

25 Lighters

Z-Ro

Hold up Z-Ro the crooked aka king of the ghetto
Screwed Up Click soldier for life
Know what I'm talking about
Mo-City stand up in this motherfucker
Know what I'm saying
My nigga Grady in this bitch, what's up my nigga
Huh, inside out, that boy Hog done touch ground man
Hold up man, know what I'm saying Ridgemont 4 for life
Ridgemont niggas 4 life, ridgemont hard heads
Huh, ya'll feel me man, rest in peace to that nigga
Jody
That nigga LL man know what I'm saying
Shit man it's fuck up man
Rest in peace to to that nigga Emo
We going to hold it down you know what I'm talking
about
And that's Real Talk

25 Lighters on my dresser yes sir
Got a bad black bitch that drives a black kompressor
You know I'm smoking on that herb
Every damn day just to calm my damn nerves
Screwed Up Click ain't never going to switch
Nigga build a ditch for a motherfucking snitch
Talking to the laws given up info
Catch me at the pad black lamp smoking indo
Sipping on drank on a whole liter
It's that nigga Ro I got a nine millimeter
And a 45 I'm a keep it live
Pour a whole 8 like I did in 95'
That was the year I made it clear
Wrecker on the microphone now get away from here
I'm reppin' for the south with diamonds in my mouth
And diamonds on my hands and diamonds in my house
Shinning so bright
Even in the night
Smoking on cush what the fuck is top flight
I'm only on the good bitch I wish you would
Keeping it all world ya'll keeping it all hood
Trying to get my paper pull another caper
Man I swear my house is something like Tony Draper
Got to get my mail from my record sell
This time last year I was in a jail cell
Waiting for commissary waiting on mail call
Man I can't wait till I get free cause I'm a ball
Put it in they face free my partner Grace
What's up to that Los (SPM) what's cracking cuz,
I'm straight laced
What's up to that Pokey
What's up to that Whodi
Always kept it real never act like they ain't know me
Showed ya Boy love Z-Ro is who I am
Back in the days signed with that x-fam
Me and that black and the street military
R I P Malik that day in the cemetery
But it ain't over chip on my shoulder
Catch me brand new candy blue range rover

Rollin to the end my skin is my sin
And like LiL KeKe say it never will ever end
Gots to keep flowing I'm a keep it going
Back in 92' I probably did kick your door in
Nigga lay it down lay it down you hoes lay it down
I reppin' for the South Side of that H-Town
Screwed Up Click until it's over with
AK with catch bag on my shoulder bitch
You will die fucking with that Ro
He ain't never been a bitch he ain't never been no hoe
Don't know how to be a broad don't know how to be a
mark
I put the rubbers on cause it just turn dark
Mashing on the gas pocket full of cash
Looking for a yellow bone bitch with big ass
I ain't disrespecting just telling the truth
Ya'll know how I do it when I gets up in the booth
I'm a go hard till I chip my fucking tooth
In a flying spur the four door or a coupe
Yeah I get my paper yeah I get my bread
I don't give a damn what these bitch niggas done said
Talking down on me cause I'm a get my spread
I ain't tripping I'm in the kitchen wipping up a batch
Batch of them pies for all the time guys
Watching out for the FED they be in disguise
Looking like G's looking like ballas
Looking like true money making shot callas
But them boys laws yeah that's them folks
I ain't tripping cause I know it's hot on post oak
Back in the day I had a pocket full of rocks
24/7 365 around the clock
I tried to get paid stacking up my paper
I hit a lick then it's time for me to lay low
Just run on my screen on 360 playing Halo
Hoes dropping like it's hot when ever I say so

Cause I'm the man diamond on my hand
Got big bass in the back of the blue van
It's blue over gold the story been told
Benjamin franklin Andrew Jackson in my billfold
My flow is real cold I ain't never been wacked
And thanks to Bun-B and Pimp-C I got two gold plaques
They hanging on my wall pimp I miss you dog
Bun-B ride for that boy and make me proud
Do it for the south and do it for the Hawk
And who ever don't like it keep my dick up in they
mouth
I'm Screwed Up Click till they lay me in my casket
I ride around Houston with that plastic
Hand on my steel wood grain wheel
You can hide behind the Deanali
You can hide behind the part the diamonds on my wrist
And can't nobody do it like me cause I do it like this
And never had love for a bitch
All I'm trying to really do is get rich
Trying to get my fucking bread baby
Ride in mercedes I know a nigga hate me
But I don't give a damn nah I don't give a fuck
Riding on drapped buck 26's on my truck
Hell yeah bitch I know they large
Got three foreigners in my garage
I never sabotage my fucking career
Had to make it clear and I shed another tear

But nigga I'm real bumper and the grill
When I do my music it's the music you can feel
Cause I'm just a G riding one deep
And every time I ride I ride with 1 oz
Watching out for jackers cause I know they scoping
Trying to leave a real niggas head wide open
Pulling down swangas cause they ain't clacking
I'm rolling on 20 inch 4's bitch what happening
Looking so fly I don't smoke fry
Got to be a G till the day that I die
That's my big homie boy Lil Ke
Boy you know I love you it's you and me
In this damn thing we going to do it for the screw
And do it for the south and I'm a do it for you
And you going to do it for me it's S.U.C.
Screwed Up Click until I D I E
Nigga don't get me crunk watch me pop trunk
Smoking on cush ain't never say skunk
Man I'm so throwed caught me in the zone
I don't give a fuck about you calling on my phone
I fucks with the stripper versace on my zipper
This the nigga Ro taper fade with the clipper
I brought my partner for my partner Paul
About to make a million dollars and buy the whole mall
Call that bitch Ro-Town and it's gonna go down
A couple of day from now I got a show in your town
And I'm a get paid and I'm a get laid
And every car I drive, candy paint going to get sprayed
On the doors nigga and on the side dog
And I ain't scared I got Jesus on my side dog
Hit the church house and then go work out
And after that you it's time to pull the purp out
And I'm a roll one and I'm a smoke one
And I'm a roll one and I'm a smoke one
And I'm a roll one and I'm a smoke one
Now I'm out of my mind that's what that smoke does
But I'm a maintain still in the same game
But only thing ain't making the same change
I getting paid boy you better believe that
A grammy on my shelf I'm a achieve that
Cause I can do it nigga even tho you say I can't
But I don't give a fuck about ya'll I'm about my bank
I hope you feel that bitch nigga you
You could put your wig back ain't nobody going to be
missing you
You a hoe nigga not a role nigga
Cause Z-Ro make more doe nigga
More versus more mixtapes more shows nigga
And I ain't ever at home I'm on the road nigga
I'm chasing fedi baby ya'll ain't ready baby
Yeah I'm living like a motherfucking chevy baby
Or like a ford I'm built ford ford tough
Blowing on that real real purple purple stuff
Talking about that cush got it from the band tho
Watch me come down with my pistol in my hand hoe
Don't run up on me if you don't want to get shot
I'm a grab my remote and give it all that I got
Hold up man hold up