

Thats The Type Of Nigga I Am

Z-Ro

Every morning I wake up I start my day off wrong firing up that kush
before I even put my clothes on
Load my Glock 40 before I even wash my face I do these types of things so I won't be a murder case
When I'm rollin in my ride there be a look on my face so cold starin at your ass so hard I
Can see straight through to your soul
Ain't no tellin when somebody tryna get me for my riches I used to leave em' in stiches now I leave them ass in ditches
I don't love bitches I don't love niggas I don't love nothing it's gonna take my momma comin back from the grave for me to love sumthin
I let my temper get the best of me and go off for no reason this is the beginning of kickin in your door season
I met a couple niggas in jail they were all screamin they were real but Joseph was the only one I could feel
You don't like it call the law fuck you hoes I don't give a damn I'll knock yo bitch ass out and that's the type of nigga I am

N.I.G.G.A I'm a get drunk and smoke weed all day, that's the type of nigga I am
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N.I.G.G.A Tell me who gon fuck around with Joseph Wayne Mcvey

Alot of niggas mumble under there breath about what they gon do running up on Z-Ro The Crooked is what they won't do
Yea I'm cool, calm, and collective but I ain't got it all that's why I go from how you doing to fuck all ya'll
My attitude is rude enough to be a crooked cop but there ain't no red or blue lights flashin on the top of my drop top
I'm a gangsta and I spit nuttin but gangsta shit that's comin from a 5 deuce Hover gangsta Crip
Bangin Street Milatary, Point Blank and Klondike Kat the shit they were talkin about I grew up just like that
My hood was full of thugs, money, guns, and dope finding my stomach full of liquor my lungs full of smoke
I had a pocket full of stones out there chasin that money and once I got it I'd be damn if somebody could take it from me
Run on up and I'm a dump untill the trigga jam motherfucker you better realize that's the type of nigga I am

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The King Of The Ghetto ain't no punk muthafucka I'll open my hand and
slap muthafucka guess they shouldn't have been stupid ass dumb mutha
fucka nigga don't piss me off unless you ready to run muthafucka
And fellas just be running off at the mouth like hoes but in reality
your faker then a foot with four big toes
But me I'm a shoot it up and shut it down straight like that keep blo
wing combinations untill you can't fight back
From the city where everybody go for broke it's so crucial I can be m
urdered by one of my own locs
Hell naw you can't roll with me I roll alone ain't no use in calling
me either I can't seem to hear my phone
Fuck the promoter cause he ain't tryna pay me what I'm worth I'll run
away with his deposit and there won't be a concert (haha)
Free Fairo my nigga doing 50 aggravated in the slame my criminal recor
d show that's were the type of nigga I am

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