

# For My Gangsta's

Z-Ro

Gangstas G's, (gangstas)  
This for my gangstas, my gangstas  
For my gangstas, my G's  
This for my gangstas

Hell naw you can't hit my weed, cause to me smoking is like breathing  
So a nigga stay smoking and flipping, in a Intrepid when I'm bleeding  
The block it can't stop, I gotta keep paper stacking  
Mo'fuckers be whispering, there go Z-Ro and I can't wait to jack him  
But, I got news for ya  
They gon be picking out a suit and shoes for ya, cause I'm bout to get rude  
with ya  
They better mind, cause I'll whoop me a woman ass nigga real quick  
Plus I got niggaz on the Southwest and the Southeast, my click is real thick  
But I be rolling solo, place to place like a hobo  
Full time entertainer, I left my block to make fa sho do'  
I'ma keep these hoods on fire, get rotation like tires  
Gotta show love to my people, cause they are my album buyers  
I'ma rep for the real niggaz and the real bitches, that's struggling all day  
Fuck going to class, parlay all day in the hallway  
They got me fucked up, for no reason at all  
Everybody get that feddy, it's the season to ball

This one for my gangstas, rolling on 4's  
Sipping promethazyne, and blowing on dro  
Trying to make it in this game, play hard when we play  
Gaurunteed to clear the whole boulevard, when we spray  
This one for my gangsta bitches, that keep it real  
Everyday they case paper, in they purse pack a steel  
Trying to make it in this game, play hard when we play  
And they down to shake that ass, when a real nigga say

Gangstas, G's  
How many of us have niggaz, that's down in the streets  
From fighting eachother, to hustling on the late night and grinding brothers  
Trying to bake a cake right, ready to shake them haters  
Burning up the dead line, grandpa did them get out's  
From hitting stangs on pages, to I-10 skating blazing  
This game like a razor, hell I ain't no fazing  
Sitting on leather creation, left on the wheel ride on the steel  
Thet Government will kill us here, glossing and flossing all day in Devilles  
God forgive us influence the kids, to hop on the blocks and do what we did  
But now in reverse, this how the ghetto world spins  
Sitting back in foreign cars, with the screens falling  
Purple juice is how we ride and play, let's ride today  
T-shirts with starches on, cause we G's anyway  
Yep, this is for my ballers that ain't worried bout nothing  
On swangas and robbers, straight leathers

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This one for my niggaz, that be bleeding the block until the block dry  
Empty clips off at the police, everytime they pass by  
Even every bitch I know, is thuggish ruggish and thoed  
No reason at all, ready to run up on a motherfucker and unload  
Fuck that MTV shit, this the real world  
So bitch that go in her purse, is gon get the steel girl  
Mussilini and that Z-Ro, getting money describes our ego  
Fuck with us lose your life, it'll be waiting six feet be low

This one for my gangstas, rolling on 4's and 3's  
Or anything that's chromey, stacking G's  
Bucking boys up like a rhino, this one for my youngster 5-0  
Gotta put it in perspective, or let that King of Da Ghetto nod though  
I'm bout to break this here, how much change we gon make this here  
Come on Ro we gon make this clear, the world gon love this gangsta shit  
Coast to coast them boys gon feel, living laid with a house on hill  
Presidential millennium, on the real on the real

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