

Z-RO, Still Standing

[Z-Ro talking]

Yes indeed, H-Town, it go down Lil' Flex, Z-Ro, Big Mello
Know what I'm saying, you boys can't stop us man
Unstoppable, feel me, yeah
They got to feel us till they kill us, this for the radio

[Lil' Flex]

Ain't nothing but a g thang baby
Turnel sets dried yellow bones crazy
Can't fade me, died lately
Pulling out the escallade or a mercedes
Trunk popper, show stopper, drank sipper
Rule number one is to never tip a stripper
And I know a lot of y'all want to wish me trouble
Went from swanging hoo-doo's to a bentley bubble
Image is everything, diamonds in every ring
Piece and chains that hang down low to my dang-a-lang
Stop that, cop that, I'm a baller baby
Got the rims that poke out on the prowler baby
I'm the same young cat that dropped the jewels on them
Next year I'm about to drop 22's on them
From the Mo to the Fo, back to airport landing
Diamonds speak for theyself, Flex so outstanding

[Chorus]

Still standing, and you know we represent the south
And ya know ya know we represent the south
Still standing, we in the door and these haters can't keep us out

[Big Mello]

I represent that S-O-U-T-H to the S-I-D-E
Drop screens you can see me completely
Off the heezy, fa sheezy I'm breezy
Cause my diamonds they be known to blind hoes like Stevie
Believe me, outstanding with my family
From me and Z-Ro and Lil' Flex at the grammy
Boss player from Texas, you could tell by the necklace
We gone break these hoes on four's now we frozen the Lexus
My protected, move around, get around
Come through show some round when we hit your town
It go down, whoa now, school slow down
Watch these fours roll down crawl down your block
Top drop, trunk knock, glock cocked
And these shops gone bop, it don't stop
Won't stop, how it go down
Harm clock, Mo City, south west still shine, wooo

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Screwed up representer these fellas don't want none
From the land of the trunk poppers where ballers blow tons
We stacking funds, and living our life out on the run
In search of a platinum plack trying to get stacks it just begun
If you talking down move around we ain't having that
East and West took it before but see we came to grab it back
Can't see us like cataracts, off in our natural habitat
That's the studio and bro you know ain't no more selling crack
Ain't nothing but rocking trash talking on down to the ain't that
Cause I'm a veteran to this here ever since the days of the Wave Band
When I was knee high to a grass hopper but now we roll on chppers
Me and Gene hovering over the ground in candy helicopters
Now we platinum status without driving a dodge stratus
Keeping it gangsta energy instinct with a heater to protect us

Man it's third coast, to me our music mean the most
Big Mello and Lil' Flex and Z-Ro the crooked as your folks and we

[Chorus - 2x]