

Z-Ro**"Dedicated 2 You"**

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[Z-Ro:]

Nigga you ain't my partner, 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 lookin' to get your chest blown (boo-ya)
Or are you use to walkin' the hallways of your home,
with a vest on
Talkin' 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 goin' off at the mouth
And I'm so sick of these hoes actin' shife
Nigga really fin to lose more than your teeth
Fuck around & be lookin' 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 throwin' 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
Tryin' to catch me slippin' in the truck on the titty
You niggas to put one scar on my chest
And a nigga would try to erase me & that's a fact
But if I gotta go, really I'm a be god damn if my trigger
finger isn't pullin' back
Even if they fuck around & murder me for the the
things I spoke on
I'm gonna be in the depths of hell, hollin' out fuck you
as I smoke on.

Hoe ass nigga!

[Hook:]

This is Dedicated 2 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
Slappin' patches out of niggas & I mean it, remember.

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[Chris Ward:]

I know you smile in my face, full of jealousy & 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 jumpin' me
You won't be to the end, I take your life & 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 3rd
degree
That's why me & 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 fuckin' with them scrub ass
Never show love ass, sellin' fake drug ass
Fin to catch a slug ass nigga & I bet I be the one behind
the trigger
Fin to put you in the dirt 'til you get hurt, fuckin' around
with this Network
Deserve a muthafuckin' slug in the chamber
And when I blast I'm sayin' this is Dedicated 2 You.

[Hook:] [x2]

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[Z-Ro:]

When I be played up in my back, but in my face or ear

to ear
You must've heard of all the murders that we doin'
here
'Cause I could smell your fear
And watch you comin' you can't fuck with a nigga from
bud
I'll leave you layin' on your back with your body wide
open
Chokin' on your blood, I signed a contract that was
about a year long.
But now it's expired. How the fuck you gon' get some
points off my song?
Bitch made nigga, show yo' face, even yo' nephew as
well
Fuck around & pistol play with me & you won't live to
tell
Oh well, all I could say is I told you so
Should've stuck with a bench nigga like me, just got
plex
You can't take it talkin' 'about 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 goin' on
Don't make me murder you nigga, you lookin' for me
here I stand
About 6 feet even, cocked & meant built twin glocks in
my hand
And to the niggas that pullin' the triggers on niggas
like me
Sho' nuff gon' stall, but I'm ready for the match
That's killin' one more, one fall I'm killin' on y'all
Nigga, let's get ready to rumble.

[Hook:] [x6]

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it
Slappin'...

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