

Here We Go

Z-Ro

It's boss hogg Kyleon, and I'm fuckin' with the king
We bout to drop a fo' in a twenty ounce blue cream
I place the order out in cali. for the p.t.
We get money while you niggas still asleep, and a
It's three in the morning, in the kitchen cooking oz.s
Block to bleed, niggas to feed, if I drop' em on 12
comin back 21
It's 80 sippers out the book, I move' em one by one
See my hands is fast, my cook game raw
I don't need no pyrex, gimme a coffe mug jar
And I whip it to the left, whip it to the right
Move it all around till they cook it air tight
Let it dry, pop it out the jar, straight to the scale
Wrap it up in plastic, straight to the mail
It's boss hogg Kyleon, nigga Mike D
Bleeds the block cause I am the streets

Here we go
Kyleon and the King of the Ghetto
Nigga we ain't got no love for you hoes
All we tryna do is keep collecting dough
Go get it, and come back get that white as snow
Candied doors, yeah they open up and close
Run up on us bitch you won't run up no more
Cause we will slide yo bitch ass across the flo, flo,
flo

I know y'all rappers can't stand
The fact that I'm back fresh outta jail
Also focused on nothin but makin my mail
Ain't got no time to waste, cause the rap game is damn
near dead
Kyleon and the King of the Ghetto, came to raise rap
from it's death bed
Every song they play on the radio is bullshit homie
Them niggas got they blow up, but we got that good shit
homie
Matter fact you might even overdose
Cause I've been known to cause blood clots
I should been known to be a killa, but a bitch killa I
never was not
I've always kept it real, even when everbody around me
was fake
They don't make like me no more, my kind don't break
under pressure
It's death before dishonor nigga
So that means before a rat, like mickey mouse

I'll be another job for the grave digger
I ain't going back behind the fences with the razors
If I'm locked up in the penitentiary, I can't make no
paper
So the last time I went, was the last time I'm ever
gone be in
Instead of a 5 by 6 cell then a big brick home, that's
what I live in...

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Now every time I ride, I got a pistol on my side
Screwed Up Click until it's over on the Southside
I keep my mind on my money, and money on my mind
I ain't got no time no play, I'm on a 24 hour grind
Haters wanna see me fallin off of my game
They hatin' cause when they see me I'm havin thangs
Dig these blues, if you jack me, I'm jacking you back
24/7 on my clothes, I keep my hand on my strap...

See I'm somethin like a playa, somethin like a pimp
Gangsta strut on when when I limp like this
Is re-turn of rapper slash the hood fella
Lookin for a rap to get my groove back like Stella
Still got a sack of that A-1 good yella
With a baby glock, ready to rock up out fellas
Hit me on the cella, ain't a damn thang change
Yeah, (you know me) nigga I'm still the drank man...

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