

# 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 boppin 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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