

## Z-Ro "Still Watchin"

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[Hook - 2x]

Still watching, keep peeping  
Still watching me yeah, keep peeping

[Z-Ro]

They told me, if you feel me  
Fuck a record label, and a negotiation they trying to  
deal me  
They watching me to close, and trying to play me  
Make a nigga Unibomb your block, everybody on me  
will be a Swayze  
Patrick peep my hat trick, but I ain't an audition  
Even though I've been known, to make people and  
guns come up missing  
Witness, my disappearing act  
Cause motherfuckers be tripping and sweating me, like  
I'm still selling crack  
Or recognize my nigga Grady, out that P.U.D  
All them other niggaz act like it, but he's my G  
I sit and watch, as my home boys show me they fake  
love  
I'm your partna, why I come second to bitches and  
drugs  
So fuck balling with y'all, I ride out  
When I'm rich, I still flip in the truck and slide out  
Y'all done made a mistake, you should of never mixed  
my blood with Trae  
Them Maab niggaz have arrived, Z-Ro, Boss and Jay

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

You must of made a mistake, you should of never  
mixed my blood with Ro  
Them Maab niggaz have arrived, out the trunk with a  
fo'-fo'  
Pissed off and agg'd, running round with a attitude  
Repping the Dirty South, now where the fuck is your  
gratitude  
Selfish son of a bitch, we deserve the throne  
I can show you how to stunt, when I'm tipping the  
chrome

You don't wanna see me with that Mack, in front of your  
home  
On the block in a drop, the same color as stone  
Out of your league, and lately I've been out of my mind  
I needed green as a team, so I got on the grind  
S.U.C., and nigga I've been repping it raw  
You rep it the wrong, and nigga I'll be breaking your  
jaw  
I ain't fucking with you niggaz, who be fucking with  
laws  
The same thang different day, y'all can kiss my balls

[Hook - 2x]

[Jay'Ton]

Next nigga hating S.L.A.B., getting whooped and  
tossed  
Perpetrating like a G, when you knowing you soft  
It's Jay'Ton I ain't playing, when I'm spitting my name  
Double 12 gauge slugs, that'll fuck up your frame  
You got me wrong, in this song got me speaking the  
truth  
Hit the block with the glock, I'll show you my proof  
They should of never mixed my blood, with the Ro and  
Trae  
It's SK all day, Boss what you say

[Lil Boss Hogg]

Cop a sack cock the Lac, cut the corner  
Cuff Khakis creased, please call a corner  
Cut quarters and quarters, and kept it banging  
Blue both fat laces, bandanas hanging  
Bodies on extra tight, for the test a fight  
Bring light, to a nigga tonight  
Wife beater with a big heel, repping the set  
Breaking they necks, cashing they checks and fucking  
with Vets

[Hook - 2x]

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