

Z-Ro

"That Mo"

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Mo City Mo City, I got love for you
I layed up in jail, plus spilled and lost blood for you
They use to say we was a fashion show, because it was
true
We can't help it if we got money, but we'll murder you
too
If I beef with somebody, that's not successful like
myself
I'm waging war against nothing, and I would need to
check myself
Round here, everybody got a murder weapon
Not a beginner's pistol, leave and lease a 3-57
If it's breathing and it's walking, and it's talking it's a
man
So I've got no reason to fear it, I'll drop it where it stand
Won't even say I'm real, cause real got too many new
definitions
All I know, I begin and complete my mission
You got a problem with me, address it
Don't throw a rock into a pack of dogs, seeing if Rother
gon' get the message
I stay ready to rumble, or to let them guns buck
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck

[Hook:]

I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck
With a weapon in my waist, everyday when you see me
walking around
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck
Bitch stop playing with me, stop playing with me
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck
With a weapon in my waist, everyday when you see me
walking around
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck
Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck

People wanna kick it with me, but I choose to be alone
Ain't nobody crazy about ya, that's why you on your
own
That's including me, I'm not gon' invite you in my home
You might not do the right thang, and end up with a

rifle at your dome
West Few Quay to the South Post, loc Dead End
This is an area you can get your bread in, or come up
dead in
Your ghetto, ain't no different from mine
But this the one I ride or die for at the proper time,
better respect my mind
Respect my mind, cause I'll kill you nigga
Like I don't see you, in my rearview nigga
I wish you would, try to play me like I'm soft
Watch me throw this bitch in park, hop out and knock
your god damn head off
Ain't no calling 911, and that emergency
I'm calling Mike Newsome and Grey-D, if too many
cowards trying to murder me
But if it's my time, I guess I ran out of my luck
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck

[Hook]

Ridegmont, Ridgagate, Ride Gate, Provilla
Chasewood, Hunters Glenn y'all are all my niggaz
Southwest, Cross and Quill Valley, Quillrun
Fresno and Arcola, plus the Dub we all one
Hiram-Clarke, South Park, Sunnyside and the Third
4th Ward, 5th Ward, Trinity Garden ya heard
Hell yeah, Houston Teaxs we hot
If I forgot your hood blame it on the weed man, that's
why I forgot
I'm at the shooting range, jacking like I'm busting my
beat
To me it ain't no difference, between the shooting
range and the streets
Do you while you with your people, like I caught you
alone
You about to make history, but your people gon' make
it home
I'd rather be a lover, not a fighter
Instead of picking up a gun, I'd rather pick up a blunt
and a lighter
But it is what it is, y'all already know what's up
I'm out that Mo, and I don't give a fuck

[Hook]

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