

HIM

Z-Ro

How these hoes gon' say I'm not him?
If you don't know, where the fuck have you been?
How these hoes gon' say I'm not him?
Yeah
Mister Mister

I went from my pop's potent nut to mom's swollen gut
'Til her V open up, this nigga showin' up
And then blowin' up and bein' broke as fuck
To not knowin' much but still know what's up
Internal dialogue, I didn't try at all
I didn't even give a fuck if I die at all
Then when both of them died, didn't cry at all
Then I made the decision I'ma die a dog
I might stroke up to a notebook
Color well on the lines, left the boat shook
For a grocery bag, I was a sociopath
Fuck around, get your shoes and your coat took
I was a short one, but the long one
And for the right price, I'm the right wrong one
When I cut my feelings off, I was on one
When I cut 'em back on, here the song come
I can dream about it and sing about it
Don't get mad about it, then rap about it
I got some cash up out it, but the trap is crowded
But I extra doubt it when you cap the loudest
I took the I-10 to see my twin
I don't repeat myself, but let me try again
Fuck you mean? Fuck you mean?
Bitch, what the fuck you talkin' 'bout, I ain't him?
You know I'ma check that bitch, on GP, VVs look like 3D
I'ma come get me a lil' highrise, I'll leave y'all to live, bitch, come see
me
The only way in is a G-code, oh, bring another friend for Z-Ro
A couple of more points for the free throw, tell 'em that you're here for Ce
eLo

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I had a matchbox of crack rocks, made a cash knot, then I dashed out
With my black Glock and my mask out, was a mascot for the cash spot
Catch a standout who left mad socks, from the sandbox, was a have-not
Hit the hash spot, then I pass out, but I dream bigger than a Sasquatch
Was on mad blocks, had mad opps, but I had props and I had hops
Thought the NBA would be my jackpot, but a bad block blew my back out
So I rap now, bitches sittin' in my lap now
Important people give me dap now, but I never put my strap down
'Cause I got a lot of enemies tryna finish me, they pretend to be another fr
iend of me
No kin to me, bad energy, and my remedy is no memory
Their tendency so tenderly, couldn't make it in a penitentiary
When they mention me, you're finna see a real nigga documentary, it's finna
be

That real shit
My hater see me and he feel sick
On his period 'cause he a real bitch
If you wearin' white, it's a real risk
That's the type of shit I had to deal with
When I wasn't rockin' with a real clique
Now I'm rockin' by myself and real rich
Couldn't've did it if you wasn't a real bitch, I'm him-athan

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