

# Jaccers Wanna Know

Z-Ro

When I'm rolling chrome  
You can get one in your dome  
Bitch nigga, your cover is blown

I got the cut dog sitting low, outside front do'  
This how a Texas boy, ride on 84's  
Yeah, I'm the whole pint sipper  
Candy paint tipper, plus wood grain gripper  
Hit downtown, and squash all the plex  
They like damn, there's Z-Ro and Mike D and T-Rex  
It's welcome to H-Town, it's 3rd Ward talking  
When the hog go to the barking, y'all niggaz know to park it  
All that extra etcetera, y'all don't want no problem  
This thang under my waist, came here to solve it  
A nigga jack me, I'll jack you back  
Cause it's a must I roll Lac, with the fifth in the back  
Hear them old school playing, with a whole bunch of money  
Still do it in these streets, like I'm young and just start coming  
The Black Victor new mayn, straight out of Screwston  
Rolling on chrome, tell them haters bring it on Ro

Jackers wanna know, what I'm holding on  
When I'm rolling chrome  
You can get one, in your dome  
Bitch nigga, your cover is blown

Now whenever I'm seen in the city, I'm looking so grown  
Either the Crentley or the van, I'm on top of something so chrome  
Candy blue paint on my car, candy blue paint on my van  
I know it look like diamonds on the steering wheel, but they on my hand  
Just look at my piece and chain, ain't this proof that I'm having thangs  
But dude I tell ya back up, and with the mac soon as you snatch it mayn  
End up just like Showtyme, he got robbed bout three or fo' times  
Bling-blinging ain't for everybody baby, but Ro gon' shine  
Pardon me if you don't mind, Mo City my stomp ground  
Use to call us pretty niggaz, until we started leaving chalk outlines  
Tote big pistols and walk round, and seek out those who talk down  
Run up in em like a dildo, then spray the place lay the law down  
Ain't none of my riches come for free, I broke my back to make it  
And since my spine still hurting, I'll be damned if anybody's taking  
Anything I worked hard fo', when I slaved over the stove  
What you see me with go inside the box with me, fuck you hoes ah-ha

I bought a Cadillac, dropped it on the street top  
Think it was '88 I start slanging crack rock, yeah  
Same year, was the birth of Corleone  
Caught me sliding up Main, by Camroe on chrome  
Grill under my woman, see me when I'm coming  
Looking for you haters, with my 18's humming  
I was crawling hurting, breaking up the strip  
Chrome 84's, hell yeah they been dipped nigga

A message to anybody, in a candy coated fo' do'  
Fucking with a fast food drive through, is a no-no  
Get done like Kane did ol' boy, in that Mustang  
In Menace II Society, die or give it up quietly  
Hold what you got, gon' bring them 84's out a lot

Jackers'll find out where you lay your head, and be at your spot  
That's why my pistol be in my lap, when I be rolling  
It's not playa to leave home rolling, and come back strolling