

## Freestyle

Z-Ro

Ha ha, 2000 and 1  
Z-Ro the motherfucking Mo City Don  
Getting off my chest, know I'm saying  
Cut these all the way off people, feel me  
Yeah, this how it go, fa sho

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, fo'  
I'ma come down, it's your partna Z-Ro  
Never been a hoe, never been a broad  
Every night 'fore I go to sleep, I gotta talk to God  
One time, gotta keep it real  
Got gold and diamonds in my grill  
I'm for real, doing it like a song  
Bleeding on the boulevard, all day long  
Gots to get paid, in this damn rap game  
Gotta get my feddy, gotta get my change  
Me and my partna P-Roy, doing it every day in the struggle  
Hold up my nigga, one day we gon bubble  
Nigga we'll shine, we gon put it down  
I'ma pimp my motherfucking pen, one time  
Hold up, nothing but syrup in my cup  
Riding on tre buck, and I don't give a fuck  
About the law, nigga fuck the FED  
I'm up in the game, just to stack a big head  
Family getting fed, me and my wife wed  
I'ma come down, I'm a Southside vet

Hold it down, like the sun we're gonna shine  
And let it all swing out, I ride with Southside  
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And let it all swing out, I ride for Southside

Like a drama bull, plus I got pull  
When you see me on the damn scene, you know I'm fool  
Popping handle bars, popping a X  
I don't give a fuck, it's feeling warm in my chest  
And I hope that God bless me, to get a platinum plack  
Ain't no turning back, once I get the stack  
Once I ain't cutting no slack, up in the game  
Said it one time, now everybody know my name  
Hollin' Ro, do another show  
Wanted me to swang down, on another 4  
Charge twenty grand, for a show  
Plus, I want half of the do'  
In this rap game, to get all the do'  
I'ma come down, I got my shine on glow  
Hollin' at the Big Steve, Mafio  
R.I.P., to the Fat Pat though

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Hold up, cause we balling  
See us coming down looking good, and we crawling  
Ain't falling, I ain't stalling

Coming down outta town, birds I'm hauling  
To get paid, nigga I got my family on my mind  
I'ma put it down, that's why I'ma shine  
All in they face, like a motherfucking moon  
A star, a sun and my uzi weigh a ton  
Sitting in the microphone booth, going off  
Working with the hard, working with the soft  
In the motherfucking game, stacking my change  
I'm in the motherfucking zone mayn  
On my motherfucking block, it go down  
I'm the thoedest and the coldest, nigga there is in H-Town  
Know I'm saying, I ain't playing, steady spraying

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