

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

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

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

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