

## Betta Watch

Z-Ro

Better watch your feddy mayn, better watch your back mayn  
Better wear your vest to protect your chest, so protect your brain mayn  
Better watch your slab mayn, better watch your gal mayn  
Better watch your partna's partnas, and some of they partnas mayn

I got a letter from the President yesterday, guess what he had to say  
It seem like somebody, been talking a lot  
Trying to pull the big guns out put em in they mouth, show em that we don't  
play boy  
Round here we bleed the block syrup and pop rocks, hoes in the club jump aro  
und and bunny hop  
Presidential boys 187 it don't stop, we can turn the lights out turn this bi  
tch out  
I'm what you mo'fuckers been waiting for, like the messiah coming back for m  
ore  
But this time I got the tools with, and my starters off the bench  
And you know, we plan to run the score  
Fuck y'all niggaz that hate my niggaz, you can get the dick and the nuts and  
the trigga  
Say it again, you can get a dick and a nuts and the trigga and a shank to th  
e liver  
Dirty Southside Houston Texas, Hiram-Clarke and Ivas baby  
Via 3rd Ward, 5th Ward, South Park, Trinity Gardens, Greenspoint and Poke Is  
land  
Look at all these playas around me, thug niggaz hustlers ballers and G's  
My niggaz in the hood with wood grain, stable Cadillacs make you fall to you  
r knees  
My bitches in the club with love for young thugs, that love for young girls  
That be fucking em in the club, will make twenties take em and make em aware  
Introduce em, to the best of both worlds  
Ain't nothing wrong with going home with, two or three lil' mamas at three i  
n the morning  
Waking up cooking eggs and yawning, dipping in the stash spots and do-  
do calling

Slow motion is how we tip, when we feeling the groove  
Bust bout nine nuts last night, and still in the mood  
Young ignant dude, never hesitating to make more than I already got  
Don't trip you already shot, might stand on the cutters when I flip in the d  
rop  
No probation'll ever stop me, cause by God I'm blessed  
Got mo' jacksons than Pesci, mo' grass than the Fertile Crescent  
Stay on note, and stay receiving mo' Wayans than Keenan  
The lyrical semen, born in the morning die in the evening  
Already colder than colder, still a damn thang holder  
Might uh come and clear out your block, like a wet up Iraqi soldier  
Jay freed it and ery'thang, bling-bling on e'ry ring  
Piece and chain hang down, to my god damn shoe strings  
I'm with that Lyrical 1-8-siete, and the awesome vete  
Deuce shooter cocking a nueve, and myself alvete  
I'm el soldado, no problem when I pop collars all about dollars  
Mo' violence in Impalas we be top notch scholars, leaning with rotweilers br  
eeded ballers  
I think I'm losing my mind sometimes, laws hating rent pass due  
And I can't find no pine, right now I don't mind dying

So I'm the worst cat to be around, get to tripping my hands twitching  
Everytime I see a gun, (see a gun)  
So ya better watch your feddy mayn, better watch your back mayn  
Better be on note, cause these young folks is always strapped mayn  
Better watch your feddy mayn, better watch your back mayn  
Better be on note, cause these young folks pack K's in Lacs mayn

Strapped and ready for drama, lil' mama think she got a fool for the dollar  
I tell her bitch please, scream I could make you holla  
If I pull up a semicon, and toss up a bottle of gin  
Straight out the bar, and invite a few friends  
Niggaz that don't mind dying, niggaz don't bar  
Taking your life away, drinking the night away  
Put the weed down, give the laws the right-away  
Fuck you bitch niggaz, did I say it the right way  
Just might see me, rolling down the highway  
Real country niggaz, might call it a by-way  
Sitting sideways, in a big-big body  
Rolling solo, but I got my shotty  
I don't really, wanna hurt nobody  
I'm lying, if it goes down I'm killing everybody  
Then back to the H-Town, rolling up blunts  
Puffing on the highway, bang in the trunk  
Blazing the skunk, drank in the cup  
Southside niggaz, on purple stuff  
I already know, you done heard enough  
1-8-7, quick to call your bluff  
Them Presidential boys, banging it rough  
Y'all know, y'all can't fuck with us  
Like banging a neon, into a bus  
You ain't know, that's fucked up  
You better make sure, your vest strapped up  
You better make sure, that safety work  
You better make sure, when the laws come  
You don't know that was, that put your nuts in the dirt  
In the meanwhile, keep your head down  
When I come around, keep your mouth closed till I'm gone  
Better yet, move around bitch niggaz  
Cause I'm tried of talking bout y'all, in this song