Tha Third Coast

Z-ro

[Hook x2]
We third coast, all about our feddy bleed the block and get ghost
Different strokes for different folks, so we choose to cutthroat
We ain't riding on no horses down here
We get it how we live, that's why it go down round here

[Z-Ro]
We third coast and I'm a soldier united, for the cash
Steady, I be ducking the law cause consistent they clocking cash
Moving fast, I'm running around looking over my shoulder
Running to use my cash, one of my a.c. tell em on E running up my gas
I'm just a G, everybody in the streets know me
I represent that Killa Klan and the S.U.C., and the Guerilla M double A-B
They call me Ro Dog, giving it to you raw, fast or slow dog
It just took a little time for me to shine and get up in the game and roll dog
Now I'm full grown like H-Town be the aids, Z-Ro done got full blown
Then I stood up in the ring
And a nigga done bit the dust, but the bill got pulled on
And I'll super-soak the crowd, if I have to
Nigga with Benjamin faces I be after, then I get ghost like casper
Don't work then don't eat, play the game but don't cheat
Cause trying to get it up out my stash, I'll have you falling to your knees
Please, respect all of us less fortunate G's
Cause we coming up from selling ki's, to straight selling c.d.s

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro]
Who it be Z-Ro, Southside on the map I put it down
I'm accurate with my aim, anytime I bu-buck them down
Brother don't mess around, give me a chance I won't let you down
But if you try to step on my toes, I'ma pull my water pistol and wet you down
It be a real deal, watch out lil daddy these Presidential boys real steel
Anybody draw they get too close, watch I better get a deal grill
For mill candy paint, catch me riding on a full tank
Every now and then, a yellow bone I spank
I'm about the real, I don't pull no pranks
Steady smoking lean, cause I'm third with a triple beam
Piece and a chain and a diamond ring, and a heavy stay flow up in my jeans

The definition of Southside Houston Texas, we drop the top
Ain't no way in hell it's ever gone stop, can't stop

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro]
Go on and put me for a show, I want ten grand plus half the do'
No sub in the front just plain Z-Ro, not a substitute cause I ain't gone go
Nowhere life is hard but it's fair, living my life like I don't care
Look at my feelings when they get wet, they tend to stare
Don't make a sudden move, just may be a sudden death
These characters think they bulletproof
But evidently, capping must not of been blessed
So victory for me, another victim of the mighty Southside
Got everybody running back off in the house, and scared to come back outside
Radio stations recognize, getting my regular thoughts in time
Hate me off that corner, Z-Ro tired of feeling nickels and dimes
The definition of a hustler, Houston Texas, we bleed the block
Ain't no way in hell it's ever gone stop, can't stop

[Hook x4]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/