

# Damn Right

Z-Ro

Damn right  
I ain't perfect, I've been fucking up all my damn life  
And where I'm from  
Homie, we don't wear our pants tight  
We just hustla hard everyday, playa that's right

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All I ever wanted to be was a G in this game  
Louis Vuitton glasses with the real stones in the frame  
The way I hustle I deserve to ball, not just maintain  
All day and all night, I'm chasing paper and I don't give a damn if it rain  
I am a one stop shop, I'm selling CDs and cocaine  
24/7 is how I hustle, I got bills to pay mann  
I like buying expensive things  
I told Tiffany I wanted to fuck and she got mad  
She rather I say make love, but she can kiss my ass  
I ain't no RnB singer, I ain't trying to win your heart  
I'm just trying to keep your mouth open and both your legs apart  
Wouldn't know how to be a gentlemen, I wouldn't know where to start  
If my Bentley in the projects, I wouldn't know where to park  
Shit  
Y'all already know I'm the King of this shit  
Assholes by Nature, houses around my fingers and wrist

(Are you a hardhead?)  
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Ima hood nigga, coming from nothing on this corner block  
Hitting stains, running round wit that Duke and knock  
Hard headed on that 81, keep moving  
Trying to beat the pen and win, but we still losing  
I ain't never had shit but I ain't never quit  
I ain't never been perfect, but I still deserve it  
Gimme a half a zone its on, its a long night  
And Ima gone stay and flip it all, nigga damn right  
I know my mama home, she say my daddy gone  
I'm out here freestyling, hoping it can be a song  
All this suicide, depression, and bad luck  
Got me looking for a blessing, cuz I'm fucking up  
Just a 16, when I was 16  
On the curb, trying to serve, but this bitch mean

Yea we selling white, yea we smoking flight  
You ain't from round here nigga if your pants tight

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Not the perfect picture, mama painted me to be  
Jumped off the porch at 13, head first up in them streets  
Watching for the laws, chasing after cars  
By any means, no regard, hiding rocks up in my mouth  
That air Jordan money turned summer [?]  
Couple summers later, piled up a hundred  
Hoes went to tipping, the bitches went to stripping  
The bills got paid, that's when mama stopped tripping  
Right then and there I learned the power of a dollar  
Wrist locked up in the kitchen burning flower  
Ran down 10, landed in the Boot  
Option play with the rock, I call it the run and shoot  
While you was in the city, I was on the highway  
Back in the 90s, getting money the fly way  
True story, ask 'em, they'll tell ya bout the hawg  
Stamped and sealed and approved, I done been through it all man

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