

Ain't Havin' None of That Bullshit

Z-Ro

Treat everybody I come across, like they wanna put something in me
Like some lead, or if I'm moving weight they might set me up with the FEDs
But to a boy done shed, I'm one deep trying to get bread
And I'm one deep when I bust heads, cause I'm not gonna tell on me
When a snitch be rolling with you, you headed to felony
I ain't ready to do 85 percent, of nobody's time
So I keep's it gangsta when I'm boss hogging, and solo when I grind
A-R 1-5, AK-56 plus one
It's multiple homicide, if I happen to touch one
You niggaz gon learn, or you niggaz are gon burn
It get hotter than lava, when it come down to the dolla
And I gotta have it, by any means necessary
Guaranteed to see a million, before the cemetery
If my folks keep on droppin, B-O double P-E-
R's keep on boffin I ain't stoppin

We ain't, having none of that bullshit
Represent till I die Hiram-Clarke, Mo City my hood bitch
Get out of dodge, cause we ain't no play thang
See me and (Lil Head nigga) keeping it gangsta, all day mayn

In my life I keep it gangsta, all day
In my life, I could peep a wanksta a mile away
In my life, I trust me and nobody else
That's why I walk around with a nine, tucked in my belt

Cause I pull this four pound bar, and blaze at your beat
You got niggaz I got niggaz, but my niggaz the best
See my niggaz all my niggaz, is guerillas with techs
Lil Head the 4'3" giant, respect my name
In order to live a longer life, you gotta respect the game
Now listen mayn, I'm trying to tell you some' for your own good
See I'm the type of nigga, have you bailing out your own hood
I'm a General a Sergeant, no need to start this
Rumble in the field with a lion, cause I'm raw bitch
I'm raw regardless, whether it's four to one
Cause the pop from the glock, I know it's gonna go through one

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I'm not your kin folk, so I suggest you get out of dodge
1-25 road raging, ready to get out and squab
Too many problems in my life, I just can't handle the stress
Niggaz be trying to kill me, damn near dismantling my vest
But I can take it, cause I dish it out, you got your gun
I got my gun and I'm busting, before you get a chance to whoop it out
A soldier, folding up a motherfucker what he need for me
Either with a gun or with a fist, anyway it go I'm still gon fold him
What you thought I was, a fraud a hoe a punk

I handle my bidness, and then I move around in the night
So much codeine, it feel like I got a pound of the Sprite
So keep my temper calm, collective and cool
Cause I might ignite and go off, and leave nothing but your shoes

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