

Z-Ro "King Of The Ghetto"

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[Hook - 2x]

This is my woooooorld

Z-Ro, king of the ghetooooo

[Z-Ro]

Once upon a time, not long ago

There was a hustling motherfucker, with a cold ass flow

Everytime he hit the studio, his beeper go off

He left the beef to get his cheese, by selling people
that raw

With a pistol on his right side, and one in his back

I-10 again and again, from running that crack

Girlfriend kept complaining, cause he never at home

So he told her deal with it bitch, or get the fuck on

It was money over bitches, on his mind

Plus all of his partnas, thought that he would never
shine

The number be 15 and 5, up in the kitchen

He could do it straight up, or he could do it with a
whipping

But then came a drought, and then he put his first
album out

Decided to do it full time, cause record stores kept
selling out

Still in the game, cocaine on top of the brain

From the studio to the streets, Z-Ro is everything

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

King of the ghetto, I'm sitting on my throne

Got a red light, sitting on my chrome

Ridgemont Texas, representing

With a taper fade, sitting on my dome

I mash niggaz, and I trash niggaz

When it come down, to the cash nigga

Beat that ass, in a flash nigga

Pistol play, and I'ma blast nigga

Gangstafied, from Goderhead

All day long, I chase my bread

But on the low, I don't fuck with FED's

Cause a snitch nigga, get dressed in red

Shut up bitch, she look so lie

But they don't know, she'll take your life

Not giving a fuck, or get fucked up

And end up dead, with your dick in the sky
Go my way, we gon have fun
Instead of happiness, we have done
About our business, corrupting our kidneys
All that codeine, weed and drugs
I'm leaning ove

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