

Z-Ro "Made"

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Ever since my early teens I've been a loco on these streets
'Cause gold is for 24 I go for broke on these streets
My flow is a young Mike Tyson when he hit on niggas
And even when I'm countin' off I still spit on niggaz

No super friends I smoke purple stuff alone in my room
That cush made me leave my body I was gone in my room
Mad swangas, to mo no blocks, I switch cars like socks
Either it's somethin' with the roof missin' or a hard white top

Remember me, I'm the one they laughed at in all my classes
Now what they spend on a house I blow on designer glasses
Even without a platinum plaque, but this ain't cappin'
I'm just tellin' you what my life like, so this ain't rappin'

Don't you ever tell the captain, that my money ain't right
Might have to pay money to spray money 'cause money ain't right
No more throwin' no bodies so I can stand on these streets
I got an army behind me 'cause I'm the man on these streets

That's right, that's right, that's right, that's right
That's right, that's right, that's right, I get my muthafuckin' money
That's right, that's right, that's right, that's right
That's right, that's right, that's right, I get my muthafuckin' money

I did some time locked down, but now I'm back on these streets
Here to save y'all from all this wack rap on these streets
I left y'all with I'm still livin', provin' I wasn't dead
If you wonder why I'm out early, my lawyer got his

bread

Much love to my industry homies, who didn't forget
about me
Paul Wall, Pimp C and my partner Fliperaci
But since I do business with rap a lot the feds watch me
But I'm like Shaq up under the backboards, they can't
stop me

When I was hustlin' no police could find a rock near me
Now that I ain't hustlin' they can see all of my rocks
clearly
B S foldas, ava smokas, these are of Joseph
Known to catch you in the club free and make women
wanna get closer

Homie don't get it twisted 'cause you see me on a
poster
You disrespect me, the magnum come out the holsta
like it's 'sposed ta
[Incomprehensible] man on these streets
I don't give a fuck 'cause I'm the man on these streets

I'm a hit man, whatever I'm aimin' at I hit man
After I hit her she can't stand up without a kickstand
Not a special kind of fool, just hit her with the mule
If she find the itch to set me up I'll hit her with the tool

I got a daughter to raise, I ain't tryin' to leave
Plus all this money I'm makin' you think I ain't tryin' to
breathe
Inhale, exhale now that's better
Over 800,000 independent, now that's cheddar

That's right, that's right, that's right, that's right
That's right, that's right, that's right, I get my
muthafuckin' money
That's right, that's right, that's right, that's right
That's right, that's right, that's right, I get my
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