

Quarterback Vision

Z-Ro

Uh homie, you don't really want me to shine
Like Boston George, ain't wanna give up his connect to
Diego
You the type of nigga that wanna come up, but want me
to stay low
The day I leave this bitch in a body bag, is what you
pray fo'
But I'm still living and ya'll haters get mo' mad, with
every breath I take
Sometime I might spill a nigga, but J. Prince clean up
every mess I make
So like my quicker picker upper, that's my bounty nigga
My piss dirty but I ain't smoke, just weed in my
brownies nigga
You don't wan' rump with me, I'm riding with that big
gun
My fifty caliber shoot so far, I call that bitch my
Vince Young
If it's really time to merk you homie, I ain't gon need
a rehearsal homie
Cause it ain't gon be a commercial homie, it's sex
money and murder homie

Call me Vince Young homie, I got quarterback vision
I can see the 5-0's, when they blitzing
I see stick up kids, targeting Z-Ro for the sticking
So it's pistols in every room, every bathroom and both
kitchens
Better go long homie, cause you know I throw long homie
But, you don't wanna catch this pass
Touchdown for the S.U.C., we soldiers united for cash
Touchdown like Reggie Bush on a break away, who gon
catch my ass
I don't know nobody that fast, whoo

I'm feeling so Pimp C right now, call me Roach ass
Yeah your diamonds shine but not like mine, homie
that's your bad
I ain't even a materialistic guy, I don't love money
But you might think I do cause I'll murder you, if you
try to take some from me
Look at you now, you can't even have an open casket you
dumb dummy
And I sleep real good every night, cause ain't none of
the bullets come from me
So don't make me Floyd Mayweather Jr. your ass
Like I was 147 pounds, one hundred AK-47 rounds sit
down
I'm official, like a referee whistling tougher than
bone gristle
Put so much lead in your ass, you can be your own
pencil
Z-Ro the Crooked King of the Ghetto, yeah homie that's
my name
And I'm healthy as a motherfucker, with seventy carats
up in my chain

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Now I ain't never been to 106th & Park, and sat on the
couch
But I'm a legend in this rap, in the South (ah-choo)
Excuse me I'm allergic to bitch niggaz, I'm bitch
niggaz intolerant
So my stomach cramp up, whenever I run into bitch
niggaz
I'm rolling in my Kobe Bryant, on top of Deuce
MacCallister's
I'm always in a fo' do', but I ain't never got no
passengers
Good weed good drank, big money mayn
I don't get along with ya'll fellas, but I get money
mayn
Most of the rappers in my city, wanna see me flop
Cause when I came back home from jail, that's when all
they shows stopped
I got quarterback vision, I ain't never been sacked
And I don't walk with fifty niggaz either, how you love
that

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