

Z-Ro "Betta Watch"

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[Chorus: Tonka]

Better watch your feddy mayn, better watch your back
mayn

Better wear your vest to protect your chest, so protect
your brain mayn

Better watch your slab mayn, better watch your gal
mayn

Better watch your partna's partnas, and some of they
partnas mayn

[Lyrical 187]

I got a letter from the President yesterday, guess what
he had to say

It seem like somebody, been talking a lot

Trying to pull the big guns out put em in they mouth,
show em that we don't play boy

Round here we bleed the block syrup and pop rocks,
hoes in the club jump around and bunny hop

Presidential boys 187 it don't stop, we can turn the
lights out turn this bitch out

I'm what you mo'fuckers been waiting for, like the
messiah coming back for more

But this time I got the tools with, and my starters off the
bench

And you know, we plan to run the score

Fuck y'all niggaz that hate my niggaz, you can get the
dick and the nuts and the trigga

Say it again, you can get a dick and a nuts and the
trigga and a shank to the liver

Dirty Southside Houston Texas, Hiram-Clarke and Ivas
baby

Via 3rd Ward, 5th Ward, South Park, Trinity Gardens,
Greenspoint and Poke Island

Look at all these playas around me, thug niggaz
hustlers ballers and G's

My niggaz in the hood with wood grain, stable Cadillacs
make you fall to your knees

My bitches in the club with love for young thugs, that
love for young girls

That be fucking em in the club, will make twenties take
em and make em aware

Introduce em, to the best of both worlds

Ain't nothing wrong with going home with, two or three
lil' mamas at three in the morning
Waking up cooking eggs and yawning, dipping in the
stash spots and do-do calling

[Chorus: Tonka] [2x]

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[Mussilini]

Slow motion is how we tip, when we feeling the groove
Bust bout nine nuts last night, and still in the mood
Young ignorant dude, never hesitating to make more
than I already got

Don't trip you already shot, might stand on the cutters
when I flip in the drop

No probation'll ever stop me, cause by God I'm blessed
Got mo' jacksons than Pesci, mo' grass than the Fertile
Crescent

Stay on note, and stay receiving mo' Wayans than
Keenan

The lyrical semen, born in the morning die in the
evening

Already colder than colder, still a damn thang holder
Might uh come and clear out your block, like a wet up
Iraqi soldier

Jay freed it and ery'thang, bling-bling on e'ry ring
Piece and chain hang down, to my god damn shoe
strings

I'm with that Lyrical 1-8-siete, and the awesome vete
Deuce shooter cocking a nueve, and myself alvete
I'm el soldado, no problem when I pop collars all about
dollars

Mo' violence in Impalas we be top notch scholars,
leaning with rotweilers breded ballers

I think I'm losing my mind sometimes, laws hating rent
pass due

And I can't find no pine, right now I don't mind dying
So I'm the worst cat to be around, get to tripping my
hands twitching

Everytime I see a gun, [see a gun]

So ya better watch your feddy mayn, better watch your
back mayn

Better be on note, cause these young folks is always
strapped mayn

Better watch your feddy mayn, better watch your back
mayn
Better be on note, cause these young folks pack K's in
Lacs mayn

[Chorus: Tonka] [2x]

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[Lyrical 187]

Strapped and ready for drama, lil' mama think she got
a fool for the dollar
I tell her bitch please, scream I could make you holla
If I pull up a semicon, and toss up a bottle of gin
Straight out the bar, and invite a few friends
Niggaz that don't mind dying, niggaz don't bar
Taking your life away, drinking the night away
Put the weed down, give the laws the right-away
Fuck you bitch niggaz, did I say it the right way
Just might see me, rolling down the highway
Real country niggaz, might call it a by-way
Sitting sideways, in a big-big body
Rolling solo, but I got my shotty
I don't really, wanna hurt nobody
I'm lying, if it goes down I'm killing everybody
Then back to the H-Town, rolling up blunts
Puffing on the highway, bang in the trunk
Blazing the skunk, drank in the cup
Southside niggaz, on purple stuff
I already know, you done heard enough
1-8-7, quick to call your bluff
Them Presidential boys, banging it rough
Y'all know, y'all can't fuck with us
Like banging a neon, into a bus
You ain't know, that's fucked up
You better make sure, your vest strapped up
You better make sure, that safety work
You better make sure, when the laws come
You don't know that was, that put your nuts in the dirt
In the meanwhile, keep your head down
When I come around, keep your mouth closed till I'm
gone
Better yet, move around bitch niggaz
Cause I'm tired of talking bout y'all, in this song

[Chorus: Tonka] [2x]

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