

# I'm the Shit

Z-Ro

I think he mad cause he ain't me  
Maybe cause they ain't been buyin' his shit lately  
He performed for free, fuck that, they gotta pay me  
So tired of countin' money  
That's how my everyday be (all motherfuckin' day)  
Instead of hatin' on a player when you see one  
Maybe you should try to find out how to be one  
Cause all that hatin' that you be doin', that ain't nothin'  
You got your H's confused  
Stop hatin' hoe start hustlin'  
Lord knows I go in just like a curfew  
Ain't gotta beat your ass my success is what really hurt you  
Cause you a failure homie  
So rotten I'm startin' to smell ya homie  
You ain't shit I just had to tell ya homie

Bitch, why you on my dick  
Raise up off my dick  
You just sick cuz I'm gettin' rich  
You ain't gettin' shit  
You should quit, you ain't sellin' shit  
You irrelevant, I'm the shit

Bitch wanna hold me down  
I'ma always stay up  
Try to cop my style  
Oh ya hear me now, yeah  
I took a [?]  
Now ya fake smile when you see me, yeah  
I'm swervin' in your lane  
H-Town made me fame now  
Comin' from nothin', who ya kiddin'  
Basic bitches press on how I'm livin'  
They could pay for everything you got  
Actin' like you bossed up but we know you not  
I just be gettin' to the money  
I'm so cool, I'm on the moon  
I'm so on fire can't cool me off  
Don't need no nigga to tell me I'm poppin'  
Timmy timmy turner on my bullshit  
Got me feelin' like I'm outta this world  
Got me feelin' like a martian  
Never ever slow down, hold up now  
Let me tilt my crown

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Yeah, you signed so many contracts  
Who you be with?  
You gon' do what I don't know, who you confusin' me with?  
Here I go, there go your gun  
My nigga can you reach it?

Nigga you a bitch Victoria told me your secret  
You a he-bitch, got sucked in with them bitches online  
Rapper dead and we all know Ro did it  
But Ro really don't mind (I don't give a fuck)  
Beat your eyebrows off your face boy  
You must be outta your mind  
I'm outside in your driveway  
I see you peepin' out of your blind  
Maserati doin' donuts  
And that's just my Wednesday car  
Too much money I'ma go nuts  
You like damn I wish I could get that car  
Nigga don't you drive a tow truck  
Final stop the car go and get that boy  
Call me out and I'ma show up  
Tell the ambulan' go and get that boy  
90,000 in my backseat  
That's my Ruth Chris money  
You brought me your bitch bread  
I'ma hustla nobody do shit for me  
I'm on my Frank Lucas shit  
I'm givin' all this shit away today  
You hate a nigga that could help you pay your shit off layaway

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