

Z-Ro "Dedicated 2 U"

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F/ Chris Ward

[Z-Ro]

Nigga you ain't my partna, but you never been
Just wanted to get in the club, free you little low yellow
bitch

You ain't never been real, but it's evident
You be looking to get your chest blown (boo-ya)
Or are you use to walking the hallways
Of your home, with a vest on
Talking you come real, with the black steal
But you ain't never seen no glock
That's why Grady, checked your ass up out your hat
Cause you never lived on our block
But niggas be going off at the mouth
And I'm so sick of these hoes acting shife
Nigga really fin to lose, more than your teeth
Fuck around and be looking for your life
Cause I'm the nigga that showed you love
It's best you keep your distance from me
Even though we once was throwing up the same sign
I'll put your bitch ass to sleep, remember
I started the click you claim
And you wanted to trip when I left
Trying to catch me slipping in the truck on the titty
You niggas to put one scar on my chest
And a nigga would try to erase me, and that's a fact
But if I gotta go, really I'ma be
God damned, if my trigga finger, isn't pulling back
Even if they fuck around and murder me, for the the
thangs I spoke on
I'm gonna be in the depths of hell, hollin' out fuck you
as I smoke on

[Hook]

This is dedicated to you, dear bitch
This is dedicated to the coward niggas of your click
Welcome to my world, I'll show you pain you never seen
it
Slapping patches out of niggas, and I mean it,
remember

[Chris Ward]

I know you smile in my face, full of jealousy and anger
But the minute I turn my back, I know you shoot me the
finger
Whether you wanted to be my friend or foe, I know you
ain't like me
But when I refused to sign your contract, niggas
started to call me shiesty
But now one one of you niggas would fight me, even if
you was jumping me
You won't be to the end, I take your life and crumble
your company
When you first started off, I did all of your production
for free
But for the show date, you got everybody in the club
except me
What kind of hoe could you be, a bitch to the third
degree
That's why me and 3, ran up in your crib
And wouldn't play, let you live
If it wasn't for your cousin, cause for him I got love
But Midas please quit fucking with them scrub ass
Never show love ass, selling fake drug ass
Fin to catch a slug ass niggas, and I bet I be the one
behind the trigga
Fin to put you in the dirt, till you get hurt, fucking
around with the Network
Deserve a motherfucking slug in the chamber
And when I blast I'm screaming

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

When I be played up in my back, but in my face or ear
to ear
You must of heard of all the murders that we doing
here
Cause I could smell your fear
And watch you coming, you can't fuck with a nigga
from bud
I'll leave laying on your back, with your body wide open
Choking on your blood, I signed a contract that was
about a year long
But now it's expired, how the hell you gon get some
points off my song
Bitch made nigga, show yo' face, even yo' nephew as
well
Fuck around and pistol play with me, and you won't live
to tell
Oh well, all I could say is I told you so
Should of stuck with a bench nigga like me, just got

plex
You can't take it, talking bout what your pistol gon do to
my chest
Hold that down, you don't wanna fuck around, I'm
quick to pull chrome
But I'm more than words, up under your breath
And run tell chickens what's going on
Don't make me murder you nigga, you looking for me
here I stand
About six feet even, cocked and meant built twin glocks
in my hand
And to the niggas, that pulling the triggas on niggas
like me
Sho' nuff gon stall, but I'm ready for the match
That's killing one more, one fall I'm killing on y'all
Nigga, let's get ready to rumble

[Hook - 6x]

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