S.u.c. 4 Life

Z-ro

[Talking]
Southsive for live, aka Southside for life
Z-Ro, K.T., recognize my motherfucking team

[Z-Ro]
Let me introduce myself, I'm Z-Ro the Crooked, Mo City block
The place that you don't want to go cause you'll get no pity block
With drug dealers when we need some paper
Get on the corner and we bleed till we fifty keep avoiding them haters
Cause they keep dropping salt in the game
Bumping they gums so they end up getting caught in the game, don't maintain
Handle my business on the low-low, hit a lick and go to Akapoko
Sipping on moet and smoking ball bat to that dro and doe-doe
Jesus let me ball till I fall in the grave, doing it my way
As a rich nigga and call it a day, I play with my K
Cause it ain't no people where I stay
Nothing but memories and blood stains of yesterday
How can I make it to heaven if I be chilling in hell
If they can make a million you can make a million as well
Until then, I'ma be making deals with the Jamaicans
S.U.C. to the finish until he call me in

[Chorus]
Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone represent
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life
All I want is money chasing paper after dead presidents
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life

[K.T.]
You bet it's me, K.T., new S-U-S-P-E-C-T
Living better and cutting and trying to stack my currencies
Stay alive, survive, the lord knows my soul purified
And make a way for my family although I know they tried
I'm doing bad, wishing for things that I never had
It's my dad, drops and blue over gray rag
Until I make a million or more, I'ma smoke and lean
And stack my green, until a player hit the floor
Waking up calling shots, beam glocks, and doing shows
Getting lifted on flows, six hundred, and hydro

K.T. and Z-Ro, on a smash for cream
Searching for dead politicians if y'all know what I mean
A murdering team, spit my guillotine at you busters
On the grind getting mine with the watch full of bezzels
M-O-B I would of team until my time is foul
Stack my paper, scream Presidential smoke weed and get high

[Chorus]
Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone represent
Presidential Player for life, I'm a Presidential Player for life
All I want is money chasing paper after dead presidents
Presidential Player for life, I'm a Presidential Player for life

[Z-Ro]
Ain't shit changed, my life is still about drugs and slugs
You could keep your lights on, you've got to get your fight on, and mean mug
Early birds get the worm, but motherfuckers tend to shortstop
The Ro I aim my pistol played a deadly burn
Z-Ro the Crooked and my routine will never change
Hust-l-ing and bust-l-ing to keep my fingers on some pocket change
Got to go stay the same until, I die nigga
When I make the tactics of a Mo City then stay high nigga
We bleed blocks from seven to seven to seven again
Holding scratch, peeping packs, slowed then and three for tens
I got what you need, living in this gutter daily
Even though I bleed the block it's like I can't eat because this life pay me
Ducking the police when they be sliding by
And I swang low on a sweet chariot as I'm riding high
I'm paranoid everytime you see me, cause I be smoking niggas
Regular and it's fucking with my conscience so I bust freely
Wake up in the morning and I caught my tip
And get ready for another day of this gangsta shit

[Talking]
Y'all know nigga, every motherfucking day
You got to get that pay, it's the only way

[Chorus x2]
Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone represent
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life
All I want is money chasing paper after dead presidents
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life

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