

Z-Ro "My Momma"

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[Hook - 2x]

My mama use to tell me, bout these

Broke roaching ass niggaz, in these streets

So many people, wanna see me fall

And then they wonder, why my attitude is fuck em all
[Trae]

You still running up, better peep my attitude

Cause I don't give a fuck about, you or the next dude

Hitting the block top down, waving the boulevard

Run on side of my Range, and your feet get scarred

I ain't never leave the house, without me packing a gun

And I ain't never leave the block, without collecting my funds

A lot of niggaz wanna hate, but they ain't fading us

So everytime I show my teeth, I shine like the sun

Breaking the game, and niggaz wanna hate my fame

And take my change, but never will they get my change

I'm quick to aim, and leave a red dot on your brain

You heard the bang, and niggaz gon respect the name

I'm telling you dog, my mama use to tell me y'all

Don't be fake, fraud keeping me behind the wall

But never ever will I let a, motherfucker block me

I'ma run through that bitch, hit up and don't fall

So it's best to vacate, for your sake

The Maab up in this bitch, and I'ma regulate

Disrespect me and mine, I'ma retaliate

They don't really wanna go to war, with a heavyweight

Dirty South veteran, Dirty Third glider

Underground, wrecking a nigga till they retire

For my T. Jones, I'ma set it on fire

Busting they neck and back, like they Khia

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Dorothy Marie McVey, this your son

I've been on top of my cash, till the last of my funds

Even though I haven't seen you, since I was six

I know you keep me with a weapon, when I'm out in the
mix

You use to tell me, to never talk back and respect

Now that I'm grown, a nigga be cashing chin checks

I'm a guerilla, with a motherfucking attitude

And whether broke or pain, I'ma be in a bad mood

This is low life, motherfuckers can't go nowhere to roll
lights

Struggling to make it, cause this industry is so shife

Niggaz'll take your name, and break your name

And try to give you ten percent, of the change

But, my mama use to tell me about these

Broke roaching, ass niggaz in these streets

So I'ma be busting, a .50 caliber

Retaliation with bitches, until they stacking up

I know, Z-Ro don't wanna go to the county jail no mo'

But I know, you don't wanna be doing that

It's either that or the graveyard Ro, because I'm a killa

And so many people, wanna see a nigga fall

Want me at the table, if they don't want me to eat it all

And then they wonder, why my attitude is fuck y'all

[Hook - 2x]

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