

I Just Wanna Say

Z-Ro

I just wanna say fuck you
for all the bitch ass shit you do
don't won't me and my people to come thru
dressed in all black
we came here to handle that, so where the fuck ya'll
niggas at
I just wanna say fuck you
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we came here to handle that, so where ya'll coward
asses at

Use to be my homie, but you stole from me like you
didn't know me
with friends like you-now wonder I don't have homies
'Cause I was down like four flats without a jack for ya
instead of robbin ya enemy-you attacked ya brother
now go run and tell all ya people that I'm actin' funny
don't forget to tell 'em what you stole-that's that gas
money
I would've took a bullet for you bro-but fuck you
though
nowadays niggas ain't shit, but ya'll already know
I can do bad on my own
but when I'm earnin' I'm one deep I get my cash on my
own
I don't need no assistance-keep a creese in my slacks
only teflon bullets, and all the pistols I pack
crispy highs in the front, big ole bang in the back
grape cigarillo blunt, big ole buds in the sack
Screw blue candy paint-tell me what's fuckin wit' that
I don't trust none of my people-keep my hands on my
strap
straight like that.....

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Don't want no woman-I would rather be a gigilo
no feelings involved, call me Mr.hit that hoe
she got it twisted, cause I'll be damned if I kiss that
hoe
Mo City, Texas and we be damned if we don't get that
dough
lookin so fly, homie-my gators have eyes
I bet I won't ride in it, if it ain't been customized

Twenty-thousand worth of all these diamonds in my mouth
and he do my tats-I get my shit done at the house
fuck waitin in a line-cause I'm in my own lane
ya'll keep doin what ya'll doin, I'll do my own thing
I'm ahead of the game, might as well be the coach
shootin' spiders off that glass-so I'm rollin' on fo's
homie it's so much smoke, I can reach out and touch it
I'm high then a bitch but always on my note in-public
I do what I do to get paid, most my people love it
with my niggas spendin' whatever I want, you better not
touch it
I'm hustlin.....

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