

## Zero Tolerance (Fuck Them Laws)

Lil Wyte

I got an offering to refuse a five piece a dro for two's  
Feeling greeky across the color G's so I'm super cool  
Take a trip to the ATL, holla at my boy Terrel  
Though that's where he want me to meet him so far situation swe  
ll  
Hit him up as soon as I get in town we go rendezvou  
Ten for the four is what I got instead of five for two  
Nervous is bout to back the po po's hotter than an iron skillet  
Also in the back I got my gat in case I have to peel it  
Watchin' all my mirrors as I make a left on Old Nat  
Thankin to myself he said eleven where this fool at  
Bigger mounts of cash, duffle bags I get a tax invasion  
Last thang in my life that I don't need to add is incarceration  
Hardest racing and I'm racing back and forth all in the van  
Blue lights everywhere I'm high as hell and you couldn't unders  
tand  
Palms are sweaty and my eyes are glued so far into my rearview  
I see the dude who got the dope and I think he see me too

It's zero tolerance around here (fuck them laws)  
It's zero tolerance around here (man fuck them laws)

And it's all good no ones around he pulled up right beside me  
We got a room at holiday inn so now he right behind me  
Its been awhile since we kicked it so its gone be a minute  
I got a bag full of dough and a four-five up in it  
Cause I don't know if this fool got something up his sleeve  
He could be tryin to get me or just fuckin with me  
I got feelin operation is gonna go as planned  
Without a site of disturbance to fuck up my demands  
Exchange was made and now I got the dope up in my hands  
10 pounds of dro for four thousand dollars stashed up in the va  
n  
I tell em holla and I vamp out back to the M  
I put it in drive and then I glance back one time at him  
I left the atl at 9:30 no time to waste  
I got a box of cigarillos began to blaze  
I hit the interstate pop the hood and caught triple A  
Six hundred dollars five hundred miles until the bay  
So fuck them laws