

## Love It

Z-Ro

Uh...

You can't assassinate my character, unless you bring them big guns  
May have made a mockery of men before me, but not this one  
It's gon' stop here, murder 24/7 around the clock here  
Dropping music is cool, but I'ma make a body drop here  
Stupid don't bring a glock here, better bring a bazooka  
Cause lil' chil'ren ain't coming out to play, they coming to shoot ya  
This is where I'm from, even the dope fiends'll touch ya  
I represent Missouri City, now how could I be a buster  
Even when it's a sunny day, I rain on parades  
An angel of death in bulgari glasses, and a taper fade  
Dickie top Dickie bottom, and some house shoes  
This is what I'm wearing, when I'm coming to bring the woman up out you  
I'm making me a list, and I'm checking it twice  
With my AK, plus the banana clip I'm Santa tonight  
But when I'm coming down your chimney, ain't dropping off I'm taking  
Bet I make more than the news, this is history in the making

I'ma walk it like I talk it, whether private or in public mayn  
My life is my bidness, if you ain't God you can't touch it mayne  
I ain't worried about being a underdog, I love it mayn  
My attitude is fuck it, and motherfuckers love it

I'm nothing else but a G pedigree, bulldog gutter breed  
Ridgemont M.O.C., till them hoes cover Flea  
23's in the T plack, if I'm looking for my enemies strapped  
You fin to see a jack  
A trap for a rat, a corner for this crack  
Dope fiends we in a act, so paper I'm fin to stack  
You looking for them real O.G.'s, my niggaz that  
Cause real G's stay low key, and roll strapped  
Street on the map, the heat in my lap  
If you move I'ma snap, hoe you smooth on your back  
My dogs don't play by rules, you do the math  
I keep it one hundred, for niggaz that can't add  
Your present is your past, you niggaz done forgot where you came from  
And I ain't gon', help you find your way back  
I call it like I see it, on some real shit  
And I can tell you what it is, cause I live this nigga

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I remember when the radio station, didn't wanna play me  
Now every Thursday through Saturday, somebody club pay me  
They telling J. Prince, I don't handle my bidness and I'm lazy  
Twenty albums in nine years, they smoking and they crazy  
I'm charging ten thousand a show, that's 120 a month  
Well over one million every 3-65, yeah that's what's up  
I'm claiming King of the Ghetto Entertainment, cause I'm down with me  
When I die, that's the label I'm taking in the ground with me  
I keep them automatic rounds with me  
I don't need security, I hope somebody get out of line and clown with me  
You don't wanna see me, with my forehead bald up

Cause that's when the police, and ambulances get called up  
Let it be somebody I never met, even a relative  
Forgive me for sinning Jesus, you know I ain't gon' let em live  
Asshole, I'm the walking definition of it  
Cause my attitude is fuck it, and motherfuckers love it bitch

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Haha, King of the Ghetto Entertainment  
Slash Rap-A-Lot Records, Z-Ro the Crooked  
Z-Ro the motherfucking Mo City Don  
And I'm fucking with my hood nigga, Lil' Flea  
The boss dog, he representing Street motherfucking Military  
That's right nigga, free Pharaoh nigga  
R.I.P. Butterboy huh