

# The Same One

Z-Ro

Woke up with fifty some odd niggaz, bumping they gums  
God I tried to be calm, but everywhere I go it's like Vietnam  
I tried to be Joseph McVey, but hey  
Niggaz be bringing the killer, back out of me everyday  
The same niggaz, I broke with and got fed with me  
Stood behind the trigger, when the infrared lead hit me  
In my conclusion, ain't no such thing as a friend all I know  
Homicides are homies plotting, trying to sniff off my ends  
Like they a bloodhound, or a cuz-hound  
Fuck you dollas, they'll lay they blood or they cous' down  
It'll be the same nigga you be rolling with, and fucking with hoes  
That'll tell your woman you unfaithful, cause you fucking with hoes  
Same nigga sit down to piss, unable to stand up straight  
They the reason real niggaz, doing time up-state  
Talking to two 2-2 clips, cause they hustle is dead  
The block is too hot for em, so they snitching to get they bread

It be the same one, claiming that he's down for life  
That'll come, and lay you down tonight  
Same nigga I retaliated fo', with 45's and K's  
The one that got me, doing time today no lie  
Same nigga out of FED, running low on his bread  
Same nigga, trying to get between my lil' mama legs  
It be the same one you figured, was closest to ya  
That'll talk about you, like he never knew ya

Pamnick State Jail, I got eight months to do  
And it's a trip, I see niggaz banging for sodas and soups  
In front of my eyes, I witnessed niggaz get mad and bitch  
If don't nobody feed em, y'all niggaz oughtta walk with a switch  
I deliver blows to the nose, of my feminine foes  
I promise I bet not see you fellas, at none of my shows  
Talking down in a penalty, that could send you to the doctor  
Touch you up, and try to fit you in your property locker  
Now dig these blues, I heard that I was paying for protection  
Ol' coward ass nigga, 35 bunk  
I got speakers bigger than you, in back of my trunk  
So I kick's it with 21 and 44, and 29 bunk  
Whoop the suffer spread, and watch the time rewind  
His fellas hate us, cause we stay in the commissary line nigga

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It be the same one screaming, that he's down for life  
That'll set up a robbery, and lay me down tonight  
That's why I travel with my bitch only  
Cause when she opens her mouth, niggaz can't click on me  
Peep out the conversation of a chrome cop killer, drop niggaz and bitches  
These snitches got me cool, if they without niggaz and bitches  
Ain't a thang changed, friends ain't friends no more

I'm on the clock for Lil' James, Rap-A-Lot Mafia hard core  
If you hang around smokers, you most likely to be one  
I'ma hang around some money, cause I'm trying to get me some  
Fucking with bitch niggaz, jeopardizes my life and freedom  
So I fuck's with Grey D, gon scoop him up and then here we come  
We infamous and keep doing, can't stop the shit what we done  
Relaxing is an action, that could make your life a rerun  
That's the reason, I roll around Houston with two or three guns  
Z-Ro and anybody killer, respect it when you see one

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