

The Mo City Don

Z-Ro

K-I-N-G

The Mo City Don

I know you heard about me and this mission I'm on
But not in R-A-P I just tryna' live on
Not in a penitentiary I rather be rollin' chrome
In the B-E-N-Z my attitude is shown
Cause I've never been friendly you should leave me alone
But if I S-L-I-P and my brains get blown
Just listen at my CD cause I'm living my songs

I'm just living my life

Not worried about no money or no women tonight
Just rollin' in something foreign with my gun at my side
With some designer doegha hope I don't run into 1 time
No particular destination I just wanna roll
Don't wanna talk I left all my cell phones at home
All I need is 15 pounds of leave me alone
Cause ain't nobody on this level I'm on (ha ha)
And all I see is, murder murder my mind stay
Preoccupied with homicide, tryna' to survey threw this crime rate
Most of my homies hustle for big bucks
But blow it on bullshit then start complaining on how they can't come up
Association brings about simulation you know what that means
Means you two will become a dope feen
The same thing goes for crooks and thief's
Cause I'm not interested in gimmick just get along my cheese

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I'm covered in diamonds and gold

Try to take them away from me, I'll leave yo body so swole
What I'm holding is big enough to blow a hole in yo soul
So take yo gin and hypnotic and have a seat by them hoes
Instead of killing yo ass I'd rather pump you a glass
I'm tired of being the reason people under the grass
But I won't lose people who will murder yo ass
I couldn't even keep yo ghetto past
Homie when I tell you I'm unjackable I not just talking shit
I got gorillas everywhere be careful who you walking with
But I'm an equal opportunity lender, I'm not a slob,
Meet me in mo city and I might just give you a job (ha ha)
Cause I'm looking for a few good men trying to expand my operation
Been local long enough time to go nation
Making a transition from the streets to the fame
A couple clubs, gas stations and hotels in my name

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I can't do bad one deep
I wish I could flip in a Bentley Coupe with just one seat
Form out some chronicle cigarillo with just one freak
And if I fall off before I ask for help, I'll eat lunch meat
I wear my pride on my shoulders and my heart on my sleeves
Within knowledge and understanding that's 360 degrees
95 to 5 P-E-R-C-E-N-T
Only a few real niggas plus so many walk with me
Hell yeah I wear the holy corona in the good book
Until the investigators give all clues a good look
And the king don't have to wear his crown to rule
That's what the book says that without common sense youse a damn fool

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