

Mo City Don (Freestyle)

Z-Ro

Shit, Z-Ro the Crooked, I know y'all
Been waiting on this here, yeah shit
R.I.P. Big Mello, Screw, Mafio, Big Boo, Gator
All the fallen soldiers man, Southside
Eastside, Westside, Northside, know I'm saying All my partnas, all your dead partnas
But shit I still feel stress, still gotta get something
Off my chest, while these hoe niggaz be doing
What they be doing, I don't know though, shit fuck it
We gon stay two deep in a fo' do "Slow Loud And Bangin", all in my trunk
Trunk full of funk, I ain't never been a punk
I blow on skunk, I blow on doja
Military minded, I'm a motherfucking soldier Out the streets of the Ridgemont 4
Not no bitch and say I still ain't a hoe
Letting niggaz know, everyday of the year
I pimp my pen and I get my point clear Why niggaz wanna talk down? I don't know
Gotta take a trip to Akapoko, from the 4
With my 4-4 on my side, when I ride
Ready to do another homicide, in a pine box And I'm gone, nigga old glory
I'm H-Town to Cali, just like Robert Horry
If I do a murder, flee the murder scene
No missing shortage on the drank, I can't find no lean From Southwest to Southfese
Bitch it's about war not bout peace
Nigga like me, I'm 'bout knocking out teeth
Know I'm saying, I'll loose your grill
A nigga coming down, in the Coupe Deville Looking gravy, looking real throwed
I'ma be the nigga, pulling over at the fucking cross road
With my K on my side, I'm ready to ride
And if I gotta go, it'll be a homicide Me and another nigga, on the way to the Golden Gate
A nigga like me, can't wait
Just to make it, to another day
Gotta get the big pay off, so get the fuck out my way When I come around your corner, so slow
It'll be the nigga, in the damn Polo
That's the Ralph Lauren, jackers ain't barring
Why I skipped the slab, when I went straight to foreign Said it like I said it, in the old school
Some niggaz they be red, but Z-Ro blue
I come around your corner but I ain't set tripping
But I will, wet niggaz and wet women With the calico, I had to let a motherfucker know
That I come around your corner, in a Lincoln four do'
A fox photo 'cause I do it in a flash

Nigga watch out 'cause that could be your ass
 I rhyme so long, rhyme so strong
 I flicks my bar, sip then I swoll on
 Get on, the motherfucking bench
 And when the laws hit the corner, I hit the fence
 They wonder where I went, they keep looking
 I don't give a fuck, like Tyson I keep hooking
 Or maybe like Lenox, I'm strong to the finish
 I'm like the ghetto Popeye but I don't need spinach
 I'ma keep going, I keep on flowing just like the Nile
 Million dolla mouthpiece, everytime I smile
 Look and load a, nigga ashtray
 Everytime he smile, he can turn the night to day
 You can open up the pop and let the smoke come out
 We don't give a damn, 'bout a crooked ass cop
 Crooked officer, crooked officer
 Make a nigga wanna blow the badge, off of ya
 Me and Dougie, my motherfucking brother
 R.I.P., to my motherfucking mother
 That's the Dorothy Marie McVay Matthew
 There's ten toes planted in my motherfucking shoe
 I gotta be a man, hope you understand
 There's nothing but the work and the calico in my hand
 On a corner on the Ridgevan and I'm serving a fiend
 A real live B-Boy and you know what I mean
 I be stacking up chips, like Lego
 Dark on a pump, just like Calvin Kato
 Houston to the Rocket, a four-peat like comets
 I don't give a fuck, good punch a bitch
 Nigga make him vomit
 On the grind, I'ma take a trip on Greyhound
 I be flying on a plane but the dope is on the ground
 Headed to Lake Charles, or headed to Lafayette
 Maybe off in Alexandria but I ain't finished yet
 I gotta make a hoe I to 10, I sin, then I do it again
 I get my ends, I'm in my motherfucking Benz
 Got these hoes running 'round in a friendse
 I be busting full clips, till they empty
 A piece of potent pussy, might tempt me
 Rain is trying to send me to the Penitentiary
 The main reason why, I ain't friendly
 I'm wired up but I ain't on no damn slaughter
 Dejaun in the back and he got the camcorder
 Recording everything, the 4's gon swang
 Still pulling up on Fondren and the Main
 Looking lovely, got to look good
 I throw up Ridgemont 4 'cause that's my hood
 Never been a hoe, I'm letting hoes know
 I gotta get a fucking P L A T but first a G O
 L D, a motherfucking plack
 I keep it straight and simple like that
 Hit a bitch from the back and I use my motherfucking tool
 Make her say ouch, when I hit her with the mule

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