

Third Coast

Z-Ro

We third coast, all about our feddy bleed the block and get ghost
Different strokes for different folks, so we choose to cutthroat
We ain't riding, on no horses down here
We get it how we live, that's why it go down round here

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We Third Coast and I'm a soldier united, for the cash
Daily I be ducking the law, be consistently clocking cash
Moving fast I'm running around, looking over my shoulder burning up use my cash
Wonder my a.c. tell em on E, burning up my gas
I'm just a G, everybody in the streets know me
I represent that Killa Klan and the S.U.C., and the Guerilla M double A-B
They call me Ro Dog, giving it to you raw fast or slow dog
It just took a little time for me to shine, and get up in the game and roll dog
Now I'm full grown like H-Town be the AIDS, Z-Ro done got full blown
Then I stood up in the ring, and a nigga done bit the dust but the bill got pulled on
And I'll super-soak the crowd, if I have to
Nothing but Benjamin faces I be after, then I get ghost like casper
Don't work then don't eat, play the game but don't cheat
Cause trying to get it up out my stash, I'll have you falling to your knees
Please, respect all of us less fortunate G's
Cause we coming up from selling ki's, to straight selling c.d.'s

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I get it how I live, that's why I'm thugging to death
I'm one deep up in the houpe, cause I ain't gon tell on myself
Houston Texas is my city, and I love it the most
And when the FEDs come to town, you know a nigga get ghost
I'm still on my post, cause I can sleep when I'm dead
I got the hustle going strong, when you niggaz in bed
They scared, but homie ain't no future in that
I'm a G from the streets, so I don't run with a pack
Different strokes for different folks, purple drink and the smoke
And you know I grind for the cash, when you at home broke
I work for the feddy, I push it and stay ready
The frame on the slab, is wide and real heavy
Niggaz in the hood, I'ma pass em the torch
I been a motherfucking fool, since I jumped off the porch
For real, I'm going to the top this year
Dirty South is a beast, it go down round here

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Go on and put me for a show, I want ten grand plus half the do'
No sub in the front just plain Z-Ro, not a substitute cause I ain't gone go
Nowhere life is hard but it's fair, living my life like I don't care
Look at my feelings when they get wet, they tend to stare
Don't make no sudden move, just might be a sudden death
These characters think they bulletproof, but evidently cat must not of been
blessed
A victory for me, another victim of the mighty Southside
Got everybody running back off in the house, and scared to come back outside
Radio stations recognize, getting my regular thousand times
Hate me off that corner, Z-Ro tired of feeling nickels and dimes
The definition of a hustler, Houston Texas we bleed the block
Ain't no way in hell it's ever gone stop, can't stop

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