

# Never Been

Z-Ro

The less I fuck with you niggas, the better I feel  
Don't know no nothin' else what I can be if I wasn't  
real  
I borrowed those lines from Plies, that's just how I  
feel  
Brass knuckles and a 38 with a beam, that's just how I  
chill  
AK-47 and a ski mask, that's how I kill  
Professional drankin' my nigga, my cup will never spill  
Where I'm from, the police is the only thing I'll run  
from  
Only thang on my mind is money, and what bitch I can  
get some from  
I ain't never been a bitch, don't know how to be a hoe  
Only thing I know how to do is collect my dough  
So if you owe me money, pay me on time  
8-7-tre-4-2-4, death before dishonor on mine  
Me be a punk, I would have to leave this world for that  
Matter fact my momma coulda' had a girl for that  
If I hold my hands a certain when I'm in the courtroom  
That could guarantee me walkin' out of the courtroom  
Ain't no other rapper got a set of skills like Ro got  
I swear I'm half a man and half machine, call me Ro-bot  
You ain't gotta wonder if Z-Ro gon' ever sell out, Z-Ro  
not  
From Greenspoint to Mo-City, Texas, all of that's Ro  
block  
Kick door burglars started in my hood, so watch yo'  
door lock  
Kick that bitch in, roll in yo' shit, take everything  
and then roll out  
That was '94, I was hiding out, homicide was trying to  
find me  
Ain't that a bitch, now I got my whole city and state  
behind me  
I'm cool as a popsicle, in the freezer, in the winter  
time  
But I'm a damn fool and a half about respect, so give  
me mine  
Uhhh, so when they lay me in my hole  
They gon' say that was a man right there homie, I put  
that on my soul

I ain't never been a bitch or don't know how to be a  
hoe  
Only thing I know how to do is go get the dough  
The cheese, the bread, the feria, lucci  
Hoe I just want what's in your purse, you can keep the  
cuchi  
I ain't never been a bitch or don't know how to be a  
hoe  
Only thing I know how to do is go get the dough, Heyy  
Even if they kill me I ain't going no where  
Turn up the volume to the radio, I'll be right there

(Ro-Pac) It feels so good to be free, I ain't even  
thinkin' bout a penitentiary

Apple sauce and yellow grits, that ain't breakfast  
T-bone steak and eggs back in Screwed Up Texas  
Ain't a thang change, everything still the same  
Haters still hate the gangbangers still bang  
But we still fuck with it, lil' body that's makin'  
change  
Snitches still need a record deal cuz they still sang  
You ain't no woman, you a bitch to me  
And a friend, still ain't shit to me  
Everytime I make a hundred thousand dollars, here they  
come  
If I'm doing bad, they the ones I don't here from  
Y'all niggas ain't real like Hawk and Screw  
And since y'all ain't them, y'all the ones I'm talkin'  
too  
Y'all niggas ain't shit, y'all pussies and some tits  
But got the nerve to say you a blood or a crip  
First one to set trip, but the first one to run  
Own six or seven guns, but you never shot one  
I praise towards the sun everyday before I'm done  
When it rain on me it ain't water, its money by the ton  
I'm only one man with an Earth worth of foes  
They hate me in the hood, in public and at my shows  
If looks can kill I die when they ride by  
But ask them why they hate me and they don't know why  
Send a playa through hell and back, then they sent me  
to prison  
But check me out homie I'm free and I'm still livin'  
So many women and men don't want me to win  
I got God, that's why they bullets can't break my skin  
Roll foreign in the winter, American in the spring  
Any other time a playa, stretch Hummer limousine  
Whether you see me in person, or in a magazine  
I keep bags of purple, ain't no mo' bags of green  
I'm white t-shirt, white wands and blue jeans  
The MVP and the only player on my team  
The female scream cuz I'm the man of they dreams  
I'm represented by my piece, chain, watch and my ring  
Yea I'm on the radio, yea I'm on the television  
But never sellin' my soul is the most important mission  
No mo' whippin chickens up in the kitchen, nigga please  
If I ain't pimpin my bitches, then I must be over seas  
I drop a lot of CD's, that's how I make cheese  
So much ice in my mouth, my breath is a cool breeze  
Pardon my rainbow, a playa just had to sneeze  
My game tight 360 degrees  
I ain't a fresh prince, I'm a muthafuckin' king  
This ain't a pistol, this is a muthafuckin' machine  
50 caliber brown, and this is something you never seen  
Big enough to hit when it miss, and it don't need a  
beam  
I shake a lot of hands, walk across a lot of stages  
My signature at the bottom of a lot of pages  
Even without a diamond I still shine bright  
And I hog the lime light, that's because I rhyme tight  
Kush keep my mind right, cuz I stress so bad  
Sometimes I lose my temper and get so mad  
But a voice say, "Ro, focus and get yo' cash"  
You wanna know if I do that, you better bet yo' ass,  
BEOTCHH!!!