

# Mirror, Mirror On The Wall

Z-Ro

Multiplications on my digits come up over some time  
3-57 in my spine, they can't hold me like Kobe Bryant  
Powered up, popping tulips and clovers and stop signs  
Taylor made Gucci looking like a million bucks  
Neck full of gold baggets and trillion cuts  
I reside on cuts cause having money is a must  
Give me the issue or get touched the scuffling up  
Fuck with the raw like a cut, cause I hit too hard  
Radio stations don't play cause I spit too hard  
I know they hate me everyday, and I ain't quit so far  
But if you cross the line, ak is gone hit your car

Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the throwdest of them all  
Cause you know my name it's Z-Ro the crooked  
Z-Ro the Mo City don it ain't over it just begun  
Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the throwdest of them all  
Cause you know my name it's Z-Ro represent the third coast  
Let my coedine settle and have a toast

I'm a geurilla that's after the scrilla, I cop glocks  
I'm the top knotch, body armored like Shaq done blocked shots  
Dropping cops cause they crooked, I'm the loud now  
Posted on the corner selling raw now  
Looking for them people keep an open eye

And if I see the jackers never hesitate I got to open fire  
Act just like a live wire, retaliation is a must  
Rock and buy these bezzels and then bust  
Geniva watch telling me it's time to ball  
Get in the line until I make it to the front and then it's time to fall  
But if I ever fall off, just fall back behind the scene  
To accept it, catch me up and sit calm and big screens

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When I roll I roll one deep, I never stop wrecking these H-Town streets  
And ain't nobody holding me down I'm a roll, I'm rolling  
If you didn't know Southside still holding, folding  
Big lemon faces, got real money cause I catch cases  
Sipping on ski tastes, and I'ma lean in private or public places  
Milicated refreshness, keep my mind at ease  
Trying to reach another level keep me climbing trees  
Coming smoke out my nose, bald faded minus before  
Keep it gangsta, got groupie hoes striking a pose  
But see they ain't getting chose, or catch me tipping my dogs  
I need a independent thug chick, launder money and drug shit  
I'm the boss hog, ain't nobody hogging me over harder  
Soft then I'm off in the funk in my roller