

Z-Ro "Tall Tale Of Ag"

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Telling you a tall tale of a G
Cause everybody wanna be a G - 4x

[Z-Ro]

Hearing voices of the children of the corn
The mother that has finally been warned
Cause on a Polaroid in focus
There's a picture of my first born
I got a scary crimination, so I walked up in his room
And he spoke his first words (daddy's gonna die soon)
Running through the metals, people running
When they see me coming, a mother calling to her son
That's telling me to watch my back, I'm being hunted
Then it was gone, I turned around it had to be on
But then I had found, it was gonna be hard
For me to make it to the crib, cause niggas had me
surrounded
Then all of a sudden, it was first and ten
Cause a nigga fell lite to the do'
Set trying to raise up out of that hoe
I step in and checking chins, broke loose with a loose
tooth
I'm headed for that Cadillac, all of a sudden I felt cock
Needled ghosts steals that appear in my calf, now stick
in my back
Then fired one, now I made it to the car and I crunked
that hoe
And I hollered you niggas won't get me
Then I backdo' the beltway back to Mo City
But there's a Regal trailing close up on my fender
But in my hand, I got the synthetic rubber death
Automatic life ender, he's in the right lane and I'm in
the left
So I hit the break and he hit the gas, and as he passed
I busted a shot that broke the glass
And the car was swerving, wondering to a Bourbon
Crashed in a diesel, then it burst to flames
I thought it was over, till the nigga pulled up in the
Nova, uh
Now I'm doing 85 up ahead, out the window hollering
catch me if you can
Could not lose him its still a pursuit, chasing till we hit

Ridgevan

Pulled up in the front of the crib, put the Lac in park

And I unloaded the Mac, and I'm kinda cold

Cause the favorite mask of a mama

Bullet had my shirt spinning to my back

But I ain't got time to bleed, cause I'm getting up out of
the car

Trying to catch my breath, and I heard screeching tires

And a bunch of foot steps, running with these niggas
coming

I'm getting ready to split some wigs, but running up out
of the driveway

There's a carriage that contains my kid

I dropped my strap, and hollered I'ma save you

They fin to kill your daddy but don't worry, you can
resurrect me later

I'm almost dead but to my surprised, I done visualized

That nigga done rose up out of the carriage, I seen his
big brown eyes

I shed a tear running to him, thinking I could use my
body

To shield him from the blast

And I heard (fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck) everybody crashed

Then the niggas was gone and that was that, and since
I couldn't breathe

I put down my self destruct, and I passed

That god damn thang to my baby boy

But I thought to myself, I can't just go out like no
fucking flame

Got re-gather my nuts, and make these hoes recognize
my fucking name

I'm ready to give up the ghost, and my first mind said
close your eyes

But my second mind it said over ride, the first mind
and grab yo' nine

So I stood to my feet, covered in blood catch a slug

That busted my ribs, and I grabbed that damn thang

From my baby boy, and I put him back in the crib

And since aggravation had my def callade, I put up the
Mac

And I passed up the nine, and I strapped on a hand
grenade

Got back in the car, only reason I see is bodies stacked

Fired up the dank, and I hit it so hard

The smoke started seeping up out the holes in my back

I crunked up the car, for my final ride

Wipe the blood off the locs, and put the Lac in drive

Motherfuckers better be ready to die, cause death is
close

We gon go, out like G's and continue to plot on his
ghost

I'm 28 plus all of my fate, hitting what do you know
Recognized the Nova, parked the car
And made my way to the do', they slamming them
boulders
Jamming on Screw, and sipping on hennessey
Without any warning I kicked open the do'
And said do you remember me
They jumped up quick, I grabbed the hand grenade
And shut the fucking do', and then I felt the heat from a
4-4
They hit the deck, but it really don't matter no mo'
They tried to get out, but my nigga we locked in
There was a grenade in my hand, I dropped the pin

(*talking*)

Know I'm saying, going out like G's
Because we are G's, I wanna say what's up to my G's
Hermwood Fisher, Rockesh, Dave V
My niggas on lock, Grady
You know what I'm sayin, I see that
Mike D on lock, real G's
Rest in peace to my G's
Killa Stains, A.K.A. LL, rest in peace
I see you up there balling, man hold up
Real G's, do you wanna be a G
To G or not to G for real
Fuck you fakers

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