

Jaccers Wanna Know

Z-Ro

When I'm rolling chrome
You can get one in your dome
Bitch nigga, your cover is blown

I got the cut dog sitting low, outside front do'
This how a Texas boy, ride on 84's
Yeah, I'm the whole pint sipper
Candy paint tipper, plus wood grain gripper
Hit downtown, and squash all the plex
They like damn, there's Z-Ro and Mike D and T-Rex
It's welcome to H-Town, it's 3rd Ward talking
When the hog go to the barking, y'all niggaz know to park it
All that extra etcetera, y'all don't want no problem
This thang under my waist, came here to solve it
A nigga jack me, I'll jack you back
Cause it's a must I roll Lac, with the fifth in the back
Hear them old school playing, with a whole bunch of money
Still do it in these streets, like I'm young and just start coming
The Black Victor new mayn, straight out of Screwston
Rolling on chrome, tell them haters bring it on Ro

Jackers wanna know, what I'm holding on
When I'm rolling chrome
You can get one, in your dome
Bitch nigga, your cover is blown

Now whenever I'm seen in the city, I'm looking so grown
Either the Crentley or the van, I'm on top of something so chrome
Candy blue paint on my car, candy blue paint on my van
I know it look like diamonds on the steering wheel, but they on my hand
Just look at my piece and chain, ain't this proof that I'm having thangs
But dude I tell ya back up, and with the mac soon as you snatch it mayn
End up just like Showtyme, he got robbed bout three or fo' times
Bling-blinging ain't for everybody baby, but Ro gon' shine
Pardon me if you don't mind, Mo City my stomp ground
Use to call us pretty niggaz, until we started leaving chalk outlines
Tote big pistols and walk round, and seek out those who talk down
Run up in em like a dildo, then spray the place lay the law down
Ain't none of my riches come for free, I broke my back to make it
And since my spine still hurting, I'll be damned if anybody's taking
Anything I worked hard fo', when I slaved over the stove
What you see me with go inside the box with me, fuck you hoes ah-ha

I bought a Cadillac, dropped it on the street top
Think it was '88 I start slanging crack rock, yeah
Same year, was the birth of Corleone
Caught me sliding up Main, by Camroe on chrome
Grill under my woman, see me when I'm coming
Looking for you haters, with my 18's humming
I was crawling hurting, breaking up the strip
Chrome 84's, hell yeah they been dipped nigga

A message to anybody, in a candy coated fo' do'
Fucking with a fast food drive through, is a no-no
Get done like Kane did ol' boy, in that Mustang
In Menace II Society, die or give it up quietly
Hold what you got, gon' bring them 84's out a lot

Jackers'll find out where you lay your head, and be at your spot
That's why my pistol be in my lap, when I be rolling
It's not playa to leave home rolling, and come back strolling