

## Z-Ro "From The South"

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[Hook - 4x]

From the South

I got the diamonds in my mouth

[Z-Ro]

Hold up a minute, I'm the King of the Ghetto

Holding the rap game, like wood grain can't let go

You niggaz'll never see me, I'm on another level

Stay ready to dig a grave, keep a gun and a shovel

And pouring gas too, if there evidence

Saw me in the rear view, now you wonder where I went

I'ma get you if I owe ya, visit ya residence

Lay the merk game down, and then I'ma hit the fence

Better keep my mouth closed, so they can't see the  
shining

They think it was Z-Ro, cause all they seen was  
diamonds

I'm cold as a deep freeze, with bags of ice in it

My 3-57 pretty, but ain't nothing nice in it

Too many bitches, and not enough rubbers

Got so many, all my real niggaz under the gutter

Watch a nigga full of life, light close like shutters

God damn, staying healthy is hard as a mo'fucker

[Hook - 4x]

[Paul Wall]

I got diamonds all in my mouth, in my grill and in my  
jaws

Platinum teeth and princess cuts, my mouth is similar  
to a disco ball

I'm Paul Wall my smile is blinding, my ice is shining like  
a chandelier

I tend to brush my teeth with Windex, just so the glass  
house mouth shine clear

I got mo' karats invested with soup, I'm a Texas icon a  
People's Champ

Put on your shades when I commits to approach, my  
mouth is eliminating like a lamp

It got gold grills and platinum and ice, cause that's how  
it is in the Lone Star State

With a cup full of bar in a candy car, and we jamming

on a Robert Davis Grey Tape

[Hook - 4x]

[Lil' Flip]

Ever since 1999, I had diamonds in my grill  
You just rapping that ain't platinum, homie you need to  
chill

Cause you embarrassing Texas, nigga you ain't trill  
Nigga you been on my dick, way befo' you got your  
deal

These rappers finally get some fame, and think they  
got it locked

After your album flop, nigga you gon be on Koch  
My gear clean, from my ear rings to my pinky ring  
If you ain't spend thirty, tuck in your piece and chain  
(Southside)

[Hook - 4x]

[Z-Ro]

Blucka-blucka-blucka, that's how my gun go  
If I'm looking agitated, bitch you better run hoe  
I use to do the baguettes, but now I'm VS-1's though  
Princess cuts straight up and down, Johnny done those  
I got loud ice, just like Paul Wall  
Shining down South, brighter than all y'all  
When it's time to get your jewelry done who do y'all call  
Cause you fellas ain't shining at all, check me out  
On the first and fifteenth, I'm some'ing like a pimp  
Even with a suspended license, still finna flip  
Ain't no limit to this cash, ain't nothing I can't get  
Five deuce Hoover cause, ain't nothing like a Crip  
Ride with a Revolve', I don't fuck with clips  
These roach ass niggaz, trying to make me bust my  
chips  
But I'm not a bank, I don't even trust my bitch  
I'm from the South, and I got diamonds in my mouth

[Hook - 3x]

(\*Hook slowed down\*)

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