

Z-Ro

"25 Lighters"

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Hold up Z-Ro the crooked AKA king of the ghetto
Screwed Up Click soldier for life.
You know what I'm talkin' about?
Mo' City stand up in this muh'fucker.
You know what I'm sayin'?
My nigga Grady in this bitch. What's up my nigga?
Huh, inside out, that boy Harlem done touch ground
Hold up man. You know what I'm sayin'? Redmond for
life
Redmond riders nigga Redmond hard heads
Huh, ya'll feel me man, rest in peace to that nigga
Goudy
That nigga LL man. You know what I'm sayin'?
Shit man it's fucked up man
Rest in peace to to that nigga E-mar
We gon' hold it down. You know what I'm talkin' about?
And that's real talk.

25 Lighters on my dresser yes sir
Got a bad black bitch that drives a black inpressor
You know I'm smokin' on that herb
Every damn day just to calm my damn nerves
Screwed Up Click ain't never gon' switch
Nigga build a ditch for a muh'fuckin' snitch
Talkin' to the laws given up info
Catch me at the pad black lamp or smokin' indo
Sippin' on drank on a whole litter
This for nigga moe I got a 9 millimeter
And a .45 I'm a keep it live
Do it in 08' like I did in 95'
That was the year I made it clear
Wrecker on the microphone to get away from here
I'm reppin' for the south with diamonds in my mouth
And diamonds on my hands & diamonds in my house
Shinin' so bright
Even in the night
Smokin' on cush. What the fuck is top flight?
I'm only on the good, bitch I wish you would
Keepin' it all world y'all keepin' it all hood
Tryin' to get paper pull another caper
Man my house is swoah something like Tony Drapper

Got to get my mill from my record sell
This time last year I was in a jail cell
Waitin' for commissary waitin' on mail call
Man I can't wait 'til I get free 'cause I'm a ball
Put it in they face free my partner Grace.
What's up to that Los what's crackin' 'cause I'm straight
lase
What's up to that Pokey
What's up to that Woldy
Always kept it real never act like they ain't know me
Soldier Boy love Z-Ro is who I am
Back in the days signed with that x band
Me in that [?] & that Street Military
R I P Maleak in the day in the cemetery
But it ain't over chip on my shoulder
Catch me brand new candy blue range rover
Rollin' to the end my skin is my sin
And like Lil' Keke say it never will ever end
Gots to keep flowin' I'm a keep it goin'
Back in 92' I probably could kick your door in
Nigga lay it down lay it down you hoes lay it down
I reppin' for the South Side of that H-Town
Screwed Up Click until it's over with
AK with catch bag on my shoulder bitch
You will die fuckin' with that Ro
He ain't never been a bitch he ain't never been no hoe
Don't know how to be a broad don't know how to be a
mark
I put the rubbers on 'cause it just turn dark
Mashin' on the gas pocket full of cash
Lookin' for a yellow bone bitch with big ass
I ain't disrespectin' just tellin' the truth
Y'all know how I do it when I gets up in the booth
I'm a go hard 'til I chip my fuckin' tooth
In a fly murder 4 door of coof
Yeah I get my paper yeah I get my bread
I don't give a damn what you bitch niggas done said
Talkin' down on me 'cause I'm a get my spread
I ain't trippin' I'm in the kitchen whippin' up a batch
Batch of them pies for all the time guys
Watchin' out for the FED they be in disguise
Lookin' like G's lookin' like ballers
Lookin' like true money makin' shot callers
But them boys laws yeah that's them folks
I ain't trippin' 'cause I know it's hot on post oak
Back in the day I had a pocket full of rocks
24/7 365 around the clock
About to get paid stackin' up my paper
I hit a lick & then it's time for me to lay low
Just run on my screen on 360 playin' Halo
Hoes'll drop it like it's hot when ever I say so

'Cause I'm the man diamond on my hand
Got big bass in the back of the blue van
It's blue over gold the story been told
Benjamin Franklin & 2 blacks is in my wheel 4
My flow is real cold I ain't never been whacked
And thanks to Bun B & Pimp C I got 2 gold plaques
They hangin' on my wall pimp I miss you dog
Bun B ride for that boy & make them crawl
Do it for the south & do it for the Hawk
And who ever don't like it keep my dick up in they
mouth
I'm Screwed Up Click 'til they lay me in my casket
I ride around Houston with that plastic
Hand on my steel wood grain wheel
You can [?] with the diamond on my grill
You can hide behind the part the diamonds on my wrist
And can't nobody do it like me 'cause I do it like this
Ain't never had love for a bitch
All I'm really tryin' to do is get rich
Tryin' to get my fuckin' bread baby
Ride in mercedes I know a nigga hate me
But I don't give a damn nah I don't give a fuck
Ridin' on draped up 26's on my truck
Hell yeah bitch I know they large
Got 3 foreign cars in my garage
I never sabotage my fuckin' career
Had to make it clear & I shed another tear
But nigga I'm real bumper & the grill
When I do my music it's the music you can feel
'Cause I'm just a G ridin' one deep
And every time I ride I ride with gun on seat
Watchin' out for jackers 'cause I know they scopin'
Tryin' to leave a real niggas head wide open
Pullin' down swangers cause they ain't clackin'
I'm rollin' on 20 inch 4's bitch what happenin'
Lookin' so fly I don't smoke fry
Got to be a G 'til the day that I die
That's my big homey boy that Lil' Ke
Boy you know I love you it's you & me
In this damn thing we gon' do it for Screw
And do it for the side & I'm a do it for you
And you gon' do it for me it's S.U.C.
Screwed Up Click until I D I E
Nigga don't get me crunk watch me pop trunk
Smokin' on cush ain't never seen skunk
Man I'm so throwed caught me in the zone
I don't give a fuck about you callin' on my phone
I fucks with the stripper versace on my zipper
This the nigga Ro taper fade with the clipper
I brought my partner for my partner Paul
About to make a million dollars & buy the whole mall

Call that bitch Mo' Town & it's gon' go down
A couple of day from now I got a show in your town
And I'm a get paid & I'm a get laid
And every car I drive, candy paint gon' get sprayed
On the doors nigga & on the side dog
And I ain't scared I got Jesus on my side dog
Hit the church house & then go work out
And after that you it's time to pull the purp out
And I'm a roll one then I'm a smoke one
And I'm a roll one then I'm a smoke one
And I'm a roll one then I'm a smoke one
Now I'm out of my mind that's what that smoke done
But I'm a maintain still in the same game
But only thing ain't makin' the same change
I'm gettin' paid boy you better believe that
A Grammy on my shelf I'm a achieve that
'Cause I can do it nigga even though you say I can't
But I don't give a fuck about y'all I'm about my bank
I hope you feel that bitch look at you
You could put your wig back ain't nobody will be missin'
you
You a hoe nigga not a role nigga
'Cause Z-Ro make more doe nigga
More versus more mixtapes more shows nigga
And I ain't ever at home I'm on the rode nigga
I'm chasin' fedi baby y'all ain't ready baby
Yeah I'm livin' like a muthafuckin' chevy baby
Or like a ford I'm buit ford ford tough
Blowin' on that real real purple purple stuff
Talkin' about that cush got it from the band though
Watch me come down with my pistol in my hand hoe
Don't run up on me if you don't want to get shot
I'm a grab my remote & give it all that I got
Hold up man hold up.
Bring that bitch back.

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