

Nigga From The Hood

Z-Ro

Just a nigga from the hood, that's looks some good
Now they all want to to jock my fame
When I coming down in my ?born?
And I'm rolling one deep that should tell you about me
I don't give a damn about none of you hoes
I blast on sight cause I ain't tripping no more

You can't knock my hustle, ain't no games gone be played
Even haters a hundred miles away, deuce out they shades
Coming down one deep, I ain't gone stop and try to speak
I keep on rolling mean mugging as I pull on a sweet
I gave a cool package of sellers, because I knocked down yellas
Keep a 4 for myself and a 4-4 for the jealous
Cause them boys be scoping, intoxicated and hoping
That they run up on Z-Ro I leave they flesh wide open
Let them take me for what, cause I be damned if I slip
Beretta beam in the club same thang on my hip
Another case like that, if you don't think I bring that
Run on up and I'ma bust and flip your brain like crack

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Nothing but dollars we clock, show after show we gone rock
Pimpin hoes in the five double o and baby mamas gone jock
What the fuck is the deal, somebody pass me the kill
Rubatussin and marijuana, and tylenol pills
Don't let a snitch see my dope, cause the snitches gone squeel
If they play with my freedom, you know a coffin gone feel
Niggas be working with louds, I'm gone work on they jaws
Putting snitches in ditches cause I know they be talking bout
Every move that I make, that's why I be solo when I bake
Cooking up in the kitchen come up with a ounce with no flakes
Cause when I say get back, before my finger start itching
Better believe when I relieve my stress you might come up missing
I don't be kissing no ass, take a hit and dump the ash
I'ma chop on 20's with sparkling oak on my dash
I'm too low to descirbe, out the Screwed Up tribe
Read about it in the Source, Murda Dog and the Vibe

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Remember back in 94 they use to laugh at me baby
Now it's year two triple o broads be after me baby
Can you recall when I was sparkling now I hide behind 10
Cause being in a drop with a escallade I know you want to know where I went
I got a bitch named Lucy, for me she sell her coochie
Finest in the vagina for lunch when I feel like sushi

See it to the day we fall, we ball out of control
Everyday at my low key location hoes fall out of they clothes
Range Rovers and Hummers, 45 glock gunner
Plus I'm a pen pimping veteran, smelling plex among new comers
How you love a platinum plack it means I'm already gold
It ain't no joke I'm in the scope, five hundred thousand already sold
I'm throwed off in the mind, mic and producer and booms no ?reap? in the win
e
Smoke to relax my mind, radio songs go lemon lime
Fuck a neuse a niggas might go thet there to the po po why pop it
Giving out my phone number on the daily cause it won't hurt my pocket

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Man, what's the god damn deal, Southside, Northside, Eastside, Westside
It's your boy Z-Ro, knocking down the door in year two triple o
S.U.C. for life, screw you, it's for you baby
Heavy Weighters, my nigga Toon, R-O, Big M-O-E
Z to the Ro, Geurilla Maab affilliated, know what I'm saying
Putting it down, new millenium it's ours, get that baby