

Long Time

Z-Ro

Here ye here ye, come one come all
An nigga talking down on the Maab, bound to fall
Know I'm saying, Z-Ro the Crooked
Representing S.U.C., got my nigga Fred in this bitch
My nigga Trae in this bitch, and we don't give
A damn about you, that's why we fin to ride

I bet these boys, out here better recognize
My team, Guerilla Maab until it's over
Running bitch niggas over, beaming a glock like I'm a soldier
Ready for war who that hating on Trae, and knowing they trash
Throwing they ass up out my face, if they think of blocking my cash
Mo' rocks than Damon Dash, independently I'm a threat
AKA a vet, and spraying them niggas until they wet
I ain't finished yet I'm a G, and I'm finishing what I started
Half of these niggas out here be spitting bullshit, like they retarded
Disregarded never, I'm better than the rest of the game
You lame better read my chain, M double A-B be running thangs
With my kin folk Ro dog, and the L dog
Everytime let me tell y'all, we thoed I'ma swell y'all

Well swell em up then
Fuck these old PH bastard ass niggas
Talking down on us, bet y'all can't walk down on us
Nigga we strapped automatics, semi's and fully's

This one is dedicated, to them niggas that hate it
It's been a long time, but we finally made it
We the realest of the real, and we can never be faded
It's been a long time, but we finally made it
We the future of the funk, you punks is outdated
It's been a long time, but we finally made it
Breaking laws and jaws, cause you bitches is overrated
It's been a long time, but we finally made it

Presidential got a problem, with me making my cash
Trying to starve a nigga out, and have me flat on my ass
One hundred and sixty thousand, what they suing me fo'
But since my shit's selling, you could never ruin me hoe
25 hours a day, I be packing that lead
Chasing paper so me and Fred, steady stacking our bread
I understand that you bullshit niggas, done flip-flopped
Trying to hold on to a nigga, hitching a ride to the top
(and 97.9), the biggest hoes I know
Now Walter D is my nigga, the rest of em be hating Ro
What do you know, why these niggas all up in my face
Back back I'm about two seconds, from catching a case
When I walk up in the club, they act like they don't see me
Nervous in my presence, praying that Z-Ro will take it easy
I'ma take it hard, while I'm killing em softly
Till they gone, they been hating us for way too long

Slow Loud And Bangin in they face, and niggas acting like hoes
I think it's cause we never went, when we be spitting out flows
Got cash I'm sick with it, I spit it cause I'm a G
It's the Jay'Ton, repping S.L.A.B

With Ro Dog and Trae, my flag be doing great
Undisputed like weight, when I'm upper cutting in your face
Body blows and jabs, for niggas hating on S.L.A.B
You come with that bullshit, guaranteed I'm beating your ass
It been a long time, and we finally made it
Hopped the slab off the AVE., and I finally sprayed it
No more slanging on the block, cause the block got raided
Like the point on the dice, I can never be faded

Yeah, we ain't gon blow it though
You know we got this hoe ass devil on our back
On our motherfucking ass, that nigga can't face up
With a real nigga though, know I'm saying
Nigga know he talk shit, so I be spitting
All motherfucking day long, but it's still God first though
This whole ass world got me this way, you know I'm saying
Bout paper, this motherfucking K, motherfucking Tre-8
This 4-5, 4-4, shit it goes on and on and on
Talking down on us nigga, you getting 17 hundred to the dome
So I know u gon be gone, you know I'm saying
Fred get your bread, Trae pass that motherfucking K
And let's roll, I'ma continue to blow dro, and we out this bitch