

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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