R.I.P

Alien Mafia

[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 thorugh
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/