

Definition Of A Real Nigga

Z-Ro

Haters smoking that swisha swisha sweet boy, switching damn lanes
Pulling guns and put two in your stomach, nigga who want it
Gangstas, if you with me gangstas
Smoking that sticky you get pissy, riding spinners
Tires glimmer the prize in our eyes, nigga ride with us
Nom and Z-Ro like when Tino and DeNiro, counting Kilos in casinos
They gambinos, for them c-notes man
Hustlers, serving customers
Off of his back shit cause, then we bust them guns

Up jumps the boogie, cause the track is so thoed
Got me breaking down bubble gum, I'm fin to be so blowed
Nothing but clouds in the sky, but it's still sunny
Cause I'm puffing on some good green, pocket full of money
Southside, I'm wrecking for where I lay my head at
Disrespect me, you the nigga I'ma spray my lead at
I'm living for today, don't give a fuck about tomorrow
I'm robbing you motherfuckers, it ain't no need to borrow
Money from dad, that nigga wouldn't lend me no cash
Seventeen he threw me out, like the trash
It's all gravy baby, I'm connected with the street my mama Ridgevan
And daddy East and West, Cancel Creek the dopefiends love me
I got a cousin, named Mard
Everytime I bring him outside, suckers be running up in my yard
Smartest thing I got is a 20, and you could get a whole sale
If you want it soft, let me run back to the motel

Running to the ceiling, what it's fin to be
Blowing cigarillos, no more swisha sweet
But regular weed, a gangsta fa sho I am
(are you gon make it to the top), nigga you know I am
Flipping in a four do', trying to get some mo' do'
Playa don't get mad, if you see me flipping with your hoe
I'm a gangsta, always packing steel nigga
Z-Ro and Daz, the definition of some real niggas

I'm crooked like two extras, gangsta mind and fine paper fetching
Teaching a lesson, for niggas who thinking bout flexing
I gotta make em respect, my gangsta
Cause drastic measures will be taken, for plexing with me playa
At any time I'm ready, to self destruct
Smoking on weed that's getting me crunk, itching to get bucked
What you got beef, well we could turn it into chicken
I'm telling you bitch, in this game I'm gon be winning
Now do you really wanna, go to war with me
Knuckle up, for trying to test and go to war with me
Cause I'm a head buster, and I ain't never been scared
So if you scared, then gon say you scared nigga

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Now when you looking at me, you looking at a good gangsta
Bandana pants sagging, nigga it takes a
Nigga heart and a clip torn and stop, super felon
Sadaam's greatest song, with money longer than LeBron
James's blazes them gauges, I ranges
And techs it's a white pack of racists, like Haitians
Governor Perry, gets very scary like Nam
Cause I left his daughter on the lawn, in nothing but a thong
If I raped her, they'd prolly hang me from a tree
Ain't no publicity, like my name was Kobe
Oh well, I stick to getting head in back of the whip
This lil' bitch sharp teeth, might of skinned my dick

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