

Z-RO, Still Watchin

[Hook - 2x]

Still watching, keep peeping
Still watching me yeah, keep peeping

[Z-Ro]

They told me, if you feel me
Fuck a record label, and a negotiation they trying to deal me
They watching me to close, and trying to play me
Make a nigga Unibomb your block, everybody on me will be a Swayze
Patrick peep my hat trick, but I ain't an audition
Even though I've been known, to make people and guns come up missing
Witness, my disappearing act
Cause motherfuckers be tripping and sweating me, like I'm still selling crack
Or recognize my nigga Grady, out that P.U.D
All them other niggaz act like it, but he's my G
I sit and watch, as my home boys show me they fake love
I'm your partna, why I come second to bitches and drugs
So fuck balling with y'all, I ride out
When I'm rich, I still flip in the truck and slide out
Y'all done made a mistake, you should of never mixed my blood with Trae
Them Maab niggaz have arrived, Z-Ro, Boss and Jay

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

You must of made a mistake, you should of never mixed my blood with Ro
Them Maab niggaz have arrived, out the trunk with a fo'-fo'
Pissed off and agg'd, running round with a attitude
Repping the Dirty South, now where the fuck is your gratitude
Selfish son of a bitch, we deserve the throne
I can show you how to stunt, when I'm tipping the chrome
You don't wanna see me with that Mack, in front of your home
On the block in a drop, the same color as stone
Out of your league, and lately I've been out of my mind
I needed green as a team, so I got on the grind
S.U.C., and nigga I've been repping it raw
You rep it the wrong, and nigga I'll be breaking your jaw
I ain't fucking with you niggaz, who be fucking with laws
The same thang different day, y'all can kiss my balls

[Hook - 2x]

[Jay'Ton]

Next nigga hating S.L.A.B., getting whooped and tossed
Perpetrating like a G, when you knowing you soft
It's Jay'Ton I ain't playing, when I'm spitting my name
Double 12 gauge slugs, that'll fuck up your frame
You got me wrong, in this song got me speaking the truth
Hit the block with the glock, I'll show you my proof
They should of never mixed my blood, with the Ro and Trae
It's SK all day, Boss what you say

[Lil Boss Hogg]

Cop a sack cock the Lac, cut the corner
Cuff Khakis creased, please call a corner
Cut quarters and quarters, and kept it banging
Blue both fat laces, bandanas hanging
Bodies on extra tight, for the test a fight
Bring light, to a nigga tonight
Wife beater with a big heel, repping the set
Breaking they necks, cashing they checks and fucking with Vets

[Hook - 2x]