

# I Found Me

Z-Ro

Man fuck y'all

Nigga fuck all y'all  
Fuck all these niggaz, and fuck all these hoes  
If I needed a ride, I called on niggaz  
If I wanted some ass, I called on hoes  
But not no mo' though, I get around in a tinted out fo' do'  
And ain't got no mix to motion, is a fa sho thang  
Don't fuck with Ro hoe, I done lost all of my love  
Razor blade to the wrist, damn near lost all of my blood  
This is to all my thugs, fuck ya'll niggaz  
Y'all just come around, cause I got them drugs  
When all my drugs gone, nigga all my thugs gone  
And I'm scared to eat, the last of the bread and the butter  
Because after that, all the god damn bud gone  
I'm a mo'fucking struggler, I wish I was a bubbler  
Mama said that, it would it be days like this  
But not a life like this, so I take a knife like this and slice like this  
Take life like this, fuck around and I take my own life like this  
Or click me a bitch nigga, in the windpipe like this  
That's right bitch, I'm a ignorant son of a bitch  
And I do click quick, it might be halves and zones  
To break a nigga bones, but never be stones and sticks  
I ain't the shit bitch, I'm the motherfucking commode  
And fuck everybody that ain't Z-Ro, that's on my soul  
Finally, I found me

Man fuck, finally I found me  
Man fuck you hoes, I found me  
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I use to be a cool cat  
Now a victim of the blues cat  
I got tired of motherfuckers, taking a nigga for granted  
All I got is my mind, I can't lose that  
I'ma use that, even though a nigga mind gone  
It ain't lost, cause I know where it's at  
Just on another level than boys, around here  
For the paper stack, cause I'ma go where it's at  
I sound like a (big nigga), but I'm a (lil nigga)  
Damn though, some of y'all try to bo'guard  
Piss a nigga off and get that ass caught, late night  
On the backstreets, hollin' oh Lord  
It ain't no mercy, I still wanna see you bleed  
Because, I don't give a damn no more  
Niggaz see 3D-2, and but hollin' out fuck you hoes  
Finally, I found me

It's still Guerilla Maab, and ain't a damn thang changed  
I just peeped the game, and these niggaz be shife  
Over the years, I seen a lot of niggaz turn fake  
Riding thick on the cool, and then I have to erase  
You see me and the Maab, done learned without a thang  
Man most of these niggaz, be around for the fame  
It ain't no more love, therefor if you ain't kin  
And if you get up in mine, you gon meet your end

I'm one of a kind, I think you better check yourself  
And it don't mean a damn thang, if I shake your hand  
If I ain't too enthused, and I got on a mean mask  
You better stay on note, cause I'll beat your ass  
It's Guerilla Maab this, and Guerilla Maab that  
I think you better get back, and shut the fuck up  
For you straight step off, and get fucked up  
Nigga Trae and Dougie D and Z-Ro, take nuts  
So don't come around now bitch  
When you showed everybody, all kinds of love  
And I ain't got none left, didn't nobody wanna care  
How we thug, that's why I'm fin to be alone till I meet my death  
Everybody we was cool with, fuck you too  
And everybody who was hating us, fuck you too  
It just took a little time, for me to find myself  
And that's why we getting rich off ourself

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Better watch your back, and identify yourself  
Nigga one mo' step, and I'ma cock back every weapon  
I pack, fuck around and fr-fry yourself  
A punk ass patty melt, no remorse gon be felt  
When I be dealing, with a less than G individual  
Nothing but a AK shot, is gon be felt  
I never did trust no bitch, and I don't trust no nigga  
Fuck all of my associates, but in a life of a life  
This motherfucker like me, you get what you suppose to get  
Pussy in the middle of the fo'head, I wanna see my foes dead  
And I smoke, one of these old busted up ass hoes  
Old trailer trash ass hoes, I live life one deep  
And I don't speak to the Nankeen no mo', nigga they know  
Coming around my neck of the woods, is a no-no  
Cause I got a 4-4, lay low please  
Everytime I open my mouth, mo'fuckers would never believe  
That's why a nigga trip a lil bit, with a razor blade  
And the reason, I wear long sleeves  
Y'all can't help me, I don't want your help  
I just want some, leave me alone  
I don't wanna go to the club, I'm cool in the streets  
Bitch, just leave me to roam  
Don't call my cell phone, give folk don't give a damn  
If I get one in my dome, fuck you dealing  
Y'all don't understand my zone, finally I found me

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