on you closed casket nobody gonna see you
Bitch it's over, barely with Barber right behind me in the rover
My partner from Mercy told you we gone get you if we owe you
Military minded I'm a S.U.C. soldier
Don't want it if it's hard cause the south lets you see over
I'm trying to keep my head on, but it's rolling off my shoulders
When I lost my people god damn, my heart was pumping colder
Shedding crocodile tears, man folks feeling this pain
And left a stain in my brain so I'm cracking like a window pain
On the edge having a conversation with my infrared
All these fuck niggas can get it two to the head and get dead

(Chorus)

[Z-Ro]

It's the return of Z-Ro the Crooked busting heads strictly for cash
Taking out contracts on haters with a beam and a mask
You can run you can hide but it ain't no escaping
I'm a trend setter with a beretta for real it ain't no faking
I done showed up, then I poured up, then I blowed up like heats
Diamond slugs up on my teeth, I done been violent fuck the peace
I got a slug for these haters that's approaching me wrong
Let them mash off in first class there ain't no coaching my song
Hydro-V to the dome, with it on back to the chrome
I'm kind of quick to click so get gone or catch one to the dome
Mo-City Texas that's my home, but I can rome all over
So it's ghetto love these cats gone get me full up on sober
Real recognize real, and the fake gone fade away
Use to selling drugs to get that pay, but god done mad a way
For me to stack my ends, my paper, my moola, my fetty
And took this by surprise I knew you hoes wasn't ready

(Chorus)

[Z-Ro]

Remember back in 94' they use to laugh at me team
Now it's year 2k2 women be after me team
But fuck a female, it's all about my retail
On tapes and c.d.'s they was capping I stay making daily breakers
C.d., and they chose to make tapes, up on the stage
It use to be all about hooping now I'm all about getting paid
Getting leid I can miss it, I'd rather have my digits
Trying to get up on me a stack, taller than the tallest midget
I'm on bitches than a red nose pit, with his mouth on it
I be platinum 'fore it's over bitch I put the south on it
You can put your mouth on it, if you ain't than zip it up
Get off my dick bitch right quick because I'm about to rip it up
And for no reason at all, it's fuck y'all
Fuck around and get to busting so you best to best duck dog

I've been going through a whole thang, everyday
So I don't give a damn if you get chose man I got this k, and I don't play

(Chorus - 3 1/2x)