

# 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