

## Southside Can't Stop

Z-Ro

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 hatas, 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 poured up then, I blowed up like yeast  
Diamonds slugs up on my teeth, hollerin' violence fuck the peace  
Got a slug for these hatas, that's approaching me wrong  
Then I mash off in first class there 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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We be crooked than a bitch, catch me dead in the mix  
Shoot some dice start a fight, or scrambling for a lick  
Chasing my cheddar riding much wetter, we finally made it  
Breaking bread with the real ones, now the fake ones hate it  
I be bombing like a plane, engulfed by Mary Jane  
Hogging a lane like Deebo, bo'guard like Brother Man  
Gripping the grain, leaving a stain on the pavement and the mind  
Our bitches in brail, so the block can read my rhymes  
Aniline all my hoes, till they knees on my foes  
Better prepare for the two piece, that's fin to touch your nose  
I'm boring no man, riding red, chopping fans  
Sliding through Mo Town, distributing contraband  
Slipping and sliding like a snake, stacking my feddy like a bank  
Moving slow like a tortoise, cause I'm tipsy from the drink  
Hitting the dank and I pass it, roll on glass and a casket  
So much god damn money in the South, it's drastic

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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 them 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 about 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 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., Southsive for live, ain't no hate to the other side  
Nigga we all shout for 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  
Hitt the stash spot out for the glock  
Fuck the crooked cops, 2kAce in your motherfucking face  
Z-Ro, feel that (feel that)