

## Quarterback Vision

Z-Ro

Uh homie, you don't really want me to shine  
Like Boston George, ain't wanna give up his connect to  
Diego  
You the type of nigga that wanna come up, but want me  
to stay low  
The day I leave this bitch in a body bag, is what you  
pray fo'  
But I'm still living and ya'll haters get mo' mad, with  
every breath I take  
Sometime I might spill a nigga, but J. Prince clean up  
every mess I make  
So like my quicker picker upper, that's my bounty nigga  
My piss dirty but I ain't smoke, just weed in my  
brownies nigga  
You don't wan' rump with me, I'm riding with that big  
gun  
My fifty caliber shoot so far, I call that bitch my  
Vince Young  
If it's really time to merk you homie, I ain't gon need  
a rehearsal homie  
Cause it ain't gon be a commercial homie, it's sex  
money and murder homie

Call me Vince Young homie, I got quarterback vision  
I can see the 5-0's, when they blitzing  
I see stick up kids, targeting Z-Ro for the sticking  
So it's pistols in every room, every bathroom and both  
kitchens  
Better go long homie, cause you know I throw long homie  
But, you don't wanna catch this pass  
Touchdown for the S.U.C., we soldiers united for cash  
Touchdown like Reggie Bush on a break away, who gon  
catch my ass  
I don't know nobody that fast, whoo

I'm feeling so Pimp C right now, call me Roach ass  
Yeah your diamonds shine but not like mine, homie  
that's your bad  
I ain't even a materialistic guy, I don't love money  
But you might think I do cause I'll murder you, if you  
try to take some from me  
Look at you now, you can't even have an open casket you  
dumb dummy  
And I sleep real good every night, cause ain't none of  
the bullets come from me  
So don't make me Floyd Mayweather Jr. your ass  
Like I was 147 pounds, one hundred AK-47 rounds sit  
down  
I'm official, like a referee whistling tougher than  
bone gristle  
Put so much lead in your ass, you can be your own  
pencil  
Z-Ro the Crooked King of the Ghetto, yeah homie that's  
my name  
And I'm healthy as a motherfucker, with seventy carats  
up in my chain

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Now I ain't never been to 106th & Park, and sat on the  
couch  
But I'm a legend in this rap, in the South (ah-choo)  
Excuse me I'm allergic to bitch niggaz, I'm bitch  
niggaz intolerant  
So my stomach cramp up, whenever I run into bitch  
niggaz  
I'm rolling in my Kobe Bryant, on top of Deuce  
MacCallister's  
I'm always in a fo' do', but I ain't never got no  
passengers  
Good weed good drank, big money mayn  
I don't get along with ya'll fellas, but I get money  
mayn  
Most of the rappers in my city, wanna see me flop  
Cause when I came back home from jail, that's when all  
they shows stopped  
I got quarterback vision, I ain't never been sacked  
And I don't walk with fifty niggaz either, how you love  
that

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