

# Never Fold

Z-Ro

A nigga like me, man, I love the game, I love the hustle  
Funny, man, you a hustling motherfucker, man, for real  
Uh

I don't do it 'cause I have to, I do it 'cause can-a-than  
I don't wanna conversate, miss me with the ramblin'  
Lotta smokin' weed, lotta gettin' drunk and gamblin'  
I come up with my own shit, it's not a lot of samplin'  
I'm scared of nothin', you ain't never seen me panickin'  
Silent as a brick wall, stiffer than a mannequin  
They still hatin'? Give a fuck, I'm still managin'  
I give 'em goosebumps every time like Travis, man  
Straight outta "Break Your Wrists," Texas my hood, listen  
I been in the 'burbs, and I will still be on that hood shit  
She got degrees and shit, but she still a hood bitch  
We do it for generational wealth, fuck a "hood rich," listen  
Forty acres and immune is what we should get  
But, felonies, that's what everybody in the hood get  
Yeah, I wanna help 'em, but I ain't gon' be the hood nigga  
If I don't give 'em nothin', they like, "You ain't from the hood, Z"

Never fold, I was taught to never fold  
You know me, real nigga from head to toe  
Got a problem with you, I'ma let you know  
All y'all cool, but all y'all ain't gon' get the gold  
But all my niggas gon' eat with me  
And take over all these streets with me  
Sittin' in the expensive seats with me

Uh, baby, you don't know the half  
I was so broke, I promise, all I could do was laugh (Hahaha)  
I was on my back, that's way past on my ass  
Now the IRS like, "Where you stash all the cash?" (Where all the money at?)  
Homie, my lips are sealed  
And I don't trust nothin', so you know the clips are real  
Spray my opp-stopper, end up in a ditch, for real  
I don't just rap about it, ho, I do this shit for real  
I know they ain't wanna see me make it to the other side  
But I'm a winner, I ain't nothin' like them other guys  
I love you, baby, but I'll talk to you another time  
Swear to God, I got a hundred thousand on the other line  
Swear to God, my hustle was of another kind  
Only had six, but I was cookin' up another nine  
Been up forty-eight, I was straight, I don't fuck around  
If you ain't helpin' me get it, you can't even come around  
Got tunnel vision, I can't see you motherfuckers now  
And y'all fake, I wouldn't wanna be you motherfuckers now  
God didn't tell me I should feed you motherfuckers now  
The devil in me tell me I don't need you motherfuckers now, I

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