

# Z-RO, Tall Tale Of Ag

Telling you a tall tale of a G  
Cause everybody wanna be a G - 4x

[Z-Ro]

Hearing voices of the children of the corn  
The mother that has finally been warned  
Cause on a Polaroid in focus  
There's a picture of my first born  
I got a scary crimination, so I walked up in his room  
And he spoke his first words (daddy's gonna die soon)  
Running through the metals, people running  
When they see me coming, a mother calling to her son  
That's telling me to watch my back, I'm being hunted  
Then it was gone, I turned around it had to be on  
But then I had found, it was gonna be hard  
For me to make it to the crib, cause niggas had me surrounded  
Then all of a sudden, it was first and ten  
Cause a nigga fell lite to the do'  
Set trying to raise up out of that hoe  
I step in and checking chins, broke loose with a loose tooth  
I'm headed for that Cadillac, all of a sudden I felt cock  
Needled ghosts steals that appear in my calf, now stick in my back  
Then fired one, now I made it to the car and I crunked that hoe  
And I hollered you niggas won't get me  
Then I backdo' the beltway back to Mo City  
But there's a Regal trailing close up on my fender  
But in my hand, I got the synthetic rubber death  
Automatic life ender, he's in the right lane and I'm in the left  
So I hit the break and he hit the gas, and as he passed  
I busted a shot that broke the glass  
And the car was swerving, wondering to a Bourbon  
Crashed in a diesel, then it burst to flames  
I thought it was over, till the nigga pulled up in the Nova, uh  
Now I'm doing 85 up ahead, out the window hollering catch me if you can  
Could not lose him its still a pursuit, chasing till we hit Ridgevan  
Pulled up in the front of the crib, put the Lac in park  
And I unloaded the Mac, and I'm kinda cold  
Cause the favorite mask of a mama  
Bullet had my shirt spinning to my back  
But I ain't got time to bleed, cause I'm getting up out of the car  
Trying to catch my breath, and I heard screeching tires  
And a bunch of foot steps, running with these niggas coming  
I'm getting ready to split some wigs, but running up out of the driveway  
There's a carriage that contains my kid  
I dropped my strap, and hollered I'ma save you  
They fin to kill your daddy but don't worry, you can resurrect me later  
I'm almost dead but to my surprised, I done visualized  
That nigga done rose up out of the carriage, I seen his big brown eyes  
I shed a tear running to him, thinking I could use my body  
To shield him from the blast  
And I heard (fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck) everybody crashed  
Then the niggas was gone and that was that, and since I couldn't breathe  
I put down my self destruct, and I passed  
That god damn thang to my baby boy  
But I thought to myself, I can't just go out like no fucking flame  
Got re-gather my nuts, and make these hoes recognize my fucking name  
I'm ready to give up the ghost, and my first mind said close your eyes  
But my second mind it said over ride, the first mind and grab yo' nine  
So I stood to my feet, covered in blood catch a slug  
That busted my ribs, and I grabbed that damn thang  
From my baby boy, and I put him back in the crib  
And since aggravation had my def callade, I put up the Mac  
And I passed up the nine, and I strapped on a hand grenade  
Got back in the car, only reason I see is bodies stacked

Fired up the dank, and I hit it so hard  
The smoke started seeping up out the holes in my back  
I crunked up the car, for my final ride  
Wipe the blood off the locs, and put the Lac in drive  
Motherfuckers better be ready to die, cause death is close  
We gon go, out like G's and continue to plot on his ghost  
I'm 28 plus all of my fate, hitting what do you know  
Recognized the Nova, parked the car  
And made my way to the do', they slamming them boulders  
Jamming on Screw, and sipping on hennessey  
Without any warning I kicked open the do'  
And said do you remember me  
They jumped up quick, I grabbed the hand grenade  
And shut the fucking do', and then I felt the heat from a 4-4  
They hit the deck, but it really don't matter no mo'  
They tried to get out, but my nigga we locked in  
There was a grenade in my hand, I dropped the pin

(\*talking\*)

Know I'm saying, going out like G's  
Because we are G's, I wanna say what's up to my G's  
Hermwood Fisher, Rockesh, Dave V  
My niggas on lock, Grady  
You know what I'm sayin, I see that  
Mike D on lock, real G's  
Rest in peace to my G's  
Killa Stains, A.K.A. LL, rest in peace  
I see you up there balling, man hold up  
Real G's, do you wanna be a G  
To G or not to G for real  
Fuck you fakers