

**Z-Ro****"Don't Worry About Mine"**

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[Big Pokey talkin':]

Yeah, crock bull & the Crooked  
Big E on the track. You know what I'm sayin'?  
That's all I'm sayin' (It's a Big E beat)  
Yeah, just doin' my thing though. You know what I'm  
sayin'?  
S.U.C. in here, yeah aight what.

Don't Worry About Mine, worry about yours. [x8]

[Big Pokey:]

Say me, I'm just doin' my thing though  
Crocks on, wife be the linen lookin' good in my Kango  
.45 on the hip, you know how this game go  
The outside's jelly but the inside's mango  
Don't watch me watch your weight if your hatin'  
I got enough ammo to body rock the state  
Don't worry about me mayne, I got that covered  
And the block is like pork chops, I got that smothered  
When my kush is tastin' like & these bricks I run  
But what you can do is stay up out my mix that come  
Crock bull count cash on the regular homey  
Even when I'm hittin' corners on the cellular homey  
Get your mind off me & get it on your money  
'Cause I'm a ball & parlay when it's gray or sunny  
I'm the real deal, you niggas funny bunny  
Fake ass niggas 'feit like they funny money.

Don't Worry About Mine, worry about yours. [x8]

[Z-Ro:]

Too many problems on my mind  
Livin' shife is startin' to be a full time grind  
I'm just tryin' to live my life  
And when I die, I hope I see Jesus Christ.  
Fuck people 'cause all these people don't treat me right  
They say they love me, but they shoot me right  
between my eyes  
Bitch if you ain't screwed up lace your shoes up  
We stationary like a statue that you can't move up  
I'm 87-32 better known as a Hoover

Mind your business my nigga, I'll run my fist all the way  
through ya  
Fuck around & kill one of these nosy ass niggas &  
bitches if they make me  
'Cause they can smell it in Sunnyside, when I pass gas  
in Katy  
Y'all ain't write none of my songs, so why in the fuck is  
y'all on stage with me?  
And when I get a retrial & start back blazin' y'all can't  
blaze with me  
They on the dick of Joseph McVey  
So focused on me  
They can't do what they need to do for them through  
they day & it's fucked up.

Don't Worry About Mine, worry about yours. [x8]

[Z-Ro:]

I never had love for a bitch, I'm about my money  
Too many years, I done paid the price  
You must be smokin' if you think I'm a make you my  
wife  
And I never had love for a nigga, I'm about my money  
Even if they murder me I ain't goin' nowhere  
Turn up the volume to the radio, I'll be right there  
I'm not worried about you  
I'm just worried about me  
I'm not worried about you  
I'm just worried about me, hey.

Don't Worry About Mine, worry about yours. [x13]

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