

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

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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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