

Z-Ro

"Shotta"

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You think this tattoo on my hand, is for decoration or something
Way before I was a loc, the desert eagle was already dumping
Rolling around in my dropper, looking out for the coppers
Cause I'm coming to pop ya, me and this trigger
You don't wanna fuck with the King of the Ghetto nigga
Hey Mr. preacher man, yeah I know the bible
I'm not in love with murder, I'm in love with my own survival
Pardon me if I'm wrong, but I really don't give a damn
As long as after the bullets stop flying, I walk away
with my gun in my hand
Nigga don't run up on me, you could die for less than that
I'm about to pitch this fast ball, and your head neck
and chest is at bat
You ain't gotta like me, but I bet you gon' respect me
And I bet I wear a dress, before I let somebody check me
I been running around in this ghetto a long time, I'm
doing just fine
They don't hang they drag, I'm talking about these nuts
of mine
You ain't gotta believe me homie, just run up and try
me
You'll be dead, or hooked up to an IV

[Hook]

Top shotta make you move your body, or you can lose
your body
Move your body, me don't want no scariness around
me
Move your body, or you can lose your body
Top shot doc'll make enough weapon, to bruise your
body
Move your body, or you can lose your body
Move your body, me don't want no scariness around
me
Move your body, or you can lose your body

Top shot doc'll make enough weapon, to bruise your
body

(Rude boy), what's happening my nigga shit what's
cracking
(please don't act a fool boy), shit you know I'm trying
to chill mayn
Nigga looking at me funny though
(cause we don't need no yellow tape, around the dance
hall tonight)
Shit I'm trying to get fucked up anyway, (that's right)
alright
I really be trying to chill, but haters be looking at
me all upside my head
As if they plan to color me dead
And stick me for my bread, before that happen I'll end
up in the FED
Doing a triple life sentence, for what I did with an
infrared
I get a rush when I bust heads open wide, I could damn
near die
I get a feeling all over my body, just like a PCP high
My weapon is with me at all times, never leave home
without it
Or my attitude, ain't nothing friendly about it
You might get the best of me, but I doubt it just ain't
gon' happen
I'm for real about this gangsta shit, but you just
think I'm rapping
Community never losing is what I'm down with,
progression
I know how to put my pistol down, and count my
blessings
The graveyard, is full of homies that died
I probably put your homie there, if your homie was
fucking with mine
Even though a true warrior prays for peace
I'ma empty the whole clip, until the day I'm deceased

[Hook]

One in the oil, and sixteen in the clip
Top shotta keep it good, good cream in the zip
When me fly my desert eagle, you'll do a full flip
Me will fear no man, me don't want no scary buisness
Might be lying, no one will see me when me wild like
this
Just don't push me button, everything remain crisp
Had to do somebody new, it was a real thing mess
All of y'all picking them, cheers after me love stick
And I boom boom good, but not gon' fall in love with

Rule one lift the punani, and focus on rich
And if that boy test me, and me dig a bigger ditch
Those fools will keep me busy, miss and chop another
clip
And fifty shot the clip, and then me shot a punk bitch
My eyes are everywhere, rude boy me run this
Skip town, or you when me out the mighty come kiss
I am one you shouldn't really fuck with

[Hook]

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