

## Ride All Day

Z-Ro

Now you might catch me bobbing my head, but you will not catch me dancing  
You might catch me getting at a broad, but you will not catch me romancing  
One of the finest emcees out of Houston Texas, from the South end  
Where everyday one of my people, lays down in a coffin  
Yeah it's a lot of playa haters, lip boxing homie  
They don't wanna see me squeezing it, until the empty clips dropping homie  
So accurate with my aim, you best repent for your sins  
My gun cocking is a reminder, that your life is bad at ten  
Though, I don't wanna hurt nobody  
I will not hesitate, to put fo' in your body  
Don't get it twisted, I don't be rapping about smacking fellas to sell c.d.'s  
I'ma really lay my hands on somebody, forget a MP3  
This is real life, secluded from society but this is still life  
Trying to go from thinking about it, to definitely I will live  
After I save myself, I'll be in a position where I can give life  
Thanking Jesus, cause we wouldn't be here if he didn't give his life

Ride all day, ride all night  
Can't figure out to stay out of county, but to keep my head right  
Got my name in candy blue letters, between my headlights  
Z-Ro the Crooked the Mo City Don, he's all about bread right

I ride all day, just me and a fat sack  
In case I'm spotted by jackers, I got my black backpack  
With the black mack in it, give me fifty feet or have your hat dented  
I just need a whole lot of, leave me alone  
Bending corners in the Crenshaw, dripping paint on the streets  
I'm getting paid, everytime I put my pain on a beat  
Sitting on top of 22 inches, glassed up ain't nothing like the fast bucks  
That's how I keep, good kush weed in a bone  
These spreads longs, tend to act so-so  
Just like a brother can't get no love, when his do' low  
Me and my brothers, we do the best that we can  
While trying to give y'all the world, but all we got is two hands  
Tell me why when a hustler get locked up, or take a major loss  
The same woman that was down like fo' flats, will tell him to step off  
That's why I roll, solo  
Hell naw you can't get in with me, cause I don't need no help smoking this d  
o-do

These days, everytime I ride by  
From shining so hard, I can be spotted by the blind eye  
But I'm not capping, just informing y'all that I'm doing rather well from rapping  
Although my records never made it gold, or made it platinum  
But I got a lot of ice, a couple cars and a couple spots  
I don't go to jail no mo', cause my payroll includes a couple cops  
So am I riding dirty, I think y'all already know  
Hydrolic stash spot, is a guarantee the laws gon let me go  
I'ma keep on rolling around, and rolling up this good  
Z-Ro in love with Mo City, and needs no help holding up his hood  
Matter fact I'm one deep, till I see my grave  
But I'm trying to stick around long enough, to see my daughter grown up and

paid

Besides, I don't need nobody calling Sandra

Or Dorothy Mathews, about me and this bad news

That's why, I'ma hide behind the limosine tint

Bending corners with plenty kush, and coedine getting bent