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# Z-Ro "I Just Wanna Say"

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## [Chorus]

I just wanna say fuck you for all the bitch ass shit you do don't won't me and my people to come thru dressed in all black we came here to handle that, so where the fuck ya'll niggas at I just wanna say fuck you for all the bitch ass shit you do don't won't me and my people to come thru dressed in all black we came here to handle that, so where ya'll coward asses at

### [Verse 1]

Use to be my homie, but you stole from me like you didn't know me

with friends like you-now wonder I don't have homies 'Cause I was down like four flats without a jack for ya instead of robbin ya enemy-you attacted ya brother now go run and tell all ya people that I'm actin' funny don't forget to tell 'em what you stole-that's that gas money

I would've took a bullet for you bro-but fuck you though nowadays niggas ain't shit, but ya'll already know I can do bad on my own

but when I'm earnin' I'm one deep I get my cash on my own

I don't need no assistance-keep a creese in my slacks only teflon bullets, and all the pistols I pack crispy highs in the front, big ole bang in the back grape cigerillo blunt, big ole buds in the sack Screw blue candy paint-tell me what's fuckin wit' that I don't trust none of my people-keep my hands on my strap

straight like that...

#### [Chorus]

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we came here to handle that, so where the fuck ya'll
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I just wanna say fuck you
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we came here to handle that, so where ya'll coward
asses at

### [Verse 2]

Don't want no woman-I would rather be a gigilo no feelings involved, call me Mr.hit that hoe she got it twisted, cause I'll be damned if I kiss that hoe Mo City, Texas and we be damned if we don't get that dough

lookin so fly, homie-my gators have eyes I bet I won't ride in it, if it ain't been customized Twenty-thousand worth of all these diamonds in my mouth

and he do my tats-I get my shit done at the house fuck waitin in a line-cause I'm in my own lane ya'll keep doin what ya'll doin, I'll do my own thing I'm ahead of the game, might as well be the coach shootin' spiders off that glass-so I'm rollin' on fo's homie it's so much smoke, I can reach out and touch it I'm high then a bitch but always on my note in-public I do what I do to get paid, most my people love it with my niggas spendin' whatever I want, you better not touch it

I'm hustlin...

#### [Chorus]

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