

Imposters

Z-Ro

Y'all niggaz ain't real, y'all impostures
Matter fact fake is a disease, y'all need doctors
If that's the case, I promise I ain't never had a cold
Real is healthy, been like that since I was zero years old
Y'all niggaz ain't real, y'all impostures
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You boys playing gangsta roles, y'all deserve an Oscar
Soon as they handcuff ya, you telling em all about us

Talkative ass nigga, won't you shut the fuck up
Every morning you say about thirty words, before you get the fuck up
Talking bout I seen so and so, counting a couple hundred thousand
And when so and so get robbed, you can blame it on all your mouthing
Go to Channel 2, fill out an application be on the news crew
Cause doing that for free in these streets, is what a damn fool do
Telling the wrong person, well homie had his money hidden
Think it's making homie look good, but setting him up is what he did
I don't need your big eyed ass, looking at what I'm doing
And I don't need your big mouth ass, talking bout what I'm doing
Mind your bidness, I'm a professional at doing that
My name good in the hood, can't let you pussy niggaz ruin that

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Ain't Z-Ro in that condo downtown, by the Toyota Center
All you do is gossip like a bitch bro, you are no beginner
Telling niggaz I drop out twenty bands, on that grey van
But Mr. McVey the only one, need to know what's in Mr. McVey's hand
Lonely ass niggaz, trying to get me at the red light
They wanna follow me home, cause you told em I got my bread right
Pillow talking with them bitches, like girl I know Ro
Matter fact I sold him that Bentley, you seen the fo' do'
Pair of lips crossed out in a circle, should be your logo
Ain't no listeners around here, no snitching allowed
Weren't you suppose to keep a secret, you gon' mention out loud
But I bet ya be quiet, right after you get your brains knocked out and shut up

(2x):

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