

## That Mo

Z-Ro

Mo City Mo City, I got love for you  
I layed up in jail, plus spilled and lost blood for you  
They use to say we was a fashion show, because it was  
true  
We can't help it if we got money, but we'll murder you  
too  
If I beef with somebody, that's not successful like  
myself  
I'm waging war against nothing, and I would need to  
check myself  
Round here, everybody got a murder weapon  
Not a beginner's pistol, leave and lease a 3-57  
If it's breathing and it's walking, and it's talking  
it's a man  
So I've got no reason to fear it, I'll drop it where it  
stand  
Won't even say I'm real, cause real got too many new  
definitions  
All I know, I begin and complete my mission  
You got a problem with me, address it  
Don't throw a rock into a pack of dogs, seeing if  
Rother gon' get the message  
I stay ready to rumble, or to let them guns buck  
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck

I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck  
With a weapon in my waist, everyday when you see me  
walking around  
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck  
Bitch stop playing with me, stop playing with me  
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck  
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Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck

People wanna kick it with me, but I choose to be alone  
Ain't nobody crazy about ya, that's why you on your own  
That's including me, I'm not gon' invite you in my home  
You might not do the right thang, and end up with a  
rifle at your dome  
West Few Quay to the South Post, loc Dead End  
This is an area you can get your bread in, or come up  
dead in  
Your ghetto, ain't no different from mine  
But this the one I ride or die for at the proper time,  
better respect my mind  
Respect my mind, cause I'll kill you nigga  
Like I don't see you, in my rearview nigga  
I wish you would, try to play me like I'm soft  
Watch me throw this bitch in park, hop out and knock  
your god damn head off  
Ain't no calling 911, and that emergency  
I'm calling Mike Newsome and Grey-D, if too many  
cowards trying to murder me  
But if it's my time, I guess I ran out of my luck  
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Ridegmont, Ridgeway, Ride Gate, Provilla  
Chasewood, Hunters Glenn y'all are all my niggaz  
Southwest, Cross and Quill Valley, Quillrun  
Fresno and Arcola, plus the Dub we all one  
Hiram-Clarke, South Park, Sunnyside and the Third  
4th Ward, 5th Ward, Trinity Garden ya heard  
Hell yeah, Houston Teaxs we hot  
If I forgot your hood blame it on the weed man, that's  
why I forgot  
I'm at the shooting range, jacking like I'm busting my  
beat  
To me it ain't no difference, between the shooting  
range and the streets  
Do you while you with your people, like I caught you  
alone  
You about to make history, but your people gon' make it  
home  
I'd rather be a lover, not a fighter  
Instead of picking up a gun, I'd rather pick up a blunt  
and a lighter  
But it is what it is, y'all already know what's up  
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