

## Still In The Hood

Z-Ro

Too many niggas trying to take me off of my game  
Cause a nigga from the hood that done looked some good  
Now they all want to jock my fame  
But when I'm coming down in my (foreign)  
And I'm rolling one deep that should tell you about me  
I don't give a damn about none of you hoes  
I blast on sight cause I ain't tripping no more

Nigga I'm tired, this drama got me booted and fried  
At least I got records in the store bitch nigga you getting dried  
Steady running around rapping and capping and talking shit  
I got gorillas every where be careful who you walking with  
Southside, south-sid for live, wouldn't want to be you  
Be running up on you closed casket nobody gonna see you  
Bitch it's over, barely with Barber right behind me in the rover  
My partner from Mercy told you we gone get you if we owe you  
Military minded I'm a S.U.C. soldier  
Don't want it if it's hard cause the south lets you see over  
I'm trying to keep my head on, but it's rolling off my shoulders  
When I lost my people god damn, my heart was pumping colder  
Shedding crocodile tears, man folks feeling this pain  
And left a stain in my brain so I'm cracking like a window pain  
On the edge having a conversation with my infrared  
All these fuck niggas can get it two to the head and get dead

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It's the return of Z-Ro the Crooked busting heads strictly for cash  
Taking out contracts on haters with a beam and a mask  
You can run you can hide but it ain't no escaping  
I'm a trend setter with a beretta for real it ain't no faking  
I done showed up, then I poured up, then I blowed up like heats  
Diamond slugs up on my teeth, I done been violent fuck the peace  
I got a slug for these haters that's approaching me wrong  
Let them mash off in first class there ain't no coaching my song  
Hydro-V to the dome, with it on back to the chrome  
I'm kind of quick to click so get gone or catch one to the dome  
Mo-City Texas that's my home, but I can rome all over  
So it's ghetto love these cats gone get me full up on sober  
Real recognize real, and the fake gone fade away  
Use to selling drugs to get that pay, but god done mad a way  
For me to stack my ends, my paper, my moola, my fetty  
And took this by surprise I knew you hoes wasn't ready

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Remember back in 94' they use to laugh at me team  
Now it's year 2k2 women be after me team  
But fuck a female, it's all about my retail  
On tapes and c.d.'s they was capping I stay making daily breakers  
C.d., and they chose to make tapes, up on the stage  
It use to be all about hooping now I'm all about getting paid  
Getting leid I can miss it, I'd rather have my digits  
Trying to get up on me a stack, taller than the tallest midget  
I'm on bitches than a red nose pit, with his mouth on it  
I be platinum 'fore it's over bitch I put the south on it  
You can put your mouth on it, if you ain't than zip it up  
Get off my dick bitch right quick because I'm about to rip it up  
And for no reason at all, it's fuck y'all  
Fuck around and get to busting so you best to best duck dog  
I've been going through a whole thang, everyday  
So I don't give a damn if you get chose man I got this k, and I don't play