

# Soufside Can't Stop

Z-Ro

Uh-huh, Z-Ro the Crooked nigga  
Z-Ro the motherfucking Mo City Don  
And it go down

Southside, we bomb first when we ride  
Swanging on elbows, chopping on choppers that's right  
Cause we real, on a mission to get it can't stop  
Going platinum, everytime another tape drop

It's the return of Z-Ro the Crooked, busting heads strictly for cash  
Taking out contracts on haters, with my beam and a mask  
You can run you can hide, but it ain't no escaping  
I'm a trend setter with a beretta, for real it ain't no faking  
I done showed up and I po'd up, then I blowed up like yeast  
Diamonds slugs up on my teeth, hollerin' violence fuck the peace  
I got a slug for these haters, that's approaching me wrong  
Then I mash off in first class, it ain't no coach in my zone  
Hydro weed to the dome, put up a rag to the chrome  
I'm kinda quick to click so get gone, or catch one to the dome  
Mo City Texas that's my home, but I can roam all over  
So much ghetto love, these cats gone get me full up I'm sober  
Real recognize real, and the fake gone fade away  
Use to selling drugs to get that pay, but God done mad a way  
For me to stack my ends my paper, my moola my feddy  
And caught this world by surprise, I knew you hoes wasn't ready

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What's up young Ro, that's my young nigga  
C.M.G. my click, and my family getting bigger  
Utiful icon, independent cash  
It's the Young Don, get my glock out the stash  
I be riding grey, I never do play  
Southside Houston Texas, that's where I stay  
I do it for my state, Texas on the plate  
And if I sell crack, I'ma move heavy weight  
It's the Young Don, and I'm still a fucking G  
I be riding up the slab, blowing on that tree  
Blowing on that 'ghan, blowing on that kush  
It's the Young Don, and my slab don't need a push  
Do it for the car, do it for the Mo  
Freestyle flow, I ain't never been a hoe  
The South coming back, we coming for the title  
Fat Pat, DJ Screw them still my idols man

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Rolling over the competition, on a mission for the crown  
Ain't no obstacle gonna stop me, cause I'm knocking em all down  
Till I make it to the T-O-P, King of the Ghetto is who Ro be  
You better just back up or get smacked up, you fellas really don't know me  
A total stranger, man filled with anger  
Since busters always tripping, always keep one in the hole  
One deep is how I roll, just me and the calico  
Trying to beef with Z-Ro, you gotta go you gotta go  
Mash the pedal to the floor, let the tommy gun go  
I ain't never had no love for a mark, is how it go  
Fortune and fame bout to grow, 20 thousand for a show  
And it ain't no more regular weed, ain't nothing but do-do and that dro  
Ridgemont 4 is what I claim, blue and red but we don't bang  
I'll wear my color you wear your color, because it's all about that change  
I remain to stay the same, trunk full of bang screens rain  
I'm still a Ridgemont hardhead, leaning in niggas brain

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Hoe ass nigga feel that there, Southside  
S.U.C. Southsi' for li', ain't no hate to the other side  
Nigga we all South of the Third Coast, feel that  
Z-Ro the Crooked nigga, Z-Ro the motherfucking Mo City Don  
And it go down, and it don't stop cause it can't stop  
So therefor it won't stop, blades we gone chop  
When the laws hit the block, fences we gone hop  
Hit the stash spot out, for the glock  
Fuck the crooked cops, Z-Ro feel that  
We bomb first, when we ride