

Z-Ro "Homie, Lover, Friend"

Visit "[Homie, Lover, Friend](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[talking:]

What's up lil' mama, they call me Z-Ro the Crooked
King of Da Ghetto, know I'm saying
You wanna be the queen, let me holla at ya

[Z-Ro:]

You want a nigga to touch you where it counts, you can
call me up I'm on my way
Since you serious conversation, I listen to what you
have to say
This ain't gotta be, about a wam-bam thank you ma'am
I'm not like these other fellas, although I know you think
I am
Even though I kick it, with a lot of females
I can honestly tell you, that I ain't got a female
Because I'm fresh out of jail, you prolly think that I just
wanna bone
Hit it quit it, then delete your number from my mobile
phone
Every man, needs a lady
But I'm not trying to be your husband, only suggesting
communication on the daily
I'm usually rude, with a bad attitude
But I'm thinking, you can brighten up my mood
While you roll up my cigarillos, I bring you breakfast in
bed
I'm even down to ease your scalp, and calm your head
Just tell me when the laws coming, I ain't trying to end
up in the Penn
Cause I'm digging you, and really feeling you should
be my homie lover friend

[Hook: x2]

I'd really, like to get to know you better
Been one deep for a minute, but feel like it been
forever
I can be your friend, when you need me
Your lover when you feeling freaky, plus your homie
cause I'm down with you for sheezy

[Z-Ro:]

Whenever you need to shed tears, let em fall on me

Don't ever be afraid, to call on me
This the way your man leave you hanging, he ain't
ready for you
But I ain't ever too busy, to miss some feddy for you
I know what it be feeling like, to be neglected
So when you with Ro you running the show, and please
know that you're protected
I'd be lying, if I said I wasn't trying to bump and grind
But that ain't all that's on my mind, it would be fine
To hit the Cinema Six, and catch a flick
Papa Deauxxx for swamp thangs, fettucini and fish
Not a trick, but I love shopping for my lady friend
You could be my one and only, right before the day
begin
I could drop you off at home, or you coming with me
The early morning sun, is something to see
Especially aboard a Carnival Cruise ship, you with it
then let's get in the wind
Now this is how it is, to be my only homie lover friend

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro:]

Just to lay it on the line, I done cheated befo'
I feel like there's some information, that you needed to
know
It wasn't about a man, being a man
But how I'm gon try to give somebody the world, and
they shit in my hand
We can kick it, but I really don't know what's on your
agenda
Are you serious about me, or just another pretender
If I get the feeling fraud, I'ma stop it 'fore it starts
Sense from you, and I felt the full effect of a broken
heart
Garunteed, I get you in the bed and it's over with
I crucify the crucial, with that legs on my shoulder shit
Hypnotic, is my afrodesiac
Make me keep on going and going, something like a
duracel six pack
Pardon my pornographics, but please pay attention
I been behind the gate for eight, I need a mate
But I'll never disrespect, your legitament to the end
Even if I never ever get the chance, to be your homie
lover friend

[Hook x2]

Visit [Z-Ro](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

