

Z-Ro**"No Reason"**

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Slap that nigga he's a bitch, slap that hoe she's a bitch
It ain't nothing wrong, but y'all know me
I'm on my fuck the world, for no reason shit
Fuck the world for no reason shit, fuck the world for no
reason bitch
Nothing righteous bout none of y'all niggaz
None of y'all niggaz, don't know Jesus bitch
Fuck the world for no reason shit, fuck the world for no
reason bitch
My back left pocket, got a blue flag in it
I'm a loc, and my loc niggaz need me bitch
Fuck the world for no reason shit, fuck the world for no
reason bitch
When I'm in the club, I don't see real niggaz
I see a bunch of wannabe's in it

Ain't no love, for none of y'all niggaz
Swear to God, fuck every one of y'all niggaz
I wish I could murder, every one of y'all niggaz
Skinny jeans corrupted, every one of y'all niggaz
Leave that shit up, to Drake and Wayne
If you ain't them, then you faking mayn
Take it however, you wanna take it mayn
Some in the ground, now beneath the basement mayn
I know boys wonder, how I made it to the top
I make real music, and I take it to the block
Your flow is broke, you need to take it to the shop
My flow is big dick, hoes take it nonstop
My flow is arrogant, like fuck your verse
Devil in disguise, nigga fuck your church
Baptize your ass, and bloody up your shirt
Go get my money, hurry up hoe work
My people still waiting, on money from Barack
From a house to a spot, king size to a cot
Said it was getting better, but the shit didn't stop
So the women on the block, pussy full of rock
AR-50, I love my girl
Nobody here but us, I love my world
I'm oh so jealous, don't touch my girl
I'll let her holla at ya, don't trust my girl
Yeah, who that wanna do that

Like run up on a nigga, that'll bust and make the crowd
move back
Let a mo'fucker, run up on Ro
I promise I'ma handle my bidness, and leave a fool flat
On his back
Either with these hands, or this tool I pack
I'm a Mo City nigga, I done told you that
I'm a general, and that's where my soldiers at for real

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Most of y'all niggaz, just sprayed yourself
Like you got what you got, with no help
Like God, ain't got nothing to do with your wealth
Don't even take time, to say thanks for your help
I know I'm fucked up, that's why I be repenting
Every five minutes, I need to be forgiven
From Sunday morning service, straight to prison
God brought me through it, that's why I'm living
Don't believe in him, he don't believe in you
He let somebody run up on you, or merk you fool
Then you bad, till you meet somebody worse than you
That shirt'll do something, you ain't think a shirt could
do
I use to be a young asshole
Ain't shit changed, I'm still in mash mode
I roll around my city, on glass fo's
No pockets, them ain't my pants hoe
What the fuck, is a relationship
Too much of a playa, to chase a bitch
I'm Mr. Ruffle, I make the chips
You taker a shit, I take a trip
I roll by myself, I don't need a lot of people
But doing what I do, I still feed a lot of people
Z-Ro one deep, but he a lot of people
He a lot of Chrstian, but he a lot of evil
You can get a win, or a mack ten

I want that white bitch, and her black friend
I'm IRS cause I'm taxing, for 25K1 you rat's end
Telling on niggaz, you a teacher's pet
Never ever been in the game, a bleacher's vet
Two hundred and twenty three quarters so far
I'm balling, and I ain't took a breather yet bitch

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