

Not a Rapper

Z-Ro

I'm not a rapper
Broke in real life but you're stuntin' for the gram
I'm not a rapper
Actin' like that's yours but that's for your man
I'm not a rapper
You say you're from the hood, they don't even know you're name
I'm not a rapper
We know you got a job tellin' us you slangin' 'cane, uh

In they song line, tellin' us what they ain't got
Extra friendly but just tellin' us 'bout who they shot
They ain't respected in the streets at all, they just hot
They say this, they say that, but uh, they just not
How can you go to sleep a busta, but wake up a real nigga (What)
You ain't real just 'cause you got somebody real wit' ya (What)
So I'm a bitch on Instagram, in person though, you must forgot
Make me turn into the ol' Ro and call you bustas out
"Where my verse at homie," that's what ya said, huh
Scared if we on the same song, you gonna innovate huh
If I said then I meant it, I'm gonna make it happen
Just 'cause your head bobbin' and I'm rappin' don't mean

I'm a rapper
Broke in real life but you're stuntin' for the gram
I'm not a rapper
Actin' like that's yours but ya know that's for your man
I'm not a rapper
You say you're from the hood, they don't even know you're name
I'm not a rapper
We know you got a job tellin' us you slangin' 'cane

Oh you ballin' but while you rape, got them paper plates
Ain't nothin' wrong with claimin' you delta 88 (For real though)
Say my nigga who give a fuck, what a hater say (For real though)
Me, myself, you know I love makin' them haters hate (For real though)
But you's a cold blooded killer, killin' everything
Cops pull you over, before they ask you tell 'em everything (Ha-ha)
Just a pussy ass nigga, ain't gon' ever change
Real nigga, the real, real niggas ain't gon' ever claim
Leroy ain't you my homie, I thought you was (Bitch!)
Now you can hit my own button, I'm about to off you cuz
Slim Thug let you make it, he the bigger man
Steal from me, I will knock out my nigga man, bitch

I'm not a rapper
Broke in real life but you're stuntin' for the gram
I'm not a rapper
Actin' like that's yours but ya know that's for your man
I'm not a rapper
You say you're from the hood, they don't even know you're name
I'm not a rapper
We know you got a job tellin' us you slangin' 'cane

Shit, look like he got a panty line up in that motherfucker
Pants so tight, he think he finer than a motherfucker (Fuck)
Act like he got a vagina in that motherfucker
House full of guys, ain't no vagina in that motherfucker (Ha, ha, ha)

Dope video, at least a hundred weed pads
As soon as it's over you gotta get a weed bag (Sucka)
Luxury rentals outside like we need that
Quit actin' like ya ballin', give 'em people they keys back
Won't go onstage 'cause you'll see your beef on the front row
Me, I beat up my beef from the stage to the front doe
I'm an entertainer but don't treat me like that
I'm still in the hood, I don't be on TV like that

I'm not a rapper
Broke in real life but you're stuntin' for the gram
I'm not a rapper
Actin' like that's yours but ya know that's for your man
I'm not a rapper
You say you're from the hood, they don't even know you're name
I'm not a rapper
We know you got a job tellin' us you slangin' 'cane