

Z-RO, Uncut

[Z-Ro]

It's a bunch of niggas upset with me, cause I don't visit no mo'
They think that I'm capping, but I'm just cuz I'm in a fo' do'
Fully loaded Chrysler 300, sitting on grown men
Plus I'm covered by VS-1 diamonds, from pimping my pen
I could remember when, they use to laugh at me in class
Cause of my eyes are incursion, corduroy britches man that's all I had
Cause of my bifocal glasses, they use to call me fo' eyes
And egg-head but now I'm a grown gangsta, receiving FED bread
Ain't no telling what I'ma do, if somebody test me
I'ma yell in town by motherfuckers, your best bet is not to sweat me
On the edge sit on the edge of the bed, with a infrared in my paw
It's time to pay back everybody I owe, if you scared call the law
Cause I ain't gon never stop, coming after your coward ass
Run up on you at the intersection, bitch I'm bout to blast
All you rappers, dissing Z-Ro in your songs
Bitch I'ma for real life head bust, I'm coming to see you fuck a song

[Z-Ro]

Now I don't owe nobody nothing, but lately niggas and bitches
Been attempting to get close to me, flipping the access to my riches
But can't you see this tattoo on my arm, say one deep
That mean it's nobody with me, when I'm 'woke or when I'm sleep
I ain't never been the type, to hang with a lot of niggas
Plus my attitude is rude, so I'ma be done shot a nigga
Please let me keep my cool, until I get paid
Then it be fucked up if I miss my chance, at a million in my grave
I'm the king of the ghetto, because I'm still here
You can purchase drugs or pussy, or you can get killed here
City streets, they'll eat you alive if you ain't got no street sense
You better call an audible, 'fore you meet up with the defense
The jackers the killas, the crooked ass cops
I refuse to become a statistic, bro I got my glock
So before you run up on me homie, for an autograph
Please don't do nothing suspicious, I'm trigga happy and I might blast