

## Z-Ro

# "Play No Games"

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[Z-Ro:]

Uh, I'm from Missouri City Texas, Ridgemont to be exact  
Where you haters come to get your wig stomped  
And 911 is just a number 'cause the laws ain't comin'  
We all got glock 40's & let 'em thump  
So before I sell my soul  
A nigga like me will do my whole sentence with no parole  
Damn it, I'm tired of fallin' short every time I set a goal  
But if we get pulled over I'm gon' claim what's mine  
Ain't gon' try to act like I don't know who it's fo'  
Y'all niggas be tellin' lies, straight up snitchin'  
Probably piss sittin' down 'cause y'all girls with your make-up on switchin'  
Me I stand up on 10 toes won't fall for nothin'  
Fuck a percentage I need the total, it's all or nothin'  
I never ran from anybody, a coward I can't be that  
Or get beat the fuck up by one of these hoe ass niggas,  
I just can't see that  
I'm the King of the Ghetto mayne, they call me Z-Ro  
Yeah it's cool to take a picture, but don't fuck with me hoe 'cause uh...

[Hook:]

Z-Ro don't Play No Games, Games  
Hell naw, I don't Play No Games, Games  
Stash spot for my burner in my car door mayne, mayne  
Yeah I'm rappin' but I'm still trappin' stackin' that dough mayne, mayne.

[Z-Ro:]

If you hang with haters, you might pick up some of they produity  
Since I love me how I am, one deep is how I gotta be  
If ends don't make his best friend, the victim of a robbery  
So I don't expect none of my people to ride or die for me  
I handle my own beef, I don't need back-up  
'Cause if they talkin' 'about jumpin' me, I'm raisin' my

ghat up  
See all I have in this world is my balls & my pride  
Fuck talkin' about you behind your back, I'm tryin' to  
see your eyes  
Then I say something, unlike these mark ass niggas  
because they stay bumpin'  
Tellin' muthafuckers they whip, but can't afford to lay  
away something  
And every bad bitch come around, they swear they had  
'em  
But when they close enough to touch, niggas won't  
reach out & grab 'em  
I ain't never had to lie on my poll  
'Cause every time it get swoll, I select something to  
fold & leave it swoll  
Hope she don't try to go through my pockets when I'm  
asleep though  
Yeah it's cool to bump & grind, but don't fuck with me  
hoe 'cause uh...

[Hook:]

Z-Ro don't Play No Games, Games  
Hell naw, I don't Play No Games, Games  
Stash spot for my burner in my car door mayne, mayne  
Yeah I'm rappin' but I'm still trappin' stackin' that dough  
mayne, mayne.

[Z-Ro:]

I talk like & walk like a gangsta my nigga  
One in the chamber in case I meet up with danger my  
nigga  
If you fail to plan then you plan to fail  
I plan on receivin' residuals from all my record sales  
I stand on stages alone, just me & the microphone  
Do one of your favorite songs, take some pictures then  
I'm gone  
Instead of goin' to a mansion, I'm headed back to the  
block  
It's time to get the trap crackin' I move marijuana &  
crack rock  
Not sayin' that your bad for sayin' I'm chasin' cash  
'Cause dependin' on rap money, I'd be broke & on my  
ass  
Whatever I gotta do to stay up on my feet  
It's a guarantee I'm a do it until I see me deceased  
Now if you do some hoe shit in front of me, I'm a let  
you know  
And if it hurts you to hear it, don't come around a real  
nigga no more  
Take your feelings out your pockets 'cause it means  
nothin' to Z-Ro

Yeah y'all can make a muthafucker feel guilty, but not me though.

[Hook:] [x3]

Z-Ro don't Play No Games, Games

Hell naw, I don't Play No Games, Games

Stash spot for my burner in my car door mayne, mayne

Yeah I'm rappin' but I'm still trappin' stackin' that dough mayne, mayne.

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