

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