

Z-Ro "3Rd Coast"

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F/ Den Den, Grace

(Den Den talking)

Yeah, sup Ro, sup Grace, this your boy Den Den
To jump on this track with you boys, know I'm talking about
It's all about the third baby, third coast, yeah I got this

[Den Den]

See I'm mentally ready, fuck those is testing me
Progress is so sweet, ain't tripping with envy
Slip and slide like a snake, pop up the world like a
quake
Mashing hard on the gas, with the coast on the plate
Roll on cowards and busters, peeping them soldiers
and hustlers
Got an eye for them fuckers that trying P.H. with ?
snorkels?
Got a trunk full of clutches, blinding mine make you
stutter
I blow like a hurricane, so close all your shutters
See I wants everything and everything I'm gone have
Roll out my red carpet just to go to my stash
Third coast, blind and shine like a brand new slab
On my birthday, I'm throwing me a fortune on pad

(Chorus)

If you living shife, don't fuck with third coast
These niggas can't fade third coast, These niggas
can't fade third coast
You could lose your life, don't fuck with third coast
These niggas can't fade third coast, These niggas
can't fade third coast

[Grace]

This how we ride in third, blow up serve, blow herb
From lane to lane we grip the grain and 20's chop up
the curb
We popping flippers on sippers, hey those g's on the
rise
With bubble eyes and customized and chrome twenty
inches wide
Entertainment center be lit up, and all the trunks gone

lift up
Button rims they grip up, the talkers mouths gone zip
up
It's that time and here we come, third coast take a
stand
We drew it up and screwed them up and see went
through with the plan
Jumped in the mix with hundred bricks and now a
mobbing gorilla
You had to miss go get her, about the scrilla my nigga
Stay loaded up and we ready, Box City working that
jelly
Burning more streets than pereddy, while cutting up
like machetes
No doubt screwed up candy paint, killer think straight
drink
Down here we swinging the tank, and every thought be
bout bank
I'ma be T from the S.U.C. pay dues got stripes that be
ranks
That boy G-R-A-C-E third ward born caught off game

(Chorus - 2x)

If you living shife, don't fuck with third coast
These niggas can't fade third coast, These niggas
can't fade third coast

[Z-Ro]

I done took a lot of losses now it's time to win
No more signing dotted lines and I stay dollars spend
I want convertible benz, with the blue bubble lens
I'm worth a million off the corner when I'm pimping my
pen
See bubble gray is my choice, pearl white Rolls Royce
Don't need no natural lemon tea I don't be training my
voice
I'm signed over by nature, suckers, punchers, simps
and fakers
A click full of back breakers and more in a studebaker
The Mo City don, I wave a truck like it's a warrant
Hit the ATM machine, ain't no need for me to pawn
Cause I'm paid, my game sharper than a razor blade
Bald faded and X-rated, my Gucci's is tailor made
I bubble in the sauna as I smoke marijuana
From Daytona to Arizona no longer on the corner
World wide, I got to keep the dream alive
Tupac and Biggie done died, so now they ready for the
southside
Top, dropping, body rocking the Fat Pat
Dirty rats get splat when I pull out my black mac
Cause it's over, the fat lady done sung the song

From California to Rome, these hoes pussies stay warm
And on to the Alamo Dome, then right back home
Ain't no regular we hydro as 4 54
On the boards, be spinning flipping with yellow boned
women
Swimming in divid-ends cause I'm cold when I'm
pimping

(Chorus)

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