

Bud Sack

Z-Ro

Shit let me see that light, (huh nigga)
Is there any weed, (hold up nigga damn what's wrong with you nigga)
Cause nigga, mayn I'm stressing like a mo'fucker
(for what), I gotta turn myself in man
(oh I forgot about that shit man fuck), but not today though
(oh well shit fuck it, you all good then)

I'm breaking, my bud sack down (bud sack down)
And representing, H-Town (H-Town)
My homies, are always down (always down)
Whenever, I'm rolling round (rolling round)
I keep my hand, on my strap (on my strap)
I bet I blow back your nap, (your nap)
I fuck you up brah, so quick (so quick)
And all you haters, raise up off my dick (my dick)
I'm repping, the Screwed Up Click (Up Click)
Time to lace your shoes up bitch, (up bitch)
I bet you won't fuck around, (around)
Cause I'm the coldest nigga in my town, (my town)
You can get your shit, and shoot-shoot all days up
But I don't give a fuck, cause ain't nobody gonna touch me
I bet you, I be standing in the end
I gotta remain living, and counting Benjamins

Do I fuck with laws naw, I don't fuck with Paul Wall
And I'm riding in some'ing big enough, to get rid of all y'all
Whenever I get to wrecking, I might keep my flow slow like
Big ass momentary kush, and a codeine cup with no ice
Flow nice with the pen and pad, and dangerous with that op top
I'm also known to paint stains, that bang and make your house rock
Make a mouth drop, whenever I'm seen bending a corner
Put my shit in park and hop out, and just might take someone to the corner
What's cracking that six cracking, that's what that do
My body got tattoos, mainly cause my track blue
Get a millnuver or ruger, from a Hoover as he maneuvers
I run to ya as I do ya, your boxing game is straight manure
Been the King of the Ghetto, since 1999
I remain groove in my kingdom, with my nine right by my side
I lay and wreck, your motherfucking chest at
Get ready for this right here, I'm about to leave you breathless bang

They say my attitude is grass, but that shit just make me laugh
Now shut up before I pull out my piece, and plug you in your calve
And if you ain't by yourself, I'll wipe out your whole staff
And even a nickname for me, I'm still gon have the last laugh
So fuck with me if you want, I'ma put you to bed
And pretend I'm a pilgrim on Thanksgiving, and butcher your head
This is a freestyle, cause it come from the top of my head
Meanwhile there's a light shining, on top of my led
You ask why, cause I'm trying to see with it
And it don't matter where I'm at, whether private or public I'ma be with it
So I hold down the hammer, and I let myself go
Since my fingerprints ain't on the bullets, they'll never know it was Z-Ro
That's right I sneak around, like a thief in the night
Knuckle up with me, if you want you'll lose your teeth in a fight
Cause I'm grown man, in a couple of months I'll be back home man
Traveling the way a king suppose to travel, over grown man