

Never Been

Z-Ro

The less I fuck with you niggas, the better I feel
Don't know no nothin' else what I can be if I wasn't
real
I borrowed those lines from Plies, that's just how I
feel
Brass knuckles and a 38 with a beam, that's just how I
chill
AK-47 and a ski mask, that's how I kill
Professional drank'a' my nigga, my cup will never spill
Where I'm from, the police is the only thing I'll run
from
Only thang on my mind is money, and what bitch I can
get some from
I ain't never been a bitch, don't know how to be a hoe
Only thing I know how to do is collect my dough
So if you owe me money, pay me on time
8-7-tre-4-2-4, death before dishonor on mine
Me be a punk, I would have to leave this world for that
Matter fact my momma coulda' had a girl for that
If I hold my hands a certain when I'm in the courtroom
That could guarantee me walkin' out of the courtroom
Ain't no other rapper got a set of skills like Ro got
I swear I'm half a man and half machine, call me Ro-bot
You ain't gotta wonder if Z-Ro gon' ever sell out, Z-Ro
not
From Greenspoint to Mo-City, Texas, all of that's Ro
block
Kick door burglars started in my hood, so watch yo'
door lock
Kick that bitch in, roll in yo' shit, take everything
and then roll out
That was '94, I was hiding out, homicide was trying to
find me
Ain't that a bitch, now I got my whole city and state
behind me
I'm cool as a popsicle, in the freezer, in the winter
time
But I'm a damn fool and a half about respect, so give
me mine
Uhhh, so when they lay me in my hole
They gon' say that was a man right there homie, I put
that on my soul

I ain't never been a bitch or don't know how to be a
hoe
Only thing I know how to do is go get the dough
The cheese, the bread, the feria, lucci
Hoe I just want what's in your purse, you can keep the
cuchi
I ain't never been a bitch or don't know how to be a
hoe
Only thing I know how to do is go get the dough, Heyy
Even if they kill me I ain't going no where
Turn up the volume to the radio, I'll be right there

(Ro-Pac) It feels so good to be free, I ain't even
thinkin' bout a penitentiary

Apple sauce and yellow grits, that ain't breakfast
T-bone steak and eggs back in Screwed Up Texas
Ain't a thang change, everything still the same
Haters still hate the gangbangers still bang
But we still fuck with it, lil' body that's makin'
change
Snitches still need a record deal cuz they still sang
You ain't no woman, you a bitch to me
And a friend, still ain't shit to me
Everytime I make a hundred thousand dollars, here they
come
If I'm doing bad, they the ones I don't here from
Y'all niggas ain't real like Hawk and Screw
And since y'all ain't them, y'all the ones I'm talkin'
too
Y'all niggas ain't shit, y'all pussies and some tits
But got the nerve to say you a blood or a crip
First one to set trip, but the first one to run
Own six or seven guns, but you never shot one
I praise towards the sun everyday before I'm done
When it rain on me it ain't water, its money by the ton
I'm only one man with an Earth worth of foes
They hate me in the hood, in public and at my shows
If looks can kill I die when they ride by
But ask them why they hate me and they don't know why
Send a playa through hell and back, then they sent me
to prison
But check me out homie I'm free and I'm still livin'
So many women and men don't want me to win
I got God, that's why they bullets can't break my skin
Roll foreign in the winter, American in the spring
Any other time a playa, stretch Hummer limousine
Whether you see me in person, or in a magazine
I keep bags of purple, ain't no mo' bags of green
I'm white t-shirt, white wands and blue jeans
The MVP and the only player on my team
The female scream cuz I'm the man of they dreams
I'm represented by my piece, chain, watch and my ring
Yea I'm on the radio, yea I'm on the television
But never sellin' my soul is the most important mission
No mo' whippin chickens up in the kitchen, nigga please
If I ain't pimpin my bitches, then I must be over seas
I drop a lot of CD's, that's how I make cheese
So much ice in my mouth, my breath is a cool breeze
Pardon my rainbow, a playa just had to sneeze
My game tight 360 degrees
I ain't a fresh prince, I'm a muthafuckin' king
This ain't a pistol, this is a muthafuckin' machine
50 caliber brown, and this is something you never seen
Big enough to hit when it miss, and it don't need a
beam
I shake a lot of hands, walk across a lot of stages
My signature at the bottom of a lot of pages
Even without a diamond I still shine bright
And I hog the lime light, that's because I rhyme tight
Kush keep my mind right, cuz I stress so bad
Sometimes I lose my temper and get so mad
But a voice say, "Ro, focus and get yo' cash"
You wanna know if I do that, you better bet yo' ass,
BEOTCHH!!!