

## From The South

Z-Ro

From the South  
I got the diamonds in my mouth  
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Hold up a minute, I'm the King of the Ghetto  
Holding the rap game, like wood grain can't let go  
You niggaz'll never see me, I'm on another level  
Stay ready to dig a grave, keep a gun and a shovel  
And pouring gas too, if there evidence  
Saw me in the rear view, now you wonder where I went  
I'ma get you if I owe ya, visit ya residence  
Lay the merk game down, and then I'ma hit the fence  
Better keep my mouth closed, so they can't see the shining  
They think it was Z-Ro, cause all they seen was diamonds  
I'm cold as a deep freeze, with bags of ice in it  
My 3-57 pretty, but ain't nothing nice in it  
Too many bitches, and not enough rubbers  
Got so many, all my real niggaz under the gutter  
Watch a nigga full of life, light close like shutters  
God damn, staying healthy is hard as a mo'fucker

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I got diamonds all in my mouth, in my grill and in my jaws  
Platinum teeth and princess cuts, my mouth is similar to a disco ball  
I'm Paul Wall my smile is blinding, my ice is shining like a chandelier  
I tend to brush my teeth with Windex, just so the glass house mouth shine clear  
I got mo' karats invested with soup, I'm a Texas icon a People's Champ  
Put on your shades when I commits to approach, my mouth is eliminating like a lamp  
It got gold grills and platinum and ice, cause that's how it is in the Lone Star State  
With a cup full of bar in a candy car, and we jamming on a Robert Davis Grey Tape

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Ever since 1999, I had diamonds in my grill  
You just rapping that ain't platinum, homie you need to chill  
Cause you embarrassing Texas, nigga you ain't trill  
Nigga you been on my dick, way befo' you got your deal  
These rappers finally get some fame, and think they got it locked  
After your album flop, nigga you gon be on Koch  
My gear clean, from my ear rings to my pinky ring  
If you ain't spend thirty, tuck in your piece and chain (Southside)

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Blucka-blucka-blucka, that's how my gun go  
If I'm looking agitated, bitch you better run hoe  
I use to do the baguettes, but now I'm VS-1's though  
Princess cuts straight up and down, Johnny done those  
I got loud ice, just like Paul Wall  
Shining down South, brighter than all y'all  
When it's time to get your jewelry done who do y'all call  
Cause you fellas ain't shining at all, check me out  
On the first and fifteenth, I'm some'ing like a pimp  
Even with a suspended license, still finna flip  
Ain't no limit to this cash, ain't nothing I can't get  
5 deuce Hoova Cuz ain't nothing like a Crip  
Ride with a Revolve', I don't fuck with clips  
These roach ass niggaz, trying to make me bust my chips  
But I'm not a bank, I don't even trust my bitch  
I'm from the South, and I got diamonds in my mouth

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