

Z-Ro "8 Minute Freestyle"

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(Lil Keke) [talking]

Most anticipated Texas Mixtape nigga. Young Don you know what im sayin? I been gettin money. Lil C, keep stackin nigga. 1-2-3-4. We don did it again. Ya know, these niggas out here out makin love, haha. Check it out. Get off ya nigga, go get ya money. If you stand in line long enough you gon get to the window homie. Ya know what im sayin. I been gettin it. Ohh, original SUC that is. The MVP nigga.

(Lil Keke)

You know what? i came in this game, i woke up one mornin i was thinkin bout the grain. Jumped in the drop, seats red butter. Turned up the bang and it made the trunk stutter. I ridin up the vard i thinkin bout some bitches, i pass by in it let em work on my switches. Now im gettin juice, pancakes droppin. Its the young Don in the way he stoppin. Never ever stop, i smoke good crop. You know when i hold, i come red out the shop. It might be apa, it might be brandy, nine coats of clear, i got that wet ass candy. Comin out the salt, since '93. D-O-N the K-E-K-E. Niggas know one thing i bring hap. Freestyle king young don Fat Pat. I did it from the top, i did it for the troop. And its the young Don still rep hoover blue. Whats up to them bloods, its a whole nation. Gangsta ass niggas thug niggas on vacation. Suckas go home, my click still strong. Im comin down candy red ridin on the bone. Bone insides lookin like tan. Drop the top and swang 4s to the sand.

Now in the water, hoes see a slaughter. Its the young don still chasin after daughters. Chasin after hoes, ridin of 4s. Everytime i ride i be on my tiptoes. Ridin through the lane, holdin wood grain. Niggas know young Don Ke do his thang. I came for the title, i came back hard. Sucka ass niggas had to give me my car. Now they still hidin, look at em run. Im chasin after niggas with the what choppa gun. Bustin boys down, suckas is a clown. 713 im the king of the town. Im still underground, im still hoover Screw. (RIP) Im still comin

hard and im still ridin blue. Im riding cobalt, i might be ridin navy, its the young don only God can save me.

Lord, help me, please come back. Im diggin in my pocket and im bout to spend a stack. Im still sellin crack, im still writin raps. Its the young don keep stars on my caps. Everytime i ride, everytime i slide, suckas start runnin, boys start hidin. Its the young don, im riding in the car. Freestyle king still a fuckin superstar. Im still a what king, im bout to live a dream. Everytime i pull out, im wit a strong team. A team full a goons, higher than the moon, so much wood its lookin like a living room. Inside in the vette, its wet like a pet. Herschelwood Texas still represent my set. I am the king, listen to my tongue. Hoes start listenin and them hoes get sprung. I be breakin mics, i be breakin cards. Its the young don still tippin boulevard. What about this chevy? its sits so heavy. Ima break the game up if niggas let me. Im outta H-Town, whats up Fat Pat? Its the young don hoes still tryin to chat. I holla at a dime, cuz it aint a crime. Im hollerin at them niggas dressed in white Louis Vuitton. Boys in the PEN, stand up strong. Its the young don on the mic goin long. I cant fall off, i represent the south. I spent 20,000 on my motha fuckin mouth. Now my rocks glow, 30 for a show. I break the hoe. Niggas dont know.

I still go hard, I still go what? its the young don might be riding trophy truck. Sittin on the buck, sittin on the gray. Niggas better go home if they tryin to play. I never do it, i never stop, its the young don might just cut off the top. Let em see the inside let em see the drop. Comin down sunshine a nigga dont pop. I dont pop trunk, i dont ride belts. I ride old school make sure the pain felt. Niggas dont stop. Niggas still hatin. Its the young don might be ridin, ice skatin. Ridin on them 4s, ridin on the spiders. Never pay attention to them broke dick riders. Cant see me, i cant be stopped. Its the young don smokin green colored crop. Smokin on the Kush, smokin on the Purple, niggas talkin down i only fuck wit my circle. Only my crew, this what i do. Whats up Screw You, i still love you. Its the young don, i do it for my son. Money by the ton.

(Z-ro)

Drinkin on soda, wit the bar in it. You know what im talkin bout? im in the coupe, aint walkin the lot. Im parkin lot pimpin the lot. Fuckin wit these bad ass bitches. But i know, they after riches, not mine. I gotta gun and ima cock mine. Hatas, gimmie 50, drop down. My nigga C-Mo. And that boy Mike-Mo down wit Z-ro.

And that Millzey, its goin down. Nigga we representin H-Town. We'll lay ya down in this bitch. Dont talk shit, we'll spray ya down in the bitch (bitch) quick (quick). And all you niggas dead mayne. Cereal bowl holes in heads mayne. Ay, thats real talk. Hold up, RIP to Hawk, RIP to Moe, RIP to Chad. I dont need a pen and pad. Im actin bad.

Hold up, im on that madden, in the crib one deep, and im saggin. Blue raggin and flaggin at the same time. Did 17 murders wit the same 9. Goddamn nigga, im just runnin my mouth. But im still reppin the south. Yall know what im talkin about, walk in with the pistol, hit em, then i walk out. I get my motha fuckin bread nigga, and guess what i got? 10 mo bullets fo yo head nigga. Screwed Up Click all day long. Im gon, but i can run my block from a payphone. Why? Cuz i got OG bread. Everytime we hit the parking lot we turn heads like chad. And the motha fuckin Bun B. I got bread, by the Hundred. 1000 dollas for the ABN. King Of The Ghetto entertainment then. An that G-Maab Entertainment. Trae i love you mayne. Real talk.

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