

# Like a Rocket

Z-Ro

Risko Funk

Uh, I kicks it with the [?] and that Isaiah carry  
One deep for life, I don't know no woman I'ma marry  
Tryna find myself bald-headed, never hairy  
Ain't afraid of nothin' but being broke, that's so scary (Aha)  
Comin' down South Main  
Still rockin' Dickies, I ain't in no ball mane  
I report to nobody, I'm my own boss mane  
Ain't Walker, ain't Sanchie, but I got the sauce mane  
And I'm so Houston like that boy Gerald Green  
Like fridges and Timmy Chan and a cup of codeine  
Like Street Military just came with makin' this dream  
Y'all sleepin' on me but I'm wide awake in this dream

We goin' up like a Rocket  
Takin' off on you hoes  
We keep on goin', we're never stoppin'  
Y'all already know how it goes  
We goin' up like a Rocket  
Can't see the ground no mo  
Instead of talkin' down, you should've stayed down  
Now you can't come around no more

South Side still holdin'  
'84 Biarritz, they got they mouth wide open  
Call up on a zippy, got that fire I'm hopin'  
If it ain't that loud and I can't hear it, I ain't smokin'  
South Side, we roll on choppers  
And North Side, we hold on choppers  
When I'm rollin' up on that West Side  
You know I got that thang on me  
I'll ride on that East Side, they call me cocaine homie  
Fuck is I'm gon' change fo, always be the same homie  
Reppin' Houston Texas with a trunk full of bang homie

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