

Freestyle

Z-Ro

Ha ha, 2000 and 1
Z-Ro the motherfucking Mo City Don
Getting off my chest, know I'm saying
Cut these all the way off people, feel me
Yeah, this how it go, fa sho

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, fo'
I'ma come down, it's your partna Z-Ro
Never been a hoe, never been a broad
Every night 'fore I go to sleep, I gotta talk to God
One time, gotta keep it real
Got gold and diamonds in my grill
I'm for real, doing it like a song
Bleeding on the boulevard, all day long
Gots to get paid, in this damn rap game
Gotta get my feddy, gotta get my change
Me and my partna P-Roy, doing it every day in the struggle
Hold up my nigga, one day we gon bubble
Nigga we'll shine, we gon put it down
I'ma pimp my motherfucking pen, one time
Hold up, nothing but syrup in my cup
Riding on tre buck, and I don't give a fuck
About the law, nigga fuck the FED
I'm up in the game, just to stack a big head
Family getting fed, me and my wife wed
I'ma come down, I'm a Southside vet

Hold it down, like the sun we're gonna shine
And let it all swing out, I ride with Southside
Hold it down, like the sun we're gonna shine
And let it all swing out, I ride for Southside

Like a drama bull, plus I got pull
When you see me on the damn scene, you know I'm fool
Popping handle bars, popping a X
I don't give a fuck, it's feeling warm in my chest
And I hope that God bless me, to get a platinum plack
Ain't no turning back, once I get the stack
Once I ain't cutting no slack, up in the game
Said it one time, now everybody know my name
Hollin' Ro, do another show
Wanted me to swang down, on another 4
Charge twenty grand, for a show
Plus, I want half of the do'
In this rap game, to get all the do'
I'ma come down, I got my shine on glow
Hollin' at the Big Steve, Mafio
R.I.P., to the Fat Pat though

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Hold up, cause we balling
See us coming down looking good, and we crawling
Ain't falling, I ain't stalling

Coming down outta town, birds I'm hauling
To get paid, nigga I got my family on my mind
I'ma put it down, that's why I'ma shine
All in they face, like a motherfucking moon
A star, a sun and my uzi weigh a ton
Sitting in the microphone booth, going off
Working with the hard, working with the soft
In the motherfucking game, stacking my change
I'm in the motherfucking zone mayn
On my motherfucking block, it go down
I'm the thoedest and the coldest, nigga there is in H-Town
Know I'm saying, I ain't playing, steady spraying

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