

Z-Ro "M16"

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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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