

# R.I.P

## One Buck Short

[Z-Ro talking]

Z-Ro, the motherfucking Mo City don  
Sending this out to Ron fuck you  
Like my nigga mafiosos, you feel me  
Fuck all of y'all man, it go down  
S.U.C. for life, R.I.P. Robert Davis  
A.k.a Dj Screw this for you my nigga  
Yeah this for you

[Z-Ro]

Everybody know me I'm the number one head buster  
With a 4 pound glock ready to make the lead touch you  
Cause I shine like a 75 watt light bulb  
And if you cross over the line, then I might strike you  
I'm going grey, even though a nigga ball everyday  
Covered in ice, but ice can't take my problems away  
But it sure feel good to know that I can blow twenties  
Z-Ro a money making machine dollars no pennies  
Nigga please, it's me and my niggas my fucking g's  
R.I.P. to Robert Davis on a fresh set of 3's  
S.U.C. to the finish I'm going out with my men  
With a grenade in my hand I'm comig out with the pin  
It'll never be another Screw, kill that drama  
That was a man not the music, you can ask his mama  
I'ma mourn you, till I join you, up in heaven  
Mean while, I'm retarded with this ak47 and uh

[Chorus x2]

R.I.P., I be forever repping S.U.C.  
Until a nigga get to the tenth time  
Mash on the gas and I won't stop, baby

[Z-Ro]

What you know about the dirty south, the dirty fucking third  
Nigga fuck what you heard, D.P. on the corner rock for rocking a bird  
Here we had it pimping in Cheves and Testerosas  
Ro you only got two choices roll with us or get rolled over  
Giving a cold shoulder to them 5-O  
No liscense plate no registration smoking pino

My nigga we some boss hogs one car taking up all four lanes  
Come at me wrong, I'ma have you taking off all your vains  
No plexing in Houston Texas got to the green leaving you breathless  
Ak'd up your chest nothing but a memory about breakfast  
So break fast, with your frosted and fake ass  
This ain't the boot nigga this H-Town we'll take your cash  
Niggas come against me, but get they ass out  
Seem like when I cut on the lights all the roaches scat  
And then I let go, because these haters in the way  
I'm trying to get stacks taller than Antou Sensi

[Chorus x2]

[Z-Ro]

24/7 a nigga be out on the cut  
Don't got to hustle no more, but I just can't give it up  
Dropping niggas where they standing, with my man tanning  
You don't want to box a geurilla these hands steady be landing over and over  
Breaking up your gaurd, nigga fuck what you've been going thorough  
Cause you's about to take it up with god  
Not a violent nigga, I'm a silent nigga  
But if you push my button I'll pull my ultra violet nigga  
And watch you shrivel up like salt to a snail  
Better keep it under your breath  
if you beefing I read these bitch niggas like braile  
I'm a soldier, and I'm united by the cash  
Feeling to move on because I've been indicted by the tash  
But I ain't gone run from it, I'ma ball in public  
When they run up on me pull my strap and ask them how they love it  
Kamakaze on you son of a bitches, I'm signing off  
Mean while I'm still in the trunk, knocking the lining off and uh

[Chorus x2]

[Z-Ro talking]

First and Foremost, Z-Ro the crooked, what's up  
Hollering at all my real niggas, like I always do  
Feel me, R.I.P. Dj Screw, feel me  
To all you fake ass niggas holding plex  
Hold this dick in your mouth, know I'm saying  
All that riff-raff, all you sherry temple ass niggas  
Y'all gone feel me, 2k2, I don't give a fuck where you at  
I don't give a fuck where you from, know I'm saying  
Better get back nigga, H-Town on lock

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