

Z-Ro "Ride All Day"

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[Z-Ro:]

Now you might catch me bobbing my head, but you will
not catch me dancing

You might catch me getting at a broad, but you will not
catch me romancing

One of the finest emcees out of Houston Texas, from
the South end

Where everyday one of my people, lays down in a
coffin

Yeah it's a lot of playa haters, lip boxing homie

They don't wanna see me squeezing it, until the empty
clips dropping homie

So accurate with my aim, you best repent for your sins

My gun cocking is a reminder, that your life is bad at
ten

Though, I don't wanna hurt nobody

I will not hesitate, to put fo' in your body

Don't get it twisted, I don't be rapping about smacking
fellas to sell c.d.'s

I'ma really lay my hands on somebody, forget a MP3

This is real life, secluded from society but this is still
life

Trying to go from thinking about it, to definitely I will
life

After I save myself, I'll be in a position where I can give
life

Thanking Jesus, cause we wouldn't be here if he didn't
give his life

[Hook: x2]

Ride all day, ride all night

Can't figure out to stay out of county, but to keep my
head right

Got my name in candy blue letters, between my
headlights

Z-Ro the Crooked the Mo City Don, he's all about bread
right

[Z-Ro:]

I ride all day, just me and a fat sack

In case I'm spotted by jackers, I got my black backpack

With the black mack in it, give me fifty feet or have

your hat dented
I just need a whole lot of, leave me alone
Bending corners in the Crenshaw, dripping paint on the
streets
I'm getting paid, everytime I put my pain on a beat
Sitting on top of 22 inches, glassed up ain't nothing like
the fast bucks
That's how I keep, good kush weed in a bone
These spreads longs, tend to act so-so
Just like a brother can't get no love, when his do' low
Me and my brothers, we do the best that we can
While trying to give y'all the world, but all we got is two
hands
Tell me why when a hustler get locked up, or take a
major loss
The same woman that was down like fo' flats, will tell
him to step off
That's why I roll, solo
Hell naw you can't get in with me, cause I don't need no
help smoking this do-do

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro:]

These days, everytime I ride by
From shining so hard, I can be spotted by the blind eye
But I'm not capping, just informing y'all that I'm doing
rather well from rapping
Although my records never made it gold, or made it
platinum
But I got a lot of ice, a couple cars and a couple spots
I don't go to jail no mo', cause my payroll includes a
couple cops
So am I riding dirty, I think y'all already know
Hydraulic stash spot, is a guarantee the laws gon let me
go
I'ma keep on rolling around, and rolling up this good
Z-Ro in love with Mo City, and needs no help holding up
his hood
Matter fact I'm one deep, till I see my grave
But I'm trying to stick around long enough, to see my
daughter grown up and paid
Besides, I don't need nobody calling Sandra
Or Dorothy Mathews, about me and this bad news
That's why, I'ma hide behind the limosine tint
Bending corners with plenty kush, and coedine getting
bent

[Hook x2]

