

Dirty Work

Z-Ro

All you sure ass niggers out here, got the game fucked up
All this old friendly ass shit, nigger
Ain't nothing friendly about the motherf**king game
You understand me, if you listen I'm a tell you right
Open your motherf**king ears
Shit, it ain't fair but somebody got to do it, know I'm saying

I came from underground, where my hood resigned
Nothing left but the bad and ugly cause the good done died
We tried laying low niggers want to cross them lines
So when I'm saying so you getting bumped off this time

Fuck a throw away, I'm looking for the gun in your house
To kill your family for some shit they ain't know nothing about
We running the south, while other niggers running they mouth
If you smart, you'll take cover 'cause we come in your route

'Cause when we ride you could best believe there's guns in sight
How many times mama cried cause her sons done died
I pull my nine out, all of my barrels are fouled out
So the bullets that I bust the feds don't find out

Which gun, which nigger, which figga points to the trigger man
Still well connected not worried about who's the bigger man
Z-Ro, my nigger man, Pharaoh, the Killa Klan
I'm Black Mike, Network for life, ain't no realer jam

We make sure the dirty work get done
Real gun, popping them although it weighs a ton
Scratch makers, nigger we killers
Aggravated guerillas, been pimping in this bict h for scrilla
We make sure the dirty work get done
Real gun, popping them although it weighs a ton
Scratch makers, nigger we killers
Putting heads on pillows
Fuck around and weep like a willow, we cap peelers

King shots, killer greed penn, money hard

Nigger to sleep, murdering a kingpin
My composer, a soldier, you can call me one
When it's time to ride you know I'm ready to activate my gun
Straight head shots, toe tagged in a body bag

And the outcome you stuck with, if I got to blast
I'm coming to get you, pull your punk ass out the picture
And fix the braids on your head, that means I'ma get richer
P-H-A-are-O-A-H, now you know

My motherf**king name I never play fake
Easy does it, do it easy when I execute
To that nigger and the darkside when my weapon shoot
Shoot again and feel like I just made boy

With no evidence, to be found I remain calm
Murdering edition, I make a motherf**ker disappear
Slip the clip in, open fire then dripping him

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I put stitches in the general son of a bitch nigger when he bump up
Running to the trunk for the pump, I'm already ready to dump
I've been working dirty, knocking busters for being surety
So I'm at your dome cussing like James, you ain't worthy

Like a little old girly perpetrating a man
Dude we taking over this bitch and here to demonstrate demands
And bitch the down south gangsta are-A-P, 1990
Started with Street Military and K-A-G

We toe tagging, body bagging, sagging and bragging
Weed it up inflate it down, you damn shot and flipped the meat wagon
So save me some son of a guns, when it's over

We one of the ones on the top, haters smell it and running to come
Trying to drop a dime on us, or trying to take us out
After we deal with it we rap about it and then it make us hot
Fuck your crime rate and murder rate, running up on Houston, Texas
Well it be fuck y'all for trying to funk us on a burning day

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(2x)