Passenger Side

Z-ro

[Z-Ro: talking]
Motherfucking Z-Ro, tired of this
Motherfucking passenger side man
When I'ma drive

[Chorus x2]
Living in the passenger side
I want to be the driver but I continue to ride
Will the game recognize me as the best
I go from home to the dome
If I'm the king why they don't give me my throne

[Z-Ro]
Living in the passenger side, a way of life
We're in cheves today, because the murderers pay tonight
They tell me I'm a profit when I'm pimping my pen
But my immediate surrounders got me living in sin
I put my faith in a fifty dollar bottle of drink
Using my focus choking smash on the throttle and thank
The lord, for giving me another way to get paid
King of the motherfucking ghetto where these guns get sprayed
Whether I'm fucking with a bitch, I'm breaking benz see lunch
But it's either that or you can't point us casualties when we dump
Street pain is a motherfucker guard me without a dot
It's like a murder scene without a victims hotter, ?selmzyne?
Like my face can't place at the scene of the crime
Multiple shots never saw me but saw the beam of my nine
So rather living as a thug until they give me my credit
Cause I'm the throwdest baby don't you forget it, meanwhile

[Chorus x2]

[Z-Ro]
Living in the passenger side, I want to to push a 6 double O
But poverty refuse to let me drive
I wonder why drug dealers and killers live plush
Hoping niggas have a tendency to give up
Do I have to sell my soul, forever living in sin
But is that the price I got to pay to take a spin in the benz
I'd rather stay a poor nigga cause the fire gone burn

No hesitation through my dirt and then my tires gone turn
See I'm living on the passenger side, visualize
I'm coming bombing a condo with black lacquer inside
Took a long time coming, but I'm finally made
I wait for me and my niggas and now we finally paid
Yeah life is gravy, but I want right to the throne
Cause rather reggae, R&B or rap I write to the song
Oh jiggy bitches ain't nothing to me, I slap them down
Real niggas move around cause it ain't nothing to see

[Chorus x2]

[Z-Ro]
Living in the passenger side, I've been incarcerated
Plenty of times, never once did they let me slide
I guess it's because of the dark skin I have
Ain't no telling when I release the black Mac 10 I have
Is it a hundred mile motherfucking animal
Gasoline around your residence cause it's flammable
Genocide, I get banned on that, I stand on that
You'll catch me by surprise baby cause I planned on that
And even worse than that, to make me feel low
My black skin is a murdering bust the fucking door
Now if I had three wishes, what would be the first
To bring back all my people that done rolled in a hears
Say hello to my mother we up in paradise
Well reality is full of leaches and parasites
I keep it real with the game, so I report what I see
And tell the chairs of the passenger plus the driver seat nigga

[Chorus x2]

[Z-ro talking]
2k1, motherfucking Z-Ro the Crooked
Thou can't stop me nigga
Motherfucking energizer, feel that
S.U.C. for life, south sive for live, uh

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