Southside Can't Stop

Z-ro

[Hook]
Southside, we bomb first, when we ride
Swanging on elbows chopping on choppers that's right
Cause we real, on a mission to get it can't stop
Going platinum, everytime another tape drop

[Z-Ro]
It's the return of Z-Ro the Crooked, busting heads strictly for cash
Taking out contracts on hatas, with my beam and a mask
You can run you can hide, but it ain't no escaping
I'm a trend setter with a beretta, for real it ain't no faking
I done showed up and I poured up then, I blowed up like yeast
Diamonds slugs up on my teeth, hollerin' violence fuck the peace
Got a slug for these hatas, that's approaching me wrong
Then I mash off in first class there ain't no coach in my zone
Hydro weed to the dome, put up a rag to the chrome
I'm kinda quick to click so get gone, or catch one to the dome
Mo City Texas that's my home, but I can roam all over
So much ghetto love, these cats gone get me full up I'm sober
Real recognize real, and the fake gone fade away
Use to selling drugs to get that pay but God done mad a way
For me to stack my ends, my paper, my moola, my feddy
And caught this world by surprise, I knew you hoes wasn't ready

[Hook x2]

[Den Den]
We be crooked than a bitch, catch me dead in the mix
Shoot some dice start a fight, or scrambling for a lick
Chasing my cheddar riding much wetter, we finally made it
Breaking bread with the real ones, now the fake ones hate it
I be bombing like a plane, engulfed by Mary Jane
Hogging a lane like Deebo, bo'guard like Brother Man
Gripping the grain, leaving a stain on the pavement and the mind
Our bitches in brail, so the block can read my rhymes
Aniline all my hoes, till they knees on my foes
Better prepare for the two piece, that's fin to touch your nose
I'm boring no man, riding red, chopping fans
Sliding through Mo Town, distributing contraband

Slipping and sliding like a snake, stacking my feddy like a bank
Moving slow like a tortoise, cause I'm tipsy from the drink
Hitting the dank and I pass it, roll on glass and a casket
So much god damn money in the South, it's drastic

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro]
Rolling over the competition, on a mission for the crown
Ain't no obstacle gonna stop me, cause I'm knocking them all down
Till I make it to the T-O-P, King of the Ghetto is who Ro be
You better just back up or get smacked up, you fellas really don't know me
A total stranger, man filled with anger
Since busters always tripping, always keep one in the hole
One deep is how I roll, just me and the calico
Trying to beef with Z-Ro, you gotta go, you gotta go
Mash the pedal to the floor, let the tommy gun go
I ain't never had no love for a mark, is how it go
Fortune and fame about to grow, 20 thousand for a show
And it ain't no more regular weed, ain't nothing but do-do and that dro
Ridgemont 4 is what I claim, blue and red but we don't bang
I wear my color you wear your color, because it's all about that change
I remain to stay the same, trunk full of bang screens rain
I'm still a Ridgemont hardhead, leaning in niggas brain

[Hook x2]

[Talking]
Hoe ass nigga, feel that there, Southside
S.U.C., Southsive for live, ain't no hate to the other side
Nigga we all shout for the third coast, feel that
Z-Ro the Crooked nigga, Z-Ro the motherfucking Mo City Don
And it go down, and it don't stop cause it can't stop
So therefor it won't stop, blades we gone chop
When the laws hit the block, fences we gone hop
Hitt the stash spot out for the glock
Fuck the crooked cops, 2kAce in your motherfucking face
Z-Ro, feel that (feel that)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/