

## 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  
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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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