

Z-Ro "For My Gangsta's"

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(feat. Mussilini)

[talking:]

Gangstas G's, (gangstas)
This for my gangstas, my gangstas
For my gangstas, my G's
This for my gangstas

[Z-Ro:]

Hell naw you can't hit my weed, cause to me smoking is
like breathing
So a nigga stay smoking and flipping, in a Intrepid
when I'm bleeding
The block it can't stop, I gotta keep paper stacking
Mo'fuckers be whispering, there go Z-Ro and I can't
wait to jack him
But, I got news for ya
They gon be picking out a suit and shoes for ya, cause
I'm bout to get rude with ya
They better mind, cause I'll whoop me a woman ass
nigga real quick
Plus I got niggaz on the Southwest and the Southeast,
my click is real thick
But I be rolling solo, place to place like a hobo
Full time entertainer, I left my block to make fa sho do'
I'ma keep these hoods on fire, get rotation like tires
Gotta show love to my people, cause they are my
album buyers
I'ma rep for the real niggaz and the real bitches, that's
struggling all day
Fuck going to class, parlay all day in the hallway
They got me fucked up, for no reason at all
Everybody get that feddy, it's the season to ball

[Hook:]

This one for my gangstas, rolling on 4's
Sipping promethazyne, and blowing on dro
Trying to make it in this game, play hard when we play
Gaurunteed to clear the whole boulevard, when we
spray
This one for my gangsta bitches, that keep it real
Everyday they case paper, in they purse pack a steel

Trying to make it in this game, play hard when we play
And they down to shake that ass, when a real nigga say

[Mussilini:]

Gangstas, G's

How many of us have niggaz, that's down in the streets
From fighting eachother, to hustling on the late night
and grinding brothers

Trying to bake a cake right, ready to shake them haters
Burning up the dead line, grandpa did them get out's
From hitting stangs on pages, to I-10 skating blazing
This game like a razor, hell I ain't no fazing
Sitting on leather creation, left on the wheel ride on the
steel

Thet Government will kill us here, glossing and flossing
all day in Devilles

God forgive us influence the kids, to hop on the blocks
and do what we did

But now in reverse, this how the ghetto world spins
Sitting back in foreign cars, with the screens falling
Purple juice is how we ride and play, let's ride today
T-shirts with starches on, cause we G's anyway
Yep, this is for my ballers that ain't worried bout
nothing

On swangas and robbers, straight leathers

[Hook]

[Z-Ro:]

This one for my niggaz, that be bleeding the block until
the block dry

Empty clips off at the police, everytime they pass by
Even every bitch I know, is thuggish ruggish and thoed
No reason at all, ready to run up on a motherfucker
and unload

Fuck that MTV shit, this the real world

So bitch that go in her purse, is gon get the steel girl
Mussilini and that Z-Ro, getting money describes our
ego

Fuck with us lose your life, it'll be waiting six feet be low

[Mussilini:]

This one for my gangstas, rolling on 4's and 3's

Or anything that's chromey, stacking G's

Bucking boys up like a rhino, this one for my youngster
5-0

Gotta put it in perspective, or let that King of Da Ghetto
nod though

I'm bout to break this here, how much change we gon
make this here

Come on Ro we gon make this clear, the world gon love

this gangsta shit
Coast to coast them boys gon feel, living laid with a
house on hill
Presidential millennium, on the real on the real

[Hook]

[talking:]
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