

# Shotta

Z-Ro

You think this tattoo on my hand, is for decoration or something  
Way before I was a loc, the desert eagle was already dumping  
Rolling around in my dropper, looking out for the coppers  
Cause I'm coming to pop ya, me and this trigger  
You don't wanna fuck with the King of the Ghetto nigga  
Hey Mr. preacher man, yeah I know the bible  
I'm not in love with murder, I'm in love with my own survival  
Pardon me if I'm wrong, but I really don't give a damn  
As long as after the bullets stop flying, I walk away with my gun in my hand  
Nigga don't run up on me, you could die for less than that  
I'm about to pitch this fast ball, and your head neck and chest is at bat  
You ain't gotta like me, but I bet you gon' respect me  
And I bet I wear a dress, before I let somebody check me  
I been running around in this ghetto a long time, I'm doing just fine  
They don't hang they drag, I'm talking about these nuts of mine  
You ain't gotta believe me homie, just run up and try me  
You'll be dead, or hooked up to an IV

R: Top shotta make you move your body, or you can lose your body  
Move your body, me don't want no scariness around me  
Move your body, or you can lose your body  
Top shot doc'll make enough weapon, to bruise your body  
Move your body, or you can lose your body  
Move your body, me don't want no scariness around me  
Move your body, or you can lose your body  
Top shot doc'll make enough weapon, to bruise your body

(Rude boy), what's happening my nigga shit what's cracking  
(please don't act a fool boy), shit you know I'm trying to chill mayn  
Nigga looking at me funny though  
(cause we don't need no yellow tape, around the dance hall tonight)  
Shit I'm trying to get fucked up anyway, (that's right) alright  
I really be trying to chill, but haters be looking at me all upside my head  
As if they plan to color me dead  
And stick me for my bread, before that happen I'll end up in the FED  
Doing a triple life sentence, for what I did with an infrared  
I get a rush when I bust heads open wide, I could damn near die

I get a feeling all over my body, just like a PCP high  
My weapon is with me at all times, never leave home  
without it  
Or my attitude, ain't nothing friendly about it  
You might get the best of me, but I doubt it just ain't  
gon' happen  
I'm for real about this gangsta shit, but you just  
think I'm rapping  
Community never losing is what I'm down with,  
progression  
I know how to put my pistol down, and count my  
blessings  
The graveyard, is full of homies that died  
I probably put your homie there, if your homie was  
fucking with mine  
Even though a true warrior prays for peace  
I'ma empty the whole clip, until the day I'm deceased

R:

One in the oil, and sixteen in the clip  
Top shotta keep it good, good cream in the zip  
When me fly my desert eagle, you'll do a full flip  
Me will fear no man, me don't want no scary buisness  
Might be lying, no one will see me when me wild like  
this  
Just don't push me button, everything remain crisp  
Had to do somebody new, it was a real thing mess  
All of y'all picking them, cheers after me love stick  
And I boom boom good, but not gon' fall in love with  
Rule one lift the punani, and focus on rich  
And if that boy test me, and me dig a bigger ditch  
Those fools will keep me busy, miss and chop another  
clip  
And fifty shot the clip, and then me shot a punk bitch  
My eyes are everywhere, rude boy me run this  
Skip town, or you when me out the mighty come kiss  
I am one you shouldn't really fuck with

R: