

Out His Mind

Z-Ro

Z-Ro must be out his mind, think I'ma let him rap on my song
Then my song, won't even be my song
We can't let that nigga shine, if we do the real niggaz gon' be on it
They get on it, won't be safe to leave home
Z-Ro must be out his mind, thinking we gon' let him on the big stage
And get paid, the same way we get paid
We can't let that nigga shine, if we do we gon' pray the devil away
And ain't nobody, gon' listen to what we say

I heard somebody told Drake, I wasn't feeling the song
Y'all know I woulda been on it, and been the killing the song
It woulda got me a couple of more millions alone
But it's all good, I got a couple of million at home
Z-Ro, why you ain't in magazines or in the blogs
Bitch I'm still up in the streets, with my locs and the dogs
Real kush in the video, we don't fuck with fog
And if y'all ain't some real niggaz, we don't fuck with y'all
They don't want a real nigga, coming up like bubbles in 7Up
They want a nigga that's gon' bow down, I'll shoot you down soon as you step
ping up
My knees don't bend, unless I'm praying mayn
I put no man befo' my God, fuck is you saying mayn uh
Ro why these rappers, want your hooks and not your verses
Cause soon as I get to rapping, they career roll off in hearses
Can't look me in my eye, or shake my hand cause they too nervous
I'm tough as a leather pork chop, and these bitches is sweeter than sherbet

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Rosay and Yo Gotti, appreciate the verse
I was able to get circles of white, and squares of purp'
Shout out to Gucci, for doing Haters Got me Wrong
I don't want shit for free, I wanted to pay him for the song
I got a lot of haters, hating on me
A couple jackers round the corner, and they waiting on me
If I die, I know I ain't gon' be where Satan gon' be
While I'm here, go on and make the strippers get naked fo' me
Much love for Killer Mike, I fuck with B.o.B.
Whenever I'm in A-T-L, they always fuck with me
R.I.P. Pimp C, he told me not to fuck for free
And bust a nigga head open, if they fuck with me

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Ro if you ain't wearing these, you can't cash checks
Bullshit them ain't no jeans, them some spandex
If I did that, I couldn't live with myself
Never sell out for the money, keep it real with myself
I am not touching my dick, but I am feeling myself
They wan' rump with me, me don't need a shooter me killing myself
I'm from the wish a rapper woods, I wish a rapper would
Get at me on your song that's cool, I'm gon' get at your hood
Oh you a hot boy huh, ya better cool it
Man I just found it, I promise y'all don't want me to lose it
Real gangsta shit, ain't got shit to do with no music
They tough on wax but friendly in person, it's so confusing
Last time I saw Lil' Wayne, it was hugs and daps
At Mad Studios, with kush buds and brillo wraps
Drank and syrup, getting high like a mo'fucker
Who say Ro ain't real, they a lie like a mo'fucker

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