

Z-Ro "Nigga From The Hood"

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[Chorus]

Too many niggas, trying to take me off of my game
Just a nigga from the hood, that's looks some good
Now they all want to to jock my fame
When I coming down in my ?born?
And I'm rolling one deep that should tell you about me
I don't give a damn about none of you hoes
I blast on sight cause I ain't tripping no more

[Z-Ro]

You can't knock my hustle, ain't no games gone be
played
Even haters a hundred miles away, deuce out they
shades
Coming down one deep, I ain't gone stop and try to
speak
I keep on rolling mean mugging as I pull on a sweet
I gave a cool package of sellers, because I knocked
down yellas
Keep a 4 for myself and a 4-4 for the jealous
Cause them boys be scoping, intoxicated and hoping
That they run up on Z-Ro I leave they flesh wide open
Let them take me for what, cause I be damned if I slip
Beretta beam in the club same thang on my hip
Another case like that, if you don't think I bring that
Run on up and I'ma bust and flip your brain like crack

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Nothing but dollars we clock, show after show we gone
rock
Pimpin hoes in the five double o and baby mamas gone
jock
What the fuck is the deal, somebody pass me the kill
Rubatussin and marijuana, one time and I peal
Don't let a snitch see my dope, cause the snitches gone
squeel
If they play with my freedom, you know a coffin gone
feel
Niggas be working with louds, I'm gone work on they
jaws

Putting snitches in ditches cause I know they be talking
bout
Every move that I make, that's why I be solo when I
bake
Cooking up in the kitchen come up with a ounce with no
flakes
Cause when I say get back, before my finger start
itching
Better believe when I relieve my stress you might come
up missing
I don't be kissing no ass, take a hit and dump the ash
I'ma chop on 20's with sparkling oak on my dash
I'm too low to describe, out the Screwed Up tribe
Read about it in the Source, Murda Dog and the Vibe

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Remember back in 94 they use to laugh at me baby
Now it's year two triple o broads be after me baby
Can you recall when I was sparkling now I hide behind
10
Cause being in a drop with a escallade I know you want
to know where I went
I got a bitch named Lucy, for me she sell her coochie
Finest in the vagina for lunch when I feel like sushi
See it to the day we fall, we ball out of control
Everyday at my low key location hoes fall out of they
clothes
Range Rovers and Hummers, 45 glock gunner
Plus I'm a pen pimping veteran, smelling plex among
new comers
How you love a platinum plack it means I'm already
gold
It ain't no joke I'm in the scope, five hundred thousand
already sold
I'm throwed off in the mind, mic and producer and
booms no ?reap? in the wine
Smoke to relax my mind, radio songs go lemon lime
Fuck a neuse a niggas might go thet there to the po po
why pop it
Giving out my phone number on the daily cause it won't
hurt my pocket

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro: outro]

Man, what's the god damn deal, Southside, Northside,
Eastside, Westside
It's your boy Z-Ro, knocking down the door in year two
triple o

S.U.C. for life, screw you, it's for you baby
Heavy Weighters, my nigga Toon, R-O, Big M-O-E
Z to the Ro, Geurilla Maab affiliated, know what I'm
saying
Putting it down, new millenium it's ours, get that baby

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