Z-RO, The Dirty 3rd

Shirt off at the Kappa, (trousers on) Dirty Third, Dirty Third

[Z-Ro]

24/7 and around the clock, I'ma keep My fingas around the glock, when I bust I be giving no mercy for no damn body That's gonna get around the shot I'm the 007 outta Ridgemont 4, with W double O-D Can't take no ill to the eye, we come so fly Don't get it twisted I swear I'm fly, I split up jaws When I spit out rounds, and I really don't give a damn When a nigga pull the trick up outta my sleeve I'm making a deuce to the pistol pad But I'm figgering that hoe, and she call me hurt Whatever take yourself, or the blood gon squirt Give me my money for shots or first When I lick my shots, I clear the concerts Jay-Jay and the Den-Den, we gon make a mill in the end then Going overseas, in the jabos and fresh benefits Decked out to Europe in outfits, steady stacking chips Slanging birds, with a pen and beat the shit out these verbs Vocabulary spit nothing but words Drop mo' songs, than a bird do terds Riding Excursions, no more 'Burbans, steal them niggas SUV Screwed Up Click cause my family name, abbreviated like S.U.C. Cause in the Dirty Third, niggas put prices up on our heads Cause our cars, be running and haunting Bitches lose weight, like Jenny Craig

[Hook - 2x]

Its the Dirty Third, slanging rings stacking chips Quick to pull a strap, empty clips if you trip Its the Dirty Third, slanging rings stacking chips We killas with pistol grip, steady letting our rugas rip

[Wood]

We ain't burning the home grown, and Dirty Third where I roam Slanging birds flipping zones, sipping syrup out our styrofoams Quick to pull a strap empty clips, if you trip We killas with pistol grip, steady letting our rugas rip At the peak of my game I'm gets the grain, I'm leaving a stain Piece and chain its bezeltaine, bracelets watch and pinky rings Twenty inches to roll, played and stole and pulling hoes Serve drank by the four, blowing bud in studios Its paying me feddy and cheese, triple beams and doja cream Chop on blades and swang on threes, SUV's and Humvees The W double O-D, Z-Ro and Enjoli He said it once befo', look at what you done to me Thought it was over but it ain't, I separate the real and the fake You sugar coated bustas, you put the filling in the cake I'm still balling while moving J-A-T's, SKA no AMG's In the Dirty Third we shipping ki's and, platinum c.d.'s nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Enjoli]

Little figga to you hoes, and all my foes
I done squashed the plex so what's next, I rose
From the bottom to the top, Third Coast won't stop
Southsive for live, when trunks knocking tops drop
And the G's body rock, I ride to these
Looking good gripping wood, with a ounce of the tweed
Having fun in the sun, making money by the tons

Stacking papas pulling capas, staying sharp for the evil ones So lay it down 'fore the sparks fly S.U.C. full of moves, niggas we on the rise Hopping outta wide bodies, and it don't stop Enjoli be the queen, and you bout's to ride (say what) It be so lovely it be so nice, being twice Stay blinding you hoes, six figgas and reunite Moving state to state, pushing albums like weight Better regulate, and still screeeeaming

[Hook - 3x]