

## Made

Z-Ro

Ever since my early teens I've been a loc on these streets  
'Gold is for twenty four I go for broke on these streets  
My flow is a young Mike Tyson I put the hit on niggas  
And even when I'm countin' off I still spit on niggaz  
No super friends I smoke purple stuff alone in my room  
That cush made me leave my body I was gone in my room  
Mad swangas, to mo no blocks, I switch cars like socks  
Either it's somethin' with the roof missin', or a hard white to  
p

Remember me, I'm the one they laughed at in all my classes  
Now what they spend on a house I blow on designer glasses  
Even without a platinum plaque, this ain't cappin',  
I'm just tellin' you what my life like, so this ain't rappin'  
Don't you ever tell the captain, that my money ain't right  
I'm a have to pay money, to spray money, cause money ain't righ  
t  
No more throwin' no bodies, so I can stand on these streets  
I got an army behind me, cause I'm the man on these streets

I did some time locked down, but now I'm back on these streets  
Here to save ya'll from all this wack rap on these streets  
I left ya'll with I'm still livin, provin' I wasn't dead  
If you wonder why I'm out early, my lawyer got his bread  
Much love to my industry homies, who didn't forget about me  
Paul Wall, Pimp C and my partner Flip-eraci

But since I do business with Rap A Lot the feds watch me  
But I'm like Shaq up under the backboards you can't stop me  
When I was hustlin' no police could find a rock near me  
Now that I ain't hustlin' they can see all of my rocks clearly  
B S foldas, ava smokas, these are of Joseph  
Known to catch you in the club flee and make women wanna come c  
loser  
Homie don't get it twisted cause you see me on a poster  
You disrespect me, the magnum come out the holsta like it's 'sp  
osed ta

Man on these streets  
I don't give a fuck cause I'm the man on these streets  
I'm a hitman, whatever I'm aimin' at I hit man  
After I hit her she can't stand up without a kickstand  
Not a special kind of fool, just hit her with the mule  
If she find the itch to set me up, I'll hit her with the tool  
I got a daughter to raise, I ain't tryin' to leave  
Plus all this money I'm makin' you think I ain't tryin' to brea  
the  
Inhale exhale... now that's better

Over eight hundred thousand independent now that's cheddar