

Z-Ro

"It Won'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 ya spot, whether you
servin or not
That's how it go on the block
Keep your eyes open because the police 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 one shot, leave you stretched out on the
block

[Z-Ro]

I'm a motherfuckin 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 homie and the way I live is
dangerous
Fuck Officer Thornton Berry and Precinct 5 for playin
games with us
Mad cause we in a big house, driveway look like a car
lot
Since we young and black that's enough to make them
President bitches fall out
But I got the game from J. Prince bitch and I'm still
learnin
Able to flip with a suspended license, a sweet tooth,
and still burnin
On top of 22 inches of chrome and they still turnin
Tryin to reach a bigger market I don't have a plaque
but I'm still earnin
Mo' than a motherfucker, my kinfolk Trae doin his
thang too
Fuck with us must be baldheaded so a hat is what I
brand you
Here's a couple of bitch niggaz 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]

(Say Ridgemont!) Mo City my motherfuckin hood
My nigga Grady and Mike Newsome in the streets up to
no good
Tryin to make good and get out the hood like I did, and
I'm gon' help 'em do it
Cause I got love for my real niggaz and I got extra
chips to do it
Look I used to reap a lot of shit now I'm startin to sew
some
Remember when I was dirt broke and 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 {?} his ass and I'll leave
yo' head open
I'ma roll the way I wanna roll in the 3 or the glass house
Rov' Rangin with motherfuckers displayin my glass
mouth
Hit my licks and 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 and my fam
Don't make these bullets melt in your mouth from this
heat in my hand
Holla

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Listen, I been a sucker for love once, I ain't gon' do it
no mo' do'
So listen up bitches you hoes won't get a red cent or
rose doe
Faster than the flash of a photo I'ma beat and hit that
And if any lil' momma start to get possessive I'll dismiss
that
Not a jiggalo or nothin like that, but I like to beat it up
by smokin 'dro and bumpin some rap
Lil' momma get on top of me and put a hump in your
back
But if you upset a bitch I promise yo I'm dumpin the gat

A couple of 7 point 2-6's right up under ya naps
Hit everybody that was involved and put 'em under the
map
I run the streets like Jackee Joyner-Kersee plus I run rap
I took a fall for 9 and a 1/2 months but I had to come
back
And at my arrival there was some bitch niggaz with
some yakkity yak
That hoe-ass nigga DJ Den and his whole raggedy pack
Y'all niggaz'll never be Guerillas or the Screwed Up
Click
So when you see me holla at me lace ya shoes up bitch
It's Screwed Up Click 4 Life

[Chorus]

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