

Z-Ro**"It Don't Stop"**

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[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Nigga It Don't Stop, so keep on flippin' your Glock
Whether it's drama or not.

'Cause somebody might run up in your spot, whether
you servin' or not

That's how it go on the block.

Keep your eyes open because the polies they plot
Don't let your spot get hot, you gon' end up gettin'
popped.

So when I'm in the drop I'm strapped with my thumb
cocked

Only gon' take 1 shot, leave you stretched out on the
block.

[Z-Ro:]

I'm a muthafuckin' asshole, every day all day
E.B.K. every 24 hours these Houston streets made me
this way

I spit it like I live it homey & the way I live is dangerous
Fuck Officer Thornton Berry & Precinct 5 for playin'
games with us

Mad 'cause we in a big house, driveway look like a car
lot

Since we young & black that's enough to make them
President bitches fall out

But I got the game from J. Prince bitch & I'm still learnin'
Able to flip with a suspended license, a sweet tooth &
still burnin'

On top of 22 inches of chrome & they still turnin'
Tryin' to reach a bigger market I don't have a plaque
but I'm still earnin'

More than a muthafucker, my kinfolk Trae doin' his
thing too

Fuck with us must be baldheaded so a hat is what I
brand you

Here's a couple of bitch niggas that would love to see
me dead

And they can't stand the fact that Joseph McVey is
backed up by bread

Holla.

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

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[Z-Ro:]

(Say Ridgemont!) Mo' City my muthafuckin' hood

My nigga Grady & Mike Newsome in the streets up to
no good

Tryin' to make good & get out the hood like I did & I'm
gon' help 'em do it

'Cause I got love for my real niggas & I got extra chips
to do it

Look I used to reap alot of shit now I'm startin' to sew
some

Remember when I was dirt broke & love nobody
showed none

That's the reason I ain't smilin' when you see me in
person

I'm tryin' to peep out my surroundings 'cause them
jackers be lurkin'

Ain't none of that takin' my car or my chain, bitch you
must be smokin'

Ain't nuttin' smoother than to violent his ass & I'll leave
yo' head open

I'm a roll the way I wanna roll in the 3 or the glass
house

Rov' Rangin' with muthafuckers displayin' my glass
mouth

Hit my licks & get off the game 'fore they get me I cash
out

Be somewhere down in water, off season with a big
mustache mouth

Barefooted on the beach bitch, just me & my fam

Don't make these bullets melt in your mouth from this
heat in my hand

Holla.

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

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[Z-Ro:]

Listen, I been a sucker for love once, I ain't gon' do it
no more though
So listen up bitches you hoes won't get a red cent or
rose though
Faster than the flash of a photo I'm a beat & hit that
And if any lil' mama start to get possessive I'll dismiss
that
Not a jigalo or nothin' like that, but I like to beat it up
By smokin' 'dro & bumpin' some rap
Lil' mama get on top of me & put a hump in your back
But if you upset a bitch I promise you I'm dumpin' the
ghat
A couple of 7 point 2 6's right up under ya naps
Hit everybody that was involved & put 'em under the
map
I run the streets like Jackee Joyner-Kersee plus I run rap
I took a fall for 9 & a 1/2 months but I had to come back
And at my arrival there was some bitch niggas with
some yakkity yak
That hoe ass nigga DJ Den & his whole raggedy pack
Y'all niggas will never be Gorillas or the Screwed Up
Click
So when you see me holla at me lace your shoes up
bitch
It's Screwed Up Click 4 Life.

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

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