

## Z-Ro "Ride 2 Night"

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[Hook]

How many niggaz, wanna ride tonight  
Fuck with me, it'll be a homicide tonight  
I'ma make me a motherfucker, slide tonight  
And put a swelling on his pimping, ride out tonight

[Z-Ro]

Back in 1994, I use to hustle all the time  
Instead of a woman, Ro had making money on his mind  
Now it's 2000 and 3, and ain't a thang changed  
I'm still fishing for feddy, bringing to make brains hang  
Nigga this Rap-A-Lot Mafia, for life my nigga  
Fuck over us, and you'll be looking for your life my  
nigga  
I guarantee, that you will lose it  
(cause I'm a motherfucking fool with my hand tool, and  
I'm not afraid to use it)  
Cause everyday, a nigga be busting for fun  
When I be clutching my guns, bullets get stuck in they  
lungs  
Who that talking down on the compound, what they  
smoking on  
Mo City inner-circle, will leave a bitch with broken bones  
United together, forever  
As long as Little J give me the go-ahead, I'ma brandish  
my Baretta  
So one mo' kill one mo' murder, one mo' homicide  
Challenge my authority, and I'ma show you how to ride

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Mo City motherfucker, run and hide  
I got 17 in the clip, plus I got one inside  
The chamber leaving no remainders, I display myself  
And put my mask on up in my glass house, like a  
receiver on my cash route  
Until I'm paid, living in the ghetto is hard  
So I take what I need, and seek forgiveness of the Lord  
Can I get a blessing, niggaz is stressing me out  
But when I open fire, seem like they be helping me out  
And not a nan-nother one of these fellas, be still

bumping  
Clear the parking lot, ain't nobody left but I'm still  
dumping  
(automatic twin bitches, out the window  
Cause I be tripping on that cousin, and that endo)  
In a world of my own my nigga, I'm a G in these streets  
And if you looking for me bitch, I'ma be in these streets  
It ain't no hiding from the shadow of death, it's do or  
die  
Go to war with a killa, and I'ma show you how to ride

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]  
I'ma show you motherfuckers, how to ride  
Let a motherfucker disrespect me, I'ma show a  
motherfucker how to slide  
(hoping some of that, cause I will lose it  
Got a firearm, and I'm able to use it)  
Shoot first, and never ask questions later on  
This life I'm living, one day you here the next day you  
gone  
Become a memory fucking with me, plus I'm thugging  
to the finish line  
Fuck what they going through, they gon give me mine  
A ton and a half, of leave me alone  
Coming at me your members too nervous, to come see  
me alone  
Where the real niggaz at, where the real niggaz at  
Cause these coward motherfuckers, got me watching  
my back  
And everytime, I woop a nigga's ass  
I gotta watch out for the reprocussion, don't be a victim  
when a bitch nigga blast  
I'm on my P's and Q's, at all times  
Come and see me motherfucker, I'ma show you how to  
ride

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)  
How many niggaz wanna ride tonight, fucking with Z-  
Ro  
It's fa sho, to be a homicide tonight  
I be damned, if I let a motherfucker get out of line with  
me  
And I don't pull his co-tail, fuck around and slap the shit  
out a motherfucker  
Bitch you better back-back, give me fifty  
Mo' than fifty feet though, bitch you better give me fifty  
mo'fucking kilometers

Give me fifty miles mo'fucker, you don't wanna be  
around me man  
When my face frown up, cause your bitch ass'll be face  
up from the ground up  
Feel me R.I.P., rest in peace hoe ass niggaz

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