

# The Crown

**Z-Ro**

They keep on knocking on the do' homie, my phone keep on ringing  
You're so good they don't care if they piss me off, they keep on banging  
So much codeine in this bitch, might as well keep on drinking  
No matter how many times I spray, the hallway gon' keep on stanking  
At 5-50 a bag, I get one of them like everyday  
Fresh pair of 87's 280 bricks, and a V-neck everyday  
When you with Z-Ro it ain't no stealing, we divide what we get everyday  
I'm talking like 4 to 5 to 6 digits, I'm trying to see that everyday  
Them alphabet boys, know how much I paid to get this thang off the lot  
They always talking bout backpacking, gotta keep prestigious whips off the b  
lock  
Y'all stepping n the work like hopscotch, then got the nerve to let it cost  
a lot  
I ball all that and trash it and I sell my shit, now what you call boss or n  
ot

Every other head, is wearing the crown  
Same thing that builds me up, is tearing me down  
I another tax bracket, wearing a frown  
Chasing money all the time, barely around  
I'm just a hustler (yeah), I'm just a hustler (yeah)  
I'm just a hustler (yeah), I'm just a hustler serving my customers  
Serving my customers (yeah), serving my customers (yeah)  
Serving my customers (yeah)

In the rain the sleet or the snow homie, I can go anywhere and get do' homie  
I'm a real go getter, one thing you'll never hear is I ain't got no mo' homi  
e  
800 for the 28, or 6-50 for a twenty  
I can get you whatever you need, if you can afford that many  
I'm going fed up in this bitch, ain't no mo' rock for rock  
Whenever I ride up in a new ride, haters be like this shit got's to stop  
Who you what they talking about me, and I ain't the person that got them blo  
cks  
Ol' bout day one ass nigga, you the main reason the block been hot  
Try to catch me red handed with the circles on me, investigate me for murder  
homie  
Gotta be a real nigga times fo' and a whole lot mo', to be in my circle homi  
e  
I blew all of this right here right now, cause I ain't bring it all with me  
If she's ugly she needs to leave, if she's bad then she can roll with me

Every other head, is wearing the crown  
Same thing that builds me up, is tearing me down  
I another tax bracket, wearing a frown  
Chasing money all the time, barely around  
I'm just a hustler (yeah), I'm just a hustler (yeah)  
I'm just a hustler (yeah), I'm just a hustler serving my customers  
Serving my customers (yeah), serving my customers (yeah)  
Serving my customers (yeah)

I gotta pay a couple leases, and a couple of mortgages  
Buying cars, like I'm in the drive-thru ordering  
Look mean in public, they like one day if we should bother him  
All the bitches look good, look like I'm sleeping with all of them  
Patton leather shell toes, leather not pleather bitch  
Y'all niggaz balling for the moment, I am forever rich

Even when I'm not trying to get a bitch, I'ma get a bitch  
Dirty clean clothing, me and Nique I held it every stitch  
I'll sell water, to a drowning man  
I am that much of a hustler, personal with my customers  
Ask Bubba ask Frenchie, ask Lin  
So much money in this shit, you better get your ass in

Every other head, is wearing the crown  
Same thing that builds me up, is tearing me down  
I another tax bracket, wearing a frown  
Chasing money all the time, barely around  
I'm just a hustler (yeah), I'm just a hustler (yeah)  
I'm just a hustler (yeah), I'm just a hustler serving my customers  
Serving my customers (yeah), serving my customers (yeah)  
Serving my customers (yeah)