

Z-Ro

"Here We Go"

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It's boss hogg Kyleon, and I'm fuckin' wit the king we
bout to drop a fo' in a twenty ounce blue cream I place
the order out in cali. for the p.t. we get money while you
niggas still asleep, and a it's three in the morning, in
the kitchen cooking oz.s block to bleed, niggas to feed,
if I drop' em on 12 comin back 21 it's 80 sippers out the
book, I move' em one by one see my hands is fast, my
cook game raw I don't need no pyrex, gimme a coffe
mug jar and I whip it to the left, whip it to the right
move it all around till they cook it air tight let it dry, pop
it out the jar, straight to the scale wrap it up in plastic,
straight to the mail It's boss hogg Kyleon, nigga Mike D
bleeds the block cuz I am the streets

(Chorus: Z-Ro) Here we go Kyleon and the King of the
Ghetto nigga we ain't got no love for you hoes all we
tryna do is keep collecting dough go get it, and come
back get that white as snow candied doors, yeah they
open up and close run up on us bet you won't run up no
more cuz we will slide yo bitch ass across the flo, flo,
flo

(Z-Ro) I know y'all rappers can't stand the fact that I'm
back fresh outta jail and I'm oh so focused on nothin
but makin my mail ain't got no time to waste, cuz the
rap game is damn near dead Kyleon and the King of
the Ghetto, came to raise rap from it's death bed every
song they play on the radio is bullshit homie them
niggas got they blow up, but we got that good shit
homie matter fact you might even overdose cuz I've
been known to cause blood clots I should been known
to be a killa, but a bitch nigga I never was not I've
always kept it real, even when everbody around me
was fake they don't make like me no more, my kind
don't break under pressure it's death before dishonor
nigga so that means before I rat, like mickey mouse I'll
be another job for the grave digger I ain't going back
behind the fences with the razors if I'm locked up in the
penitentiary, I can't make no paper so the last time I
went, was the last time I'm ever gone be in instead of a
5 by 6 cell then a big brick home, thats what I sleep

in.....

(Chorus: Z-Ro) Here we go, Kyleon and the King of the Ghetto nigga we ain't got no love for you hoes all we tryna do is keep collecting dough go get it, and come back get that white as snow candied doors, yeah they open up and close run up on us bet you won't run up no more cuz we will slide yo bitch ass across the flo, flo, flo

(Z-Ro) Now every time I ride, I got a pistol at my side Screwed Up Click until it's over on the Southside I keep my mind on my money, and money on my mind I ain't got no time to play, I'm on a 24 hour grind Haters wanna see me fallin off of my game They hatin' cuz when they see me I'm havin thangs Dig these blues, if you jack me, I'm jacking you back 24/7 on my clothes, I keep my hand on my strap...

(Killa Kyleon) See I'm somethin like his playa, somethin like his pimp Gangsta strut on when when I limp like this Is re-turn of rapper slash the hood fella Lookin for a rap to get a groove back like Stella Still got a sack of that A-1 good yella with a baby glock, ready to rock up out fellas hit me on the cella, ain't a damn thang change yeah, (you know me) nigga I'm still the drank man...

(Chorus: Z-Ro) Here we go Kyleon and the King of the Ghetto nigga we ain't got no love for you hoes all we tryna do is keep collecting dough go get it, and come back get that white as snow candied doors, yeah they open up and close run up on us bet you won't run up no more cuz we will slide yo bitch ass across the flo, flo, flo

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