

Don't Worry Bout Mine

Z-Ro

Yeah, crock bull and the Crooked
Big E oin the track, you know I'm saying
That's all I'm saying, (it's a Big E beat)
Yeah, doing my thang though, know I'm saying
S.U.C. in here, yeah aaight what

Say me, I'm just doing my thang though
Crocks on, wife beater linen looking good in my Kango
4-5 on the hip, you know how this game go
The outside's jelly, but the inside's mango
Don't watch me watch your weight, if you hate
I got enough ammo, to body rock the state
Don't worry bout me mayn, I got that covered
And the block is like pork chops, I got that smothered
When my kush is tasting like, and these bricks I run
But what you can do, is stay up out my mix that come
Crock bull count cash, on the regular homie
Even when I'm hitting corners, on the cellular homie
Get your mind off me, and get it on your money
Cause I'ma ball and parlay, when it's grey or sunny
I'm the real deal, you niggaz funny bunny
Fake ass niggaz 'feit, like they funny money

(don't worry bout mine, worry bout yours - (4x))
I'm not worried about you, I'm not worried I'm not worried
I'm just worried about me, I'm just worried about myself
(2x)

Too many problems, on my mind
Living shife, is starting to be a full time grind
I'm just trying, to live my life
And when I die, I hope I see Jesus Christ
Fuck people, cause all these people don't treat me right
They say they love me, but they shoot me right between my eyes
Bitch if you ain't screwed up, lace your shoes up
We stationary, like a statue that you can't move up
I'm 87-32, better known as a Hoover
Mind your bidness my nigga, I'll run my fist all the way through ya
Fuck around and kill one of these nosey ass niggaz and bitches if they make
Cause they can smell it in Sunnyside, when I pass gas in Katy
Ya'll ain't write none of my songs, so why in the fuck is ya'll on stage wit
h me
And when I get a retrial and start back blazing, ya'll can't blaze with me
They on the dick of Joseph McVey, so focused on me
They can't do what they need to do, for them through they day and it's fucke
d up

(don't worry bout mine, worry bout yours - (4x))
I'm not worried about you, I'm not worried I'm not worried
I'm just worried about me, I'm just worried about myself
(2x)

I never had love for a bitch, I'm about my money
Too many years, I done paid the price
You must be smoking, if you think I'ma make you my wife
And I never had love for a nigga, I'm about my money
Even if they murder me, I ain't going nowhere

Turn up the volume to the radio, I'll be right there
I'm not worried about yoooooooo
I'm just worried about meeeeeeee
I'm not worried about yoooooooo
I'm just worried about meeeeeeee, heeeey

(don't worry bout mine, worry bout yours - (4x))
I'm not worried about you, I'm not worried I'm not worried
I'm just worried about me, I'm just worried about myself
(2x)

Don't worry bout mine, worry bout yours - (8x)