

## King of the Ghetto

Z-Ro

Z-Ro, king of the ghettoooooooo

Once upon a time, not long ago  
There was a hustling motherfucker, with a cold ass flow  
Everytime he hit the studio, his beeper go off  
He left the beef to get his cheese, by selling people that raw  
With a pistol on his right side, and one in his back  
I-10 again and again, from running that crack  
Girlfriend kept complaining, cause he never at home  
So he told her deal with it bitch, or get the fuck on  
It was money over bitches, on his mind  
Plus all of his partnas, thought that he would never shine  
The number be 15 and 5, up in the kitchen  
He could do it straight up, or he could do it with a whipping  
But then came a drought, and then he put his first album out  
Decided to do it full time, cause record stores kept selling out  
Still in the game, cocaine on top of the brain  
From the studio to the streets, Z-Ro is everything

Z-Ro, king of the ghettoooooooo (2x)

King of the ghetto, I'm sitting on my throne  
Got a red light, sitting on my chrome  
Ridgemont Texas, representing  
With a taper fade, sitting on my dome  
I mash niggaz, and I trash niggaz  
When it come down, to the cash nigga  
Beat that ass, in a flash nigga  
Pistol play, and I'ma blast nigga  
Gangstafied, from Goderhead  
All day long, I chase my bread  
But on the low, I don't fuck with FED's  
Cause a snitch nigga, get dressed in red  
Shut up bitch, she look so lie  
But they don't know, she'll take your life  
Not giving a fuck, or get fucked up  
And end up dead, with your dick in the sky  
Go my way, we gon have fun  
Instead of happiness, we have done  
About our business, corrupting our kidneys  
All that codeine, weed and drugs  
I'm leaning ove