

Lit Up

Z-Ro

"The revolution gets it's name by always coming back around in your face
You tried to kill me you son of a bitch, so welcome to the revolution
There's more to follow, I'll stay in touch"

Get lit up
When you talking out your face
Get hit up
The detectives gon' close the case
Get lit up
See you fucked with us, we got to see you die
Get hit up
Bottle after bottle one more DUI
Get lit up
You gon' have to let the swelling go down
Get hit up
Oh you ain't got nothing to say no more now
Get lit up
Yeah I heard what ya said
Even if you living with an army its still off with your head

I know y'all think I'm out my mind (out my mind)
Your fired if you are one minute late
I don't play about my time (get your shit and go)
Even when a nigga sleep I hustle
That's how I grind (how I grind)
If you try to take food off my table
I'ma kill, I'ma die about mine (die 'bout mine)
Ungh..
If I gotta do a murder I ain't losing no sleep I'ma sleep so peaceful
Show up at the funeral like I ain't did nothing give condolences to all of y
our people
I'm a crip grim reaper say my name 5 times I'ma make you pay for all of your
evil
And if I do a drive by I do it in a Lamborghini I am too rich to do it in a
Regal (ha ha)
Was from a hood called trust my people, from a block named show love bouleva
rd
Now I'm from a hood called fuck my people from a block named no love bouleva
rd
Now how can I ball, how can I ball
How can I catch my enemies and murder them all?

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Nigga I lit yo whole street
That's the .50 If you still living that mean you dove deep
I'm a hood regular but you ain't known in these streets
So connected 'Ro don't need a telephone in these streets
On MLK in every city it's a real nigga hustling
And fuck niggas in the way they just on the field fumbling
But I ain't got no time for that
Gun in the front with a pound in back
I give a nigga what he looking for I bet he won't do it no more
You can see where his mind is at
Through cereal bowl holes, yes I'm cocoa pops up in this bitch
Murder gangs, once they start it ain't no stopping in this bitch
It's Joseph McVey baby, shooting this a way and that way baby
I'ma put it in they face, Mocity Don, King of the Ghetto
God forgive me, I don't want to be a devil
But these niggas be and these bitches be
Having meetings 'bout killing me
For more show money and more hoe money
Houston Texas will never hear the end of me
I don't pretend to be cause I am
Y'all already know what I'm talking 'bout
But we gon' keep that on the low cause real killers don't talk a lot

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