

Stop the Rain

Z-Ro

My whole life I been bred wrong. Look, hater, you dead wrong
I don't want no trouble. I'm just tryna get my bread on
Park bench was my bed. That's what I laid my head on
Thin bed sheet, Vienna sausages, and [?]
Look, I done came a long way. It's full speed ahead
I know they wanna see me broke or wanna see me dead
Talkin' 'bout what they gon' do to me. Do you see me scared?
They ain't stop makin' 'em after they made yours, homie
Why ya hate to see me walk on marble floors, homie?
I ain't greedy, I can show ya how to marble yours, homie
It's enough food for everybody to chew
Stop actin' like the game has fed everybody but you
You can go all the way to 10, stop stoppin' at 2
My bad bitches ain't stayin', they just droppin' it through
They like "It's 'Give Z-ro Some Head' night"
And I know that head tight
Long as that bread right, Z-Ro there err' night
I go hard in the paint like Shaquille
Everything I did, I did it without a deal
10 thousand dollar dinner, I got the tip and the bill
See my face on the wall at the Palm, this shit for real
I'm bangin' DJ Screw when I'm comin' down
All of this knock in the rear, you know I shut 'em down
Her booty look like a smart car, she one of mine
The top stay down, it's always summer time
Look at the paint, satin black everything I roll
So many titles, no written, everything I own
He say I'm broke, don't know what type of dope he was on
20k a night in the club, type of shit we was on
Wonder what my momma would say if she was still livin'
"Act like you're broke, son. I know you ain't still givin'.
Who all these ladies is? I know you ain't still pimpin'."
21 years later - yeah, momma I'm still winnin'

I still run this game
Y'all can't stop a thing, no
I wish my haters would
'Cause I'm still from the hood

I still run this game
Y'all can't stop a thing, no
I'm so blessed
What's wrong? Why ya lookin' so stressed?

Yo, I'm so cold, I make medicine sick
Been Rap-A-Lot since '96, man I feel like J Prince
Man, I feel like Slim Thug. I'm a boss, ya heard?
I'm like Scarface. All I got is my balls and my word
I feel like Bun B. Damn, I miss Pimp C
Fat Pat, miss you too, cuz. R.I.P.
Now, yeah. I'm with Mo City Don
When I'm in Houston, keep it trill. I'm like my boy Killa Kyleon
I'm like Big when I get in the booth
ABN like Trae, I be spittin' the truth
H-Town diesel dog. Yo they lovin' the south
Think you get my beans and cornbread? Get the taste out your mouth.
Or, part 2, my killin' spree gon' commence

You can't stop the rain. How many times I gotta tell you this?
Yeah, you see my life is about
Drop top Phantom sittin' on thangs, 59 south
Go into the bank and get that Laker money
Sugar Land mansion, 100 acre money
We don't hate, we congratulate
Go get the bag, I ain't hard to find. You see me, I ain't gotta brag
I tell my little homies "Listen to ya momma, boy
Instead of packin' heat tryna cause the drama, boy"
Come to my house and see two tigers and two lions, boy
My bank account got them periods and commas, boy
You see me rollin', I don't care ya hatin'
I been the best balla spittin' there is no debatin'
Mo City Don, see what me and him creatin'
We like Kobe and Shaq, pure domination
H-Town (chop) chop and Screw it
Slow it down, bump around, 'cross the town. I know how y'all do it
I started small time, I bet you know my name
Retired 10 years now, I still run this game

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