

Phuq With Me

Z-Ro

(fuck with me), if you ready to leave earth
I'll get your flight arrangement together, just let me squeeze first
(fuck with me), I was your punching bag homie
Now that I put on the gloves, I'm killing ya'll with just a bunch of jabs ho
mie
(fuck with me), no need for power punches to your face
If I bring it from the shoulders, I might catch a murder case
(fuck with me), and I'ma get back at ya real quick
It won't be a hit song, it's gon' be a real hit
It was six hundred ways to die, and I chose em all
So when I retaliate, all of my foes gon' fall
Since they be running when they see me, I murder them on my cd
Otherwise, I receive a new spin number from TDC
And I know, I'm 'spose to hold what I got
But I'm a ass whipping waiting to happen, whether they know it or not
So don't bother me, let me lay back in my luxury
Cause the quickest way to the grave, is when you fuck with me

(fuck with me), and you won't fuck with nobody no mo'
I'm the last dragon like Bruce Leroy, cause I got the glow
(fuck with me), the way you did it way back then
And there I am with a mack 10, out of a Maybach Benz
(fuck with me), and I'ma let my temperature rise
I'm down with Hoover, you know you don't wanna fuck with them guys
(fuck with me), and witness the meaning of set tripping
Cause you can be from my set, and end up with your chest missing
Think I'm playing or something, or just trying to write a rap
Never leave home without it, even in church I got my strap
Not trying to promote the violence, I'd rather promote the peace
But for me to keep living, somebody might have to D-I-E
I wanna make it to heaven, when the world is at it's end
But I been so evil, I wonder if Jesus gon' let me in
If I don't make it, I'm going where them busters be
For not turning the other cheek, when they fucked with me

(fuck with me), cause I'm way more gangsta than I was
I been selling records for ten, but I'm finally getting my buzz
When you fuck with me, you fucking with the top of the line
Whether gang banging or rapping, I just made it to my prime
(fuck with me), and learn a hard lesson from it
Them nuts you was dragging behind you, bout to swallow up in your stomach
(fuck with me), and you know you going down alright
I won't procrastinate at all, you going down tonight
Z-Ro the murder king
God prolly took the vision from one of my eyes, so I only see half of the mu
rder scene
Trying to save ya'll from me, cause so many days ya'll dummy
But the ones that follow my one deep lifestyle, God made ya'll from me
I'm a celebrity but I ain't fake, I'm still real
I woulda shot you when I was poor, and I promise I still will
(fuck with me), and it's like my nigga C-Nile said
Obituaries gon' get read, I got a price on your head huh