

I'm A Gangsta

Z-Ro

What it do, this one for all you hoe ass niggaz
You niggaz claim to be down, we been doing this nigga
We been out here sliding niggaz, we been out here doing boys
Been out here wrecking, you niggaz ain't shit
Hoe ass niggaz, make a nigga slide your bitch ass
Under a closed do' nigga, you got us fucked up

When it get gangsta, I don't see too many niggaz repping they set
But in front of these dog ass hoes, they rep it to death
There go Z-Ro the Crooked, better put some pep in your step
You ain't got enough insurance, to get yourself in a wreck
I put a cease on all breathing, when I squeeze my weapon
Better hope God cut for ya, cause you gon need that blessing
Somebody save him, it's gon take all of his homies to help him
And if he run, it ain't gon take but three of these to catch him
I'm dedicated to the delivery, of a Smith & Wesson
While keeping it under cover, to keep authorities guessing
Who did it when it happened, real niggaz don't make a scene
Bitch niggaz publicize it, and end up with ten to fifteen
Talking about how they done crept up, on a nigga from the blind
Couldn't even acknowledge they presence, they cowards in my eye
Right before I merk me a nigga, he don't know who hit him
Before I pull the trigger, I let him see my face and then I send him

I'm a gangsta, pussy niggaz better stay up out my way
Frown on my face, I'm holding my AK
Handling bidness, digging ditches everyday hey
I'm a gangsta, pussy niggaz better stay up out my way
I'ma be checking niggaz, till I'm old and grey
Serious bidness, that nigga Z-Ro he don't play hey

Ever since I was a youngster, bagging them grams up
I've seen so many times, in the back of the squad car in them handcuffs
Playing for a blue van, cause if it's red nigga that's FED
I guess it's back to drank and pretties, and eating at Jack Mack's Red
But I'd rather be free, up in the streets collecting money
From weed to drank, a long currensy just like Bun B
There go the the laws my nigga, don't let em see you hit the weed
Cause we get more than a misdemeanor, for assault rifles and cheese
Yeah I'm rapping motherfucker, but I'm still on the block
Just cause you see me on the T.V., don't mean I stopped punching the clock
That's fa sho money, I ain't seen a royalty yet but I get show money
By any means necessary, Z-Ro gotta get some mo' money
Now cheuffer's open up do's for me, it's just like Burger King
Motherfuckers love my rap and got hypnotized, the first time they heard me s
ing
That's why I'm able to purchase Afghanic by the pound, and a lot of drank
And to y'all jackers this ain't a glock bitch, when it pop it's out of tank

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These days, I roll alone it's just my heater with me

Fuck all of these females, my heavleck is my main hoe so I keep her with me
Everytime she speaks, she leave bloody white sheets
And I got a rambo knife, sharp enough to cut straight to the white meat
Make me use it on ya, take it out take a breather then reuse it on ya
It's on you I could murder your ass, or drop some murder music on ya
And fuck that Hollywood shit, I'm from the corner
Newport Short box, and a cup of coedine fuck a Corona
I'ma be grooving it, till the world stop moving y'all know what that mean
C walking in blue and black All-Stars, with blue and black strings
A short sleeve Dickie top, with the bulletproof up underneath
Den Den you ain't no Crip nigga you's a bitch, cause you won't come to me
Talk that shit in my face, you been talking behind my back
I'm so confident that I'ma beat your ass, I ain't gotta be behind my strap
To that nigga Killa Kyleon, stay in your place
If I wanted to get you, I'd send bitches with razors to play in your face

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