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## Z-Ro "Quarterback Vision"

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(\*Vince Young; Z-Ro)

Uh, homie you on't really want me to shine\* Like Boston George ain't wanna give up his f'neck to Diego,

I'm the type of nigga dat's gonna come up, want me to stay low,

The day I leave this bitch in a body bag is what you pray fo.

When I'm still livin and y'all hatas get mo mad with every breath I take,

Sometime I might spill a nigga but J Prince clean up every mess I make,

Some like my quicker picker upper thats ma bounty nigga,

Ma piss durty but I ain't smoke but just weed in ma brownie nigga,

You don wan run with me I'm ridin with that big gun, Ma fifty caliber shoot so far I call that bitch my vince young,

If it's really time to murk you homie,

I ain't gonna need a rehearsal homie,

Cuz it ain't gonna be a commercial homie,

Sex money and murda homie,

Call me Vince Young homie I got quarterback vision,

I can see the five o's when they blitzin,

I see stick up kids targetin Z-Ro for tha stickin,

So it's pistols in every room, every bathroom and both kitchens,

You better go long homie, cuz you know I throw long homie,

But you don't wanna catch this pass,

Touchdown for the S-U-C we Soldiers United for Cash,

Touchdown like Reggie Bush on a break away,

Who gon catch my ass, I don't know nobody that fast, woo woo wooo,

I'm feelin so Pimp C right now call me ro che,

Yeah yo diamonds shine but not like mine homie that's yo bad,

And I ain't even a materialistic guy,

I don't luuv money but you might think I do cuz I'll

murda you if you try to take sum from me,

Look at you know you can't even have an open casket you dumb dummy,

And I sleep real good every night cuz ain't none of the bullets come from me,

So don't make me Floyd Mayweather Junior yo ass, Like I was a hundred forty-seven pounds with an AK-47 rounds, sit down,

I'm official like a referee whistle and tougher than bone gristle,

Put so much lead in yo ass you could be yo own piencil, Z-Ro The Crook, The King of the Ghetto, yeah homie, that's ma name,

And I'm milli as a mothafucka with seventy carats up in my name,

Call me Vince Young homie I got quarterback vision, I can see the five o's when they blitzin,

I see stick up kids targetin Z-Ro for tha stickin,

Do it's pistols in every room,

Every bathroom and both kitchens,

You better go long homie,

Cuz you know I throw long homie,

But you don't wanna catch this pass,

Touchdown for the S-U-C we Soldiers United for Cash, Touchdown like Reggie Bush on a break away, who gon catch my ass, I don't know nobody that fast, woo woo wooo.

Now I ain't never been to 106 and Park and sat on the couch but I'm a legend in this rappin the South,

Achoo, excuse me I'm allergic to bitch-niggas, I'm bitch-niggas intolerant,

And ma stomach cramp up whenever I run into bitchniggas,

I'm rollin in ma Kobe Bryant on topa duece McAllister's, I'm always in a fo do but I ain't never got no passengers,

Good weed, good drank, big money main, I don't get along with y'all fellas but I get money main,

Most of the rappas in ma city wanna see me flop, Cuz when I came back home from jail that's when all they shows stopped,

I got quarterback vision I ain't never been set,

And I don't walk with fifty niggas either how ya luuudat, Call me Vince Young homie I got quarterback vision, I can see the five o's when they blitzin,

I see stick up kids targetin Z-Ro for tha stickin,

So it's pistols in every room, every bathroom and both kitchens,

You better go long homie, cuz you know I throw long homie,

But you don't wanna catch this pass,

Touchdown for the S-U-C we Soldiers United for Cash, Touchdown like Reggie Bush on a break away, who gon catch my ass, I don't know nobody that fast, woo woo wooo

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