

No Games

Z-Ro

I'm from Missouri City Texas, Ridgemont to be exact
Where you haters come, to get your wig stomped
And 9-1-1 is just a number, cause the laws ain't coming
We all got glock 40's, and let em thump
So before, I sell my soul
A nigga like me'll do my whole sentence, with no parole
Damn it I'm tired of falling short, everytime I set a goal
But if we get pulled over I'm gon claim what's mine
ain't gon try to act like I don't know who it's fo'
Y'all niggaz be telling lies, straight up snitching
Probably piss sitting down cause y'all women, with your make-
up on switching
Me I stand up on ten toes, won't fall for nothing
Fuck a percentage I need the total, it's all or nothing
I never ran from anybody, a coward I can't be that
Or get beat the fuck up by one of these hoe ass niggaz, I just can't see tha
t
I'm the King of the Ghetto mayn, they call me Z-Ro
Yeah it's cool to take a picture, but don't fuck with me hoe cause uh

Z-Ro, don't play no games-games
Hell naw, I don't play no games-games
Stash spot for my burner, in my car do' mayn-mayn
Yeah I'm rapping, but I'm still trapping stacking that dope mayn-mayn

If you hang with haters, you might pick up some of they produty
Since I love me how I am, one deep is how I gotta be
If ends don't make his best friend, the victim of a robbery
So I don't expect none of my people, to ride or die for me
I handle my own beef, I don't need back-up
Cause if they talking bout jumping me, I'm raising my gat up
See all I have in this world, is my balls and my pride
Fuck talking about you behind your back, I'm trying to see your eyes
Then I say something, unlike these mark ass niggaz because they stay bumping

Telling motherfuckers they whip, but can't afford to lay away something
And every bad bitch come around, they swear they had em
But when they close enough to touch, niggaz won't reach out and grab em
I ain't never, had to lie on my poll
Cause everytime it get swoll, I select something to fold and leave it swoll
Hope she don't try to go through my pockets, when I'm asleep though
Yeah it's cool to bump and grind, but don't fuck with me hoe cause uh

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I talk like and walk like, a gangsta my nigga
One in the chamber, in case I meet up with danger my nigga
You fail to plan, then you plan to fail
I plan on receiving residuals, from all my record sales
I stand on stages alone, just me and the microphone
Do one of your favorite songs, take some pictures then I'm gone
Instead of going to a mansion, I'm headed back to the block
It's time to get the trap cracking, I move marijuana and crack rock
Not saying that you're bad, for saying I'm chasing cash

Cause depending on rap money, I'd be broke and on my ass
Whatever I gotta do, to stay up on my feet
It's a guarantee I'ma do it, until I see me deceased
Now if you do some hoe shit in front of me, I'ma let you know
And if it hurts you to hear it, don't come around a real nigga no mo'
Take your feelings out your pockets, cause it means nothing to Z-Ro
Yeah y'all can make motherfucker feel guilty, but not me though