

Z-Ro "City Of Killers"

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Feat. Dougie D, Trae

[Dougie D]

Trying to feel my inside soul, cause a angel told me it's cold

But ain't no way I can fold, with a pair unless this damn swoll

Cause where a nigga was raised, don't nobody play games

Its like your life is the sweets, and reality's the flame
So why the fuck you trying to torture, with that dip in the middle

Its like I'm swallowing mighty bites, while you be nibbling on skittles

Cause this city we in, it ain't no such thing as friends
And once it comes down to paper, you down to bump off your kin

You think I'm lying, what thoughts be in my head as I walk around

So now you know when you see me, why my face is quick to chalk a frown

Cause I don't trust nobody, no not a god damn song
So now you know I'm a hog, from high to a deep level of cold

Thinking why niggas let me broke in this city of Houston

But ain't no stopping bam, I'ma keep my ego to boosting

Cause I got a bunch of fans that love me, and bitches that jock

I got killas in my click, and I keep thugs on my block
[Chorus 1 - 2x]

I'm just letting you know don't test me, I'm with the chrome

I'm still in my ghetto peel, I'm more than your average nigga

From that Mo, lookin out the house with a bed with a bullet in the way

That hit your spine, and now you crying, cause you realize

That your dick can't even get hard

[Trae]

Who the hell could it be, peeping on me

T to the R to the motherfucking A-E
Killas that like me trucks with a bust, better duck
Who the fuck running up, so nigga what, 'fore I leave
my star full of that heat
Gotta watch my back, 'fore I be alone that shit is gon
fall, and the while
Back me up, to the sides shaky grin, gotta know get
enough for them
That T to the E

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