

## Z-Ro "Passenger Side"

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(Z-Ro talking)

Motherfucking Z-Ro, tired of this  
Motherfucking passenger side man  
When I'ma drive

(Chorus - 2x)

Living in the passenger side  
I want to be the driver but I continue to ride  
Will the game recognize me as the best  
I go from home to the dome  
If I'm the king why they don't give me my throne

[Z-Ro]

Living in the passenger side, a way of life  
We're in cheves today, because the murderers pay  
tonight  
They tell me I'm a profit when I'm pimping my pen  
But my immediate surroundings got me living in sin  
I put my faith in a fifty dollar bottle of drink  
Using my focus choking smash on the throttle and  
thank  
The lord, for giving me another way to get paid  
King of the motherfucking ghetto where these guns get  
sprayed  
Whether I'm fucking with a bitch, I'm breaking benz see  
lunch  
But it's either that or you can't point us casualties when  
we dump  
Street pain is a motherfucker guard me without a dot  
It's like a murder scene without a victims hotter, ?  
selmzyne?  
Like my face can't place at the scene of the crime  
Multiple shots never saw me but saw the beam of my  
nine  
So rather living as a thug until they give me my credit  
Cause I'm the throwdest baby don't you forget it,  
meanwhile

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]

Living in the passenger side, I want to to push a 6

double O  
But poverty refuse to let me drive  
I wonder why drug dealers and killers live plush  
Hoping niggas have a tendency to give up  
Do I have to sell my soul, forever living in sin  
But is that the price I got to pay to take a spin in the  
benz  
I'd rather stay a poor nigga cause the fire gone burn  
No hesitation through my dirt and then my tires gone  
turn  
See I'm living on the passenger side, visualize  
I'm coming bombing a condo with black lacquer inside  
Took a long time coming, but I'm finally made  
I wait for me and my niggas and now we finally paid  
Yeah life is gravy, but I want right to the throne  
Cause rather reggae, R&B or rap I write to the song  
Oh jiggy bitches ain't nothing to me, I slap them down  
Real niggas move around cause it ain't nothing to see

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]

Living in the passenger side, I've been incarcerated  
Plenty of times, never once did they let me slide  
I guess it's because of the dark skin I have  
Ain't no telling when I release the black Mac 10 I have  
Is it a hundred mile motherfucking animal  
Gasoline around your residence cause it's flammable  
Genocide, I get banned on that, I stand on that  
You'll catch me by surprise baby cause I planned on  
that  
And even worse than that, to make me feel low  
My black skin is a murdering bust the fucking door  
Now if I had three wishes, what would be the first  
To bring back all my people that done rolled in a hears  
Say hello to my mother we up in paradise  
Well reality is full of leaches and parasites  
I keep it real with the game, so I report what I see  
And tell the chairs of the passenger plus the driver seat  
nigga

(Chorus - 2x)

(Z-ro talking)

2k1, motherfucking Z-Ro the Crooked  
Thou can't stop me nigga  
Motherfucking energizer, feel that  
S.U.C. for life, south sive for live, uh

