

Z-Ro**"Mo City Don Freestlye"**

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Z-Ro Lyrics

Mo City Don Lyrics

(*talking*)

Shit, Z-Ro the Crooked, I know y'all
Been waiting on this here, yeah shit
R.I.P. Big Mello, Screw, Mafio, Big Boo, Gator
All the fallen soldiers man, Southside
Eastside, Westside, Northside, know I'm saying
All my partnas, all your dead partnas
But shit, I still feel stress, still gotta get something
Off my chest, while these hoe niggas be doing what
They be doing, I don't know though, shit fuck it
We gon stay two deep in a fo' do'

[Z-Ro]

Slow Loud And Bangin', all in my trunk
Trunk full of funk, I ain't never been a punk
I blow on skunk, I blow on doja
Military minded, I'm a muthafuckin soldier
Out the streets, of the Ridgemont 4
Not no bitch, and say I still ain't a hoe
Letting niggas know, evryday of the year
I pimp my pen, and I get my point clear
Why niggas wanna talk down, I don't know
Gotta take a trip to Akapoko, from the 4
With my 4-4 on my side, when I ride
Ready to do another homicide, then im flyin by
Til I'm gone, nigga old glory
I'm H-Town to Cali, just like Robert Ory
If I do a murder, flee the murder scene
No missing shortage on the drank, I can't find no lean
From Soufwest to Soufeast, bitch it's about war not bout
peace
Nigga like me, I'm bout knocking out teeth
Know I'm saying, I'll loose your grill
A nigga coming down, in the Coupe Deville
Looking gravy, looking real throwed
I'ma be the nigga, pulling over at the fucking cross
road

With my K on my side, I'm ready to ride
And if I gotta go, it'll be a homicide
Me and another nigga, on the way to the Golden Gate
A nigga like me, can't wait
Just to make it, to another day
Gotta get the big pay off, so get the fuck out my way
When I come around your corner, so slow
It'll be the nigga, in the damn Polo
It's the Ralph Lauren, jackers ain't barring
Why I skipped the slab, when I went straight to foreign
Said it like I said it, in the old school
Some niggas they be red, but Z-Ro blue
I come around your corner, but I ain't set tripping
But I will, wet niggas and wet women
With the calico, I had to let a muthafucka know
That I come around your corner, in a Lincoln four do'
A fox photo, cause I do it in a flash
Nigga watch out, cause that could be your ass
I rhyme so long, rhyme so strong
I flex byiceps, then I swoll on
Get on, the muthafuckin bench
And when the laws hit the corner, I hit the fence
They wonder where I went, they keep looking
I don't give a fuck, like Tyson I keep hooking
Or maybe like Lenox, I'm strong to the finish
I'm like the ghetto Popeye, but I don't need spinach
I'ma keep going, I keep on flowing just like the Nile
Million dolla mouthpiece, everytime I smile
Look and load a, nigga ashtray
Everytime he smile, he can turn the night to day
You can open up the top, and let the smoke come out
We don't give a damn, bout a crooked ass cop
Crooked officer, crooked officer
Make a nigga wanna blow the badge, off of ya
Me and Dougie, my muthafuckin brotha
R.I.P., to my muthafuckin mutha
That's the Dorothy Marie McVay Matthew
There's ten toes planted, in my muthafuckin shoe
I gotta be a man, hope you understand
There's nothing but the work, and the calico in my hand
On a corner on the Ridgevan, and I'm serving a fiend
A real live B-Boy, and you know what I mean
I be stacking up chips, like Lego
Dark on a pump, just like Calvin Kato
Houston to the rocket, a four-peat like Comets
I don't give a fuck, good punch a bitch nigga make him
vomit
On the grind, I'ma take a trip on Greyhound
I be flying on a plane, but the dope is on the ground
Headed to Lake Charles, or headed to Lafayette
Maybe off in Alexandria, but I ain't finished yet

I gotta make a hoe I-10, I sin
Then I, do it again
I get my ends, I'm in my muthafuckin Benz-e
Got these hoes running round, in a frendz-e
I be busting full clips, till they empty
A piece of potent pussy, might tempt me
Rain is trying to send me, to the Penitentiary
The main reason why, I ain't friendly
I'm wired up, but I ain't on no damn slaughter
Dejaun in the back, and he got the camcorder
Recording everything, the 4's gon swang
Still pulling up, on Fondren and the Main
Looking lovely, got to look good
I throw up Ridgemont 4, cause that's my hood
Never been a hoe, I'm letting hoes know
I gotta get a fucking P-L-A-T, but first a G-O
L-D, a motherfucking plack
I keep it straight and simple like that, hit a bitch from
the back
And I use my, motherfucking tool
Make her say ouch, when I hit her with the mule

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