

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