

Zone 3

Jose Guapo

Ayy, what hood you from?
Uh, I'm from Zone 3
I'm goin' worldwide with it
I'm talkin' 'bout to Dubai, Paris, all that type of shit, Egypt (Yeah)
Amsterdam, Africa

Bitch, I'm from Zone 3, don't talk to police
In the Maybach four deep, we don't get no sleep
Don't hang with no sheeps, all these bitches freaks
We gon' cash out, we don't do no lease
All these bitches dogs, put 'em on a leash
When I'm in NYC, them hoes, they say I'm flee

Gettin' head in the backseat of a taxi
This a fuckin' Gucci fleece, I dress in shit you never see
Bitch, they call me Mr. Clean, nah, better yet, the Pope
I got faith in myself and I give the hood hope
Bitch, I'm in the 305 on a fuckin' yacht boat
We do not follow rules, so don't tell us we can't smoke
I took her right to her room and I showed her I wasn't no joke
And I campaign strong, so I guess I gotta vote
The way she sing on the mic, man, that bitch can keep a note
And we cash out on these cars, we ain't payin' no car notes
Exotic reefer when I smoke, yeah, I'm scared of goin' broke
It's Young Guapo, yeah, the G.O.A.T., and it's murder, yeah, she wrote, huh?

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Yeah, I got three phones, but she can't call me
Just got a double seal out a Walgreens
Bitch got catfished, that is not me
I put the hood on my back, I'm talkin' 'bout Zone 3
These niggas phony, I keep it on me
I got hoes on the leash, I'm never lonely
Do you smell what I'm cookin', you jabroni?
I turned two deals down, Warner Brothers, Sony
They tryna clone me, you not my homie
Bustdown a Rollie, pour up a gold P
Zone 1 to Zone 6, I bet they know me
Up north and down south, I bet they know me
Got Crips that's Rolling, bitch, I'm good in the hood
I give a fuck about a hater, Draco with the wood

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We on that bullshit
You know what I'm sayin', fly

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