

Z-Ro "One Two"

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(Z-Ro Talking)

Screwed up click for life Z-Ro tha crooked aka tha king
of the ghetto but ya'll can call me rotha vandross this
year though ya digg
Anyway mayne I'm just out here tryna shake tha
mothafucken pot & pull a dolla out u nawmtalknbout?
Everyday all day heavy not small pay niggah what

(Z-Ro Verse)

Ha haaa... uhh I wake up early in tha evening around
5:30 or 6
My nextel beepin from all tha calls I missed,
Brush my grill until it looks like what's around my wrist
Drop some kush in tha cigarillo and then give it a twist,
Pull out black t-shirt baige dickie pants black house
shoes can't forget my bandana to give'em tha blues,
Open up the safe and grab some paper
Call foward and hit sportsclips and let em know I need
anotha tapah,
Call one up of tha smokas to was my ride just like at the
Just like at tha carwash but he gon do it right outside,
I don't kick it with fellas I kick it with broads
Fellas act like females so why not kick it with a women
from tha start,
My mind marinated full of liquor remember me in the
hoodoo with expired tags & stickas
But I'm on swangas today and everything is blue over
gray,
Look out Houston Tx Z-Ro is on his way I'm a let the top
down

(Z-Ro Chorus)

I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a
niggah do)
I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a
niggah do)
Nigaaa... iiiiim gon let tha top down even tho I'm on
4s I ain't swangin rather roll cruise control
As tha cigarillo blows cell phone ringin traffic light
chaangaan...

(Billy Cook Verse)

Is a sunday screwd up day outside might as well pull
out tha candy slab it's time to riide
It go from candy blue to purple right before ya eyes
And they think I'm slippn but I keep them pipes on my
siiiide
Grippin woodgraain homie if ya love ya like I'm run up
on me maaayne
You damn right I'm a legend in tha gaaame
It's Billy Cook and that niggah Joseph waaaayne
Yeah we accept check and loose chaaaange
Cause tha ghetto is where we come from
The same place boojie bitches run from
Since the beginning I had a piss poor hand
But I turned it to a winner you haters don't understand
Minimum wage niggah now earnin a hundred grand
I can pay my own way got my own money maayne
B.I.L.L.Y C.O.O.K. in a foreign car now I was in tha
droppa yesterdaay

(Z-Ro Chorus)

I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do
(A niggah do)
I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do
(A niggah do)
Nigaaa... iiiiiiiim gon let tha top down even tho I'm on
4s I ain't swangin rather roll cruise control
As tha cigarillo blows cell phone ringin traffic light
chaangan...

(Z-Ro Verse)

Just like big hawk my cup is full of something
bubbulaay
And I'm on the boulevard acting ugggulaay,
But I'm not swangin in & outa my lane speakin of my
trunk and tha gorillas inside it just makin it bang
If a jacka comes my way I load my AK
Don't think I won't spray it's gon be yo last day
I work too damn hard for mine 24/7 on tha grind all you
gon end up with is a hard time
From I-10 to beltway 8-59 south to purchase a sack of
the lemon lime & I'm out
About to roll to my homegirl house
Her man trippin cuz he think I got her strippin, but we
jus flippin
And aint no club hoppin even if tha club poppin I'm'a
pass neva even take my foot of tha gas headed to tha
studio to drop a couple of songs when I'm finish we
gon bound to continued to roooam and let tha top
dooooown

(Z-Ro Chorus) X2

I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a niggah do)

I'm'a act one two, I'm'a act just like a niggah do (a niggah do)

Nigaaa... iiiiiiiim gon let tha top down even tho I'm on 4s I ain't swangin rather roll cruise control

As tha cigarillo blows cell phone ringin traffic light chaangan...

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