

## One Two

Z-Ro

Screwed up click for life Z-Ro tha crooked aka tha king of the ghetto but ya  
'll can call me rotha vandross this year though ya digg  
Anyway mayne I'm just out here tryna shake tha mothafucken pot & pull a doll  
a out u nawmtalknbout?  
Everyday all day heavy not small pay niggah what

Ha haaa... uhh I wake up early in tha evening around 5:30 or 6  
My nextel beepin from all tha calls I missed,  
Brush my grill until it looks like what's around my wrist  
Drop some kush in tha cigarillo and then give it a twist,  
Pull out black t-shirt baige dickie pants black house shoes can't forget my  
bandana to give'em tha blues,  
Open up the safe and grab some paper  
Call foward and hit sportsclips and let em know I need anotha tapah,  
Call one up of tha smokas to was my ride just like at the  
Just like at tha carwash but he gon do it right outside,  
I don't kick it with fellas I kick it with broads  
Fellas act like females so why not kick it with a women from tha start,  
My mind marinated full of liquor remember me in the hoodoo with expired tags  
& stickas  
But I'm on swangas today and everything is blue over gray,  
Look out Houston Tx Z-Ro is on his way I'm a let the top down

I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a niggah do)  
I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a niggah do)  
Nigaaa... iiiiiiiim gon let tha top down even tho I'm on 4s I ain't swangin  
rather roll cruise control  
As tha cigarillo bloows cell phone ringin traffic light chaangaan...

Is a sunday screwd up day outside might as well pull out tha candy slab it's  
time to riiide  
It go from candy blue to purple right before ya eyes  
And they think I'm slippn but I keep them pipes on my siiide  
Grippin woodgraaain homie if ya love ya like I'm run up on me maaayne  
You damn right I'm a legend in tha gaaame  
It's Billy Cook and that niggah Joseph waaaayne  
Yeah we accept check and loose chaaaange  
Cause tha ghetto is where we come from  
The same place boogie bitches run from  
Since the beginning I had a piss poor hand  
But I turned it to a winner you haters don't understand  
Minimum wage niggah now earnin a hundred grand  
I can pay my own way got my own money maayne  
B.I.L.L.Y C.O.O.K. in a foreign car now I was in tha droppa yesterdaay

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Just like big hawk my cup is full of something bubbulaay  
And I'm on the boulevard acting ugggulaay,  
But I'm not swangin in & outa my lane speakin of my trunk and tha gorillas i  
nside it just makin it bang

If a jacka comes my way I load my AK  
Don't think I won't spray it's gon be yo last day  
I work too damn hard for mine 24/7 on tha grind all you gon end up with is a  
hard time  
From I-10 to beltway 8-59 south to purchase a sack of the lemon lime & I'm o  
ut  
About to roll to my homegirl house  
Her man trippin cuz he think I got her strippin, but we jus flippin  
And aint no club hoppin even if tha club poppin I'm'a pass neva even take my  
foot of tha gas headed to tha studio to drop a couple of songs when I'm fin  
ish we gon bound to continued to roooam and let tha top doooowwn  
  
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