

One Two

Z-Ro

Screwed up click for life Z-Ro tha crooked aka tha king of the ghetto but ya
'll can call me rotha vandross this year though ya digg
Anyway mayne I'm just out here tryna shake tha mothafucken pot & pull a doll
a out u nawmtalknbout?
Everyday all day heavy not small pay niggah what

Ha haaa... uhh I wake up early in tha evening around 5:30 or 6
My nextel beepin from all tha calls I missed,
Brush my grill until it looks like what's around my wrist
Drop some kush in tha cigarillo and then give it a twist,
Pull out black t-shirt baige dickie pants black house shoes can't forget my
bandana to give'em tha blues,
Open up the safe and grab some paper
Call foward and hit sportsclips and let em know I need anotha tapah,
Call one up of tha smokas to was my ride just like at the
Just like at tha carwash but he gon do it right outside,
I don't kick it with fellas I kick it with broads
Fellas act like females so why not kick it with a women from tha start,
My mind marinated full of liquor remember me in the hoodoo with expired tags
& stickas
But I'm on swangas today and everything is blue over gray,
Look out Houston Tx Z-Ro is on his way I'm a let the top down

I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a niggah do)
I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a niggah do)
Nigaaa... iiiiiiiim gon let tha top down even tho I'm on 4s I ain't swangin
rather roll cruise control
As tha cigarillo blows cell phone ringin traffic light chaangan...

Is a sunday screwd up day outside might as well pull out tha candy slab it's
time to riiide
It go from candy blue to purple right before ya eyes
And they think I'm slippn but I keep them pipes on my siiide
Grippin woodgraain homie if ya love ya like I'm run up on me maaayne
You damn right I'm a legend in tha gaaame
It's Billy Cook and that niggah Joseph waaaayne
Yeah we accept check and loose chaaaange
Cause tha ghetto is where we come from
The same place boojie bitches run from
Since the beginning I had a piss poor hand
But I turned it to a winner you haters don't understand
Minimum wage niggah now earnin a hundred grand
I can pay my own way got my own money maayne
B.I.L.L.Y C.O.O.K. in a foreign car now I was in tha droppa yesterdaay

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Just like big hawk my cup is full of something bubbulaay
And I'm on the boulevard acting ugggulaay,
But I'm not swangin in & outa my lane speakin of my trunk and tha gorillas i
nside it just makin it bang

If a jacka comes my way I load my AK
Don't think I won't spray it's gon be yo last day
I work too damn hard for mine 24/7 on tha grind all you gon end up with is a
hard time
From I-10 to beltway 8-59 south to purchase a sack of the lemon lime & I'm o
ut
About to roll to my homegirl house
Her man trippin cuz he think I got her strippin, but we jus flippin
And aint no club hoppin even if tha club poppin I'm'a pass neva even take my
foot of tha gas headed to tha studio to drop a couple of songs when I'm fin
ish we gon bound to continued to roooam and let tha top doooowwn

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