

Mirror, Mirror

Z-Ro

Let my coedine settle, and have a toast one time
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 codeine settle, and have a toast

I'm a guerilla that's after the scrilla, I cock glocks
I'm the top knotch, body armored like Shaq done blocked shots
Dropping cops cause they crooked, I'm the law 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 gotta open fire
Active like a live wire, retaliation is a must
Rock and buy these bezzels, and then I bust
Geniva watch, telling me it's time to ball
Get in the line till 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
Take seven, catch me up in sitcoms and big screens

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 skeet 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 dob
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