

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