I Found Me

Z-ro

Man fuck y'all..

[Z-Ro]
Nigga fuck all y'all
Fuck all these niggaz, and fuck all these hoes
If I needed a ride, I called on niggaz
If I wanted some ass, I called on hoes
But not no mo' though, I get around in a tinted out fo' do'
And ain't got no mix to motion, is a fa sho thang
Don't fuck with Ro hoe, I done lost all of my love
Razor blade to the wrist, damn near lost all of my blood
This is to all my thugs, fuck ya'll niggaz
Y'all just come around, cause I got them drugs
When all my drugs gone, nigga all my thugs gone
And I'm scared to eat, the last of the bread and the butter
Because after that, all the god damn bud gone
I'm a mo'fucking struggler, I wish I was a bubbler
Mama said that, it would it be days like this
But not a life like this, so I take a knife like this and slice like this
Take life like this, fuck around and I take my own life like this
Or click me a bitch nigga, in the windpipe like this
That's right bitch, I'm a ignant son of a bitch
And I do click quick, it might be halves and zones
To break a nigga bones, but never be stones and sticks
I ain't the shit bitch, I'm the motherfucking commode
And fuck everybody that ain't Z-Ro, that's on my soul
Finally, I found me

[Hook x2]
Man fuck, finally I found me
Man fuck you hoes, I found me

[Z-Ro]
I use to be a cool cat
Now a victim of the blues cat
I got tired of motherfuckers, taking a nigga for granted
All I got is my mind, I can't lose that
I'ma use that, even though a nigga mind gone
It ain't lost, cause I know where it's at

Just on another level than boys, around here
For the paper stack, cause I'ma go where it's at
I sound like a (big nigga), but I'm a (lil nigga)
Damn though, some of y'all try to bo'gaurd
Piss a nigga off and get that ass caught, late night
On the backstreets, hollin' oh Lord
It ain't no mercy, I still wanna see you bleed
Because, I don't give a damn no more
Niggaz see 3D-2, and but hollin' out fuck you hoes
Finally, I found me

[Trae]
It's still Guerilla Maab, and ain't a damn thang changed
I just peeped the game, and these niggaz be shife
Over the years, I seen a lot of niggaz turn fake
Riding thick on the cool, and then I have to erase
You see me and the Maab, done learned without a thang
Man most of these niggaz, be around for the fame
It ain't no more love, therefor if you ain't kin
And if you get up in mine, you gon meet your end
I'm one of a kind, I think you better check yourself
And it don't mean a damn thang, if I shake your hand
If I ain't too enthused, and I got on a mean mask
You better stay on note, cause I'll beat your ass
It's Guerilla Maab this, and Guerilla Maab that
I think you better get back, and shut the fuck up
For you straight step off, and get fucked up
Nigga Trae and Dougie D and Z-Ro, take nuts
So don't come around now bitch
When you showed everybody, all kinds of love
And I ain't got none left, didn't nobody wanna care
How we thug, that's why I'm fin to be alone till I meet my death
Everybody we was cool with, fuck you too
And everybody who was hating us, fuck you too
It just took a little time, for me to find myself
And that's why we getting rich off ourself

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro]
Better watch your back, and identify yourself
Nigga one mo' step, and I'ma cock back every weapon
I pack, fuck around and fr-fry yourself
A punk ass patty melt, no remorses gon be felt
When I be dealing, with a less than G individual

Nothing but a AK shot, is gon be felt
I never did trust no bitch, and I don't trust no nigga
Fuck all of my associates, but in a life of a life
This motherfucker like me, you get what you suppose to get
Pussy in the middle of the fo'head, I wanna see my foes dead
And I smoke, one of these old busted up ass hoes
Old trailer trash ass hoes, I live life one deep
And I don't speak to the Nankeen no mo', nigga they know
Coming around my neck of the woods, is a no-no
Cause I got a 4-4, lay low please
Everytime I open my mouth, mo'fuckers would never believe
That's why a nigga trip a lil bit, with a razor blade
And the reason, I wear long sleeves
Y'all can't help me, I don't want your help
I just want some, leave me alone
I don't wanna go to the club, I'm cool in the streets
Bitch, just leave me to roam
Don't call my cell phone, give folk don't give a damn
If I get one in my dome, fuck you dealing
Y'all don't understand my zone, finally I found me

[Hook x4]

[Talking]
This Ridgemont 4 forever, Z-Ro
The motherfucking Crooked, know I'm saying
I ain't having that riff-raff man, I don't buy wolf tickets
You know I'm saying, so send the hoes to another
Nigga, you feel me, it's 2K1 bitch, forever
Screwed Up Click, my niggaz ain't going nowhere
Still chopping with Double D nigga, tap tap

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