

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 life
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 Crentley, 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 spreds 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