

Southside

Z-Ro

Southside (Southside), what you know about it
We cop bricks (cop brick)
Whip it hard, trying to get some extra O's up out it (yeeah)
It's Flip Gates, (and who else) Z-Ro
The Freestyle King, King of the Ghetto
We packing that metal, buck-buck-buck

Now you can catch me on MLK, leaving the Tre
Or you can catch me chopping blades, my paint blue over grey
I drunk a deuce today, I still abuse the hay
I still consider Screw, as the number one DJ
Shout out to Belfort and Scott, shout out to Mo City too
I got a blue cream soda, Ro you know how we do
We got the haters confused, cause of the way that we move
Ask about me, I was the flyest in high school
That's what the fans say, they know we from the South
You can take the diamonds out my mouth, and go buy you a house
What you know bout X-Band, what you know bout Ganksta Nip
What you know bout K-Rino, Z-Ro, Mike D and Lil' Flip
What you know bout Timmy Chan's, what you know bout Cloverland
What you know bout Scoopastar from A.P.T., yup that's my man
What you know bout Big H.A.W.K., my partna legendary
We laid back, but we'll put you in the cemetary

Southside, you know I represent it everyday
Rolling on 4's, ain't no love for you hoes
Southside, you know we only rolling blue over grey
We on a mash for the cash, we on a mash for the cash

Houston Texas I represent, homie we all about dollas and cents
We own property we don't rent, every car we drive got limosine tint
Either candy blue or candy red, everytime I hit the parking lot I turn heads

King of the Ghetto yeah that's my name, I just want the fortune you can keep
the fame
I got twenty inch swangers on my ride, a styrofoam cup what's inside
Two to twenty if I'm caught with it, so I go up and down as I talk digits
Can't see this pistol in my britches, cause I know how to walk with it
I'm not greedy either, so if I'm about to get money we can all get it
I got love for the Northside, and it loves me back
I got people in Trinity Garden and 4th Ward, that'll hit your ass up with th
e gat
H-O-U-S-E-T-O-N, T-E-X-A-S
From Federal road to Fondren, we only smoke on the best
I got a year worth of your salary, hanging around my neck
I think I made it to the money, cause my picture is on all my checks
Wednesday night we at the Roxy, Sunday night at ABN
It's going down on the Dub, hoes mad cause they can't get in on the

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Man I love my side, let me puff my la
Let me flip my pie, so I can pimp my ride
I'm a legend he a legend, but we both still young

It's after 7 what's up Devin, we moving blow like George Jung
Man the South is where we from, but we got love for the North
I'm blowing dosha out my mouth, 4-85 is what it cost
I'm a boss he a boss, homie this a new day
Ro call Big Bub, tell him I need a Screw tape

We got Screw that's true love, that Robert Earl Davis kind
So I'll never put money in my pocket, if it's not mine
Every dime every nickel every penny, I'ma put in work for it
Cause ain't nothing in life for free, you pay money but I'ma spit a verse fo
r it
I'm a buisness baby, Z-Ro Incorporated ya dig
What I'm doing now, gon' cover my great great great great grandkids
Flip the closest thang to a brother I got, he trying to get to the bread
What up Gulfbank and Homestead, but I represent the

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