

## Z-Ro

### "M-16"

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(feat. Trae & P.O.P.)

[Hook:]

M16, I'm reloading my magazine  
And I will murder, ever bumper clot run  
Keep my hand, on my gun whoa

[Trae:]

I don't think they want the beef, cause these type of  
problems ain't fin to go away  
These friends I'm packing with me, remind ya don't  
ever fuck with Trae  
And if these bitches get up in you, ain't no need to pray  
Cause praying with this pain, will have you praying they  
take you away  
I still post up, and let niggaz know I don't bar a thang  
I'm gangstafied motherfucker, talk down and watch I  
make it rain  
And it ain't nothing that can stop it, I promise you that  
I put that on the Truth, my brothers and Mr. Fat Pat  
Now if they really want it, these niggaz gon have to get  
it  
I'm trying to put something on your mind, just so you  
don't forget it  
My M16, will be the reason niggaz take a loss  
When I get it out, just watch how fast this bitch'll  
rearrange your house  
The shit I got, will make the laws back up and get the  
SWAT  
But even what they got, will give it up cause these  
bullets be hot  
I'm like original roster, who wanna run with me  
Cause what I'm bringing out, don't think they wanna  
fuck with me

[Hook]

[P.O.P.:]

I keep a heater, but I'm known for my murder 16's  
Killer speaker killer beats, so I murder 16's  
So they M16's, tote a M16  
I call it my bodyguard, cause they instance mean

In the streets of the city, it ain't no love  
Them boys'll fuck you quick, without no glove  
I'm riding, in haters road blocks  
Them jackers don't stop, they'll blaze your whole spot  
So a nigga on spot, with the gauges on cock  
And them Orville Redenbach glocks, is on pop  
So P.O.P., I will P-O-P  
'Fore I let another mother-mother, squeeze on me  
In the H to the T-X, you better pray or be X'd  
They don't play you'll be next, you better raise your  
protection  
Yes son, and just to see another day it's a blessing  
So I keep a weapon, my

[Hook]

[Z-Ro:]

Is it me glock 40, bump-bump-bump-bump nope  
Is it me 45, bump-bump-bump-bump nope  
Is it me 3-57, bump-bump-bump-bump nope  
Me M16, taping off the murder scene  
Inhaling potent doja, with muddy cup of codeine  
Me people don't even play me close, cause them don't  
know me  
Me don't want no company, me kick it with me lonely  
And will murder anyone of you snitches, run up on me  
But my grandmother didn't raise a killer, she raised up  
a Christian  
But the fact that I was already down, and people kept  
kicking  
Made me crazy, that's why I got no love for nobody  
lately  
And I told y'all once before, none of my weapons have  
a safety  
Ru-run up on me once, I'ma beat your ass down  
Ru-run up on me twice, I'ma heat your ass down  
Place you in another dimension, nobody can see you  
now  
Rest in peace, I'm the king of the streets yeah

[Hook x2]

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