

Z-RO, What Happened To That Dude

[Hook - 2x]

What happened to that dude, what happened to that dude
What happened to that dude
He was bumping, so I slapped a patch up out that dude

[Z-Ro]

Y'all fellas, know what happened to that dude
He ran up in my face, and he ruined my mood
I couldn't let it slide, I couldn't let it go
Couldn't let a motherfucker, play me for a hoe
Pulled out my 4-4, and I just bust
Nan nigga nan bitch, will I ever trust
Unless it's my people, unless it's my kin
I don't love shit, but my people and my ends
Put my ends in my safe, in a safe place
I break a bone, in your motherfucking face
If you think I tell a story, if you think I'm lying
Pull out my iron, and I commits to find
Have a nigga falling, off of his game
If I hit a head shot, that's the end of his brain
Simple and plain, ain't it
This tool, will leave a nigga wig painted
Know what I'm saying, I couldn't be playing
I sit on top of the roof, and start spraying
At a nigga head, leave a nigga dead
(*claps*), leave him bruised and red
We don't give a fuck mayn, that's a clap
I put a motherfucking, clip in my strap
Bust at your back, bust at your front
Then I go to the house, roll up a blunt
That's how I do it, don't fuck with fluid
But I'ma be fluent like fluid, and I knew it
One day, I get a platinum plack
If you running up, you better back on back cause

[Hook]

What happened to that dude, what happened to that dude
What happened to that dude
It's your boy Z-Ro, and I'm way too rude

[Z-Ro]

I had to do it like that, and like this
Had to break a bone, and make a motherfucking wish
I did it like this, and I did it like that
A nursery rhyme, and still broke a bitch back
Like that, like this
Hit it from the back, and don't quit
Bitch fuck you hoe, I'm all about my dough
Standing on the corner, with my chrome 4-4
Maybe 4-5, maybe twelve gauge
Trying my best, just to make the front page
Put a homicide, on worldwide news
If a nigga chase me, I'll give him the blues
Pull out my motherfucking, power pellet
Roll up the doja, and I start to inhale it
Now I'm feeling fine, I'm really feeling fine
I dropped me a eight, in a thunderberg wine
Got a nigga feeling like, I lost my dog
Jump in my bitch, and I boss my hog
I hit the streets, the streets hit me back
I checked my pager, it was time to attack
The motherfucking dope fiends, time to get money
I want my bread, I want my honey
I want my streets of gold, for I can walk on

And a platinum walkie talkie, I can talk on
Man, I'm feeling way too heavy
A monster, so can't nothing scare me
I'm unscareable, it's unbearable
Man, when you hear me it's terrible
Cause I be beating, on your motherfucking nerve and
Might be in the Bourbon, or Excursion
It don't matter, cause I'm riding high
Leaning to the side, when I'm sliding by
All in your face nigga, slapping
Out the motherfucking taste nigga
That's how it go, never been a hoe
Try to take what's mine, and get a mouth full of flow

(*talking*)

Yeah, oh yeah, I'm feeling that
Shit, boys get the shit slapped out
Your motherfucking ass, what 3-2 say
Yeah man, you bootleggers, we got all kind
Of bootleggers out here though, you know I'm saying
We gotta put a slap into them dudes
You know I'm saying, these niggas that sue boys
For 150,000, like that's hurting my highsing
Nigga I'm still rising, while you coniving
You ain't shining, but bitch I shine like a light
All day all night, whether gun fight or fist fight
Get the Roley on your wrist right, bitch