From The South

Z-ro

[Hook - 4x]
From the South
I got the diamonds in my mouth[Z-Ro]
Hold up a minute, I'm the King of the Ghetto
Holding the rap game, like wood grain can't let go
You niggaz'll never see me, I'm on another level
Stay ready to dig a grave, keep a gun and a shovel
And pouring gas too, if there evidence
Saw me in the rear view, now you wonder where I went
I'ma get you if I owe ya, visit ya residence
Lay the merk game down, and then I'ma hit the fence
Better keep my mouth closed, so they can't see the shining
They think it was Z-Ro, cause all they seen was diamonds
I'm cold as a deep freeze, with bags of ice in it
My 3-57 pretty, but ain't nothing nice in it
Too many bitches, and not enough rubbers
Got so many, all my real niggaz under the gutter
Watch a nigga full of life, light close like shutters
God damn, staying healthy is hard as a mo'fucker[Hook - 4x][Paul Wall]
I got diamonds all in my mouth, in my grill and in my jaws
Platinum teeth and princess cuts, my mouth is similar to a disco ball
I'm Paul Wall my smile is blinding, my ice is shining like a chandelier
I tend to brush my teeth with Windex, just so the glass house mouth shine clear
I got mo karats than vegetable soup,, I'm a Texas icon a People's Champ
Put on your shades when I commits to approach, my mouth is eliminating like a lamp
It got gold grills and platinum and ice, cause that's how it is in the Lone Star State
With a cup full of bar in a candy car, and we jamming on a Robert Davis Grey Tape[Hook - 4x][Lil' Flip]
Ever since 1999, I had diamonds in my grill
You just rapping that ain't platinum, homie you need to chill
Cause you embarrassing Texas, nigga you ain't trill
Nigga you been on my dick, way befo' you got your deal
These rappers finally get some fame, and think they got it locked
After your album flop, nigga you gon be on Koch
My gear clean, from my ear rings to my pinky ring
If you ain't spend thirty, tuck in your piece and chain (Southside)[Hook - 4x][Z-Ro]
Blucka-blucka-blucka, that's how my gun go
If I'm looking agitated, bitch you better run hoe
I use to do the baguettes, but now I'm VS-1's though
Princess cuts straight up and down, Johnny done those

I got loud ice, just like Paul Wall
Shining down South, brighter than all y'all
When it's time to get your jewelry done who do y'all call
Cause you fellas ain't shining at all, check me out
On the first and fifteenth, I'm some'ing like a pimp
Even with a suspended license, still finna flip
Ain't no limit to this cash, ain't nothing I can't get
Five deuce Hoover cause, ain't nothing like a Crip
Ride with a Revolve', I don't fuck with clips
These roach ass niggaz, trying to make me bust my chips
But I'm not a bank, I don't even trust my bitch
I'm from the South, and I got diamonds in my mouth[Hook - 3x](*Hook slowed down*)

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