

## Z-Ro "The Dirty 3Rd"

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F/ Enjoli, Wood

Shirt off at the Kappa, (trousers on)  
Dirty Third, Dirty Third

[Z-Ro]

24/7 and around the clock, I'ma keep  
My fingas around the glock, when I bust  
I be giving no mercy for no damn body  
That's gonna get around the shot  
I'm the 007 outta Ridgemont 4, with W double O-D  
Can't take no I'll to the eye, we come so fly  
Don't get it twisted I swear I'm fly, I split up jaws  
When I spit out rounds, and I really don't give a damn  
When a nigga pull the trick up outta my sleeve  
I'm making a deuce to the pistol pad  
But I'm figgering that hoe, and she call me hurt  
Whatever take yourself, or the blood gon squirt  
Give me my money for shots or first  
When I lick my shots, I clear the concerts  
Jay-Jay and the Den-Den, we gon make a mill in the end  
then  
Going overseas, in the jabos and fresh benefits  
Decked out to Europe in outfits, steady stacking chips  
Slanging birds, with a pen and beat the shit out these  
verbs  
Vocabulary spit nothing but words  
Drop mo' songs, than a bird do terds  
Riding Excursions, no more 'Burbans, steal them  
niggas SUV  
Screwed Up Click cause my family name, abbreviated  
like S.U.C.  
Cause in the Dirty Third, niggas put prices up on our  
heads  
Cause our cars, be running and haunting  
Bitches lose weight, like Jenny Craig

[Hook - 2x]

Its the Dirty Third, slanging rings stacking chips  
Quick to pull a strap, empty clips if you trip  
Its the Dirty Third, slanging rings stacking chips  
We killas with pistol grip, steady letting our rugas rip

[Wood]

We ain't burning the home grown, and Dirty Third  
where I roam  
Slanging birds flipping zones, sipping syrup out our  
styrofoams  
Quick to pull a strap empty clips, if you trip  
We killas with pistol grip, steady letting our rugas rip  
At the peak of my game I'm gets the grain, I'm leaving  
a stain  
Piece and chain it's bezeltaine, bracelets watch and  
pinky rings  
Twenty inches to roll, played and stole and pulling hoes  
Serve drank by the four, blowing bud in studios  
Its paying me feddy and cheese, triple beams and doja  
cream  
Chop on blades and swang on threes, SUV's and  
Humvees  
The W double O-D, Z-Ro and Enjoli  
He said it once befo', look at what you done to me  
Thought it was over but it ain't, I separate the real and  
the fake  
You sugar coated bustas, you put the filling in the cake  
I'm still balling while moving J-A-T's, SKA no AMG's  
In the Dirty Third we shipping ki's and, platinum c.d.'s  
nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Enjoli]

Little figga to you hoes, and all my foes  
I done squashed the plex so what's next, I rose  
From the bottom to the top, Third Coast won't stop  
Southsive for live, when trunks knocking tops drop  
And the G's body rock, I ride to these  
Looking good gripping wood, with a ounce of the tweed  
Having fun in the sun, making money by the tons  
Stacking papas pulling capas, staying sharp for the evil  
ones  
So lay it down 'fore the sparks fly  
S.U.C. full of moves, niggas we on the rise  
Hopping outta wide bodies, and it don't stop  
Enjoli be the queen, and you bout's to ride (say what)  
It be so lovely it be so nice, being twice  
Stay blinding you hoes, six figgas and reunite  
Moving state to state, pushing albums like weight  
Better regulate, and still screeeeaming

[Hook - 3x]

