

Z-RO, Up In My Face

(*Talks*)Don't these niggas know we murder niggas for real man?

(*Sings*)Fucking around with Z-Ro nigga ya dead wrong (dead wrong) dead wrong (dead wrong)

(*Talks*)Know I'm saying, when I walk in the motherfuckin club niggas be hatin, but guess what I s

(*Sings*)I see some niggas tonight that should be having they head stomped (head stomped) head

Z-Ro Verse:

Excuse me, get off my motherfuckin toes

I ain't got no love for you motherfuckin hoes

Raise up, 'fore a nigga blaze up

I'd be the nigga that'll tear yo face up

With a left, a right, I'm out-of-sight, I'm boss

I don't give a fuck, you see me flippin when I floss

Riding with the Trae, riding with the Jay'ton

Riding with my brother, brother, then we be on

On a money making mission, Stackin our feddy

The world ain't ready, so heavy like a Chevy

Slow it down going down, we gon put it up

If you talking shit to us bitch, we shoot it up

Talking bout yo block now, I be riding with my glock now

It's non-stop now, around the clock now

Gotta get my motherfucker paper

Stacking up my chips like Lego

Hey ho, I just want some brain

That's that nigga Trae, that's my right-hand man.

Man, Nigga we gotta master plan.

Nothing but thousand dollars spreads up in our hands

Fuck going to jail, gotta make bail

We living in hell, so what the fuck oh well

And I don't give a damn, as long as a nigga stay free

Out here sippin codiene blowing on tree

At ease, motherfucker, just relax

In my pocket, I gotta bunch of green backs

And that's fact, I wouldn't tell no lie

If you run up, I put a swoll on your eye

Don't even try to run up on that water

I beat the nigga like a motherfuckin motor

Like a transmission, and I'm standing up hustlin

On the motherfuckin corner and I'm scufflin

To get my motherfuckin cheese my motherfucking bread

And you get one up in yo head

If you running up, trying to take what mine.

And in my fucking pant's line, I got that iron.

Under my elastic, I'll put flowers up in a basket

For a bastard, to get his ass kicked

Try to fuck around with nigga that roll with plastic.

Yeeaaahh....

(*Talks*)Alright, Know I'm saying

(*Sings*)I don't know why motherfuckers up in my face bumping they gums.

Lately..

(*Talks*)All that gum, and then he said here

(*Sings*)I don't know why motherfuckers up in my face bumping they gums.

Yeeaaahh....Lately...What the fuck do you want with me?

(*Talks*)Feel me

(*Sings*)S.U.C.

(*Talks*)That's my clique

(*Sings*)S.U.C..

(*Talks*)That's my fam.

(*Sings*)And it can't stop...

(*Talks*)Till I D-I-E

(*Sings*)Fuck around, In HTOWN...

(*Talks*)Texas

(*Sings*)OOOooo...

(*Talks*)Alright, that's how we gonna ride out with this shit. Hos know, niggas know. Know I'm say

(*Sings*)Leave a nigga dead...

From that Lex, (From that Lex) when you finish it (when you finish it)

Put him underground (ground), where he can't make a sound (can't make a sound)

We don't give fuck (We don't give fuck), cause we ride on buck (we ride on buck)

In a trophy truck (trophy truck), leave a nigga stuck (leave a nigga stuck).

...OOOooo...

(*Talks*)

Alright, and we gon ride out (ride out), slide out (slide out), ride out (ride out), know I'm saying.

You gotta do it right when you do the ride out.

Yeah nigga, 2K3 we do our dirt but we hide it like a bottle of cyanide.

We on the South-sill fa-lil, bitch.

Guess that's just how it is.

Fucking with us southside niggas.

Fuck it, I guess that's just how it is man.

We don't give a damn though.

Niggas gonna have to make way for us fool.

Cause guess what...

(*Sings*)You can...Keep watching, keep peeping, ya still sleeping, on the weekend. But we be up

(MUSIC CUTS)

(*Talks*)Damn the beat gone? Fuck the track, let's go to the next one.