

Z-Ro "Lovely Day"

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(feat. Lil' Flip & Big Shasta)

[talking:]

Yeah uh, Lil' Flip in the building nigga
We talking bout lovely days, getting paid
Puffing on that haze, g'eah
Screwed Up Click, top of the charts nigga holla at em

[Lil' Flip:]

Yeah Ro, I think today a lovely day
No vest, but my glock 40 tucked away
I use to hustle yay, and watch for the one time
Now I'm caked up, cause I spit punch lines
My grandpa, had to show me how to be a man
I use to watch him hustle hard, just to get a grand
I got a plan to come up, and get mo' cheddar
I know you mad, cause my Benz got a lil' leather
I'm a go-getter, stacking my paper high
I told Z-Ro when I met him, nigga I'ma ride
We fuck them niggaz heads up, when this shit drop
Cause y'all other niggaz, fucking up hip-hop
I can't stop I won't stop, till I'm gone
To all my niggaz locked up, I hope y'all come home
That's why I'm praying everyday, when I wake up
I look around, God blessed me with great stuff

[Hook: x2]

(A lovely daaaay), it's a lovely day
A lovely day, a lovely day
A lovely day, it's a lovely day
A lovely, a lovely day

[Z-Ro:]

I must'a, woke up this morning on the right side of bed
Cause I can't find nothing to bitch about, even though
I'm low on bread
And my partna Duke called me, and said he was
coming over
You know what that mean, them boys out the Clover
ain't never sober
Ding-dong Lil' Flip, Big Shasta and Den Den
This look like a gangsta party to me, come on come in

then

We know we got a lot of haters, but we ain't tripping
Cause we living how we wanna, live daily smoking and
sipping
When you see us out in public, we got dime pieces with
us
And we look like we chilling, but it's four or five pieces
with us
So chill homie, for real homie
Cause you don't wanna die, and I don't wanna kill
homie
But I will homie I ride for Clover Geez, just like I ride for
A.B.N.
By sneaking up on the opposition, at any event any
place they in
Except for right now, cause all I wanna do is lay back
In a 300 on 22's, or the living room inside a Maybach

[Hook x2]

[Lil' Flip:]

Before I went platinum, ain't nobody wanna holla
It was too many cheats, ain't nobody wanna follow
So I had to make moves, on my own man
I'm one of the few, Houston rappers with a home man
Fifteen thousand square feet, bitch nigga
Now that's the real definition, of a rich nigga
Crocodile Air Force Ones, blue and gold
I'm chilling, but if I got a problem you'll know

[Z-Ro:]

I'm living better now, the Gucci sweater now
And that '71 Cadillac on swangas, hold a baretta down
Laws already hate us, cause we young black men
Especially cause we rappers, with tons of stacks to
spend
Haters do what they can, kings of the South do what
they wanna do
The drank is purple the pistol is chrome, and the
marijuana blue
In the county we wear orange, and state jail is white
We don't rack up we act up, all motherfucking night

[Big Shasta:]

It's just the way I shine, in these city streets
From the way I grind, so my family can eat
When I make a my pay, it's a lovely day
Lovely daaay

[Hook x2]

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