

## Z-Ro "Third Coast"

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[Chorus:] [2x]

We third coast, all about our feddy bleed the block and  
get ghost  
Different strokes for different folks, so we choose to  
cutthroat  
We ain't riding, on no horses down here  
We get it how we live, that's why it go down round here

[Z-Ro]

We Third Coast and I'm a soldier united, for the cash  
Daily I be ducking the law, be consistently clocking  
cash  
Moving fast I'm running around, looking over my  
shoulder burning up use my cash  
Wonder my a.c. tell em on E, burning up my gas  
I'm just a G, everybody in the streets know me  
I represent that Killa Klan and the S.U.C., and the  
Guerilla M double A-B  
They call me Ro Dog, giving it to you raw fast or slow  
dog  
It just took a little time for me to shine, and get up in  
the game and roll dog  
Now I'm full grown like H-Town be the AIDS, Z-Ro done  
got full blown  
Then I stood up in the ring, and a nigga done bit the  
dust but the bill got pulled on  
And I'll super-soak the crowd, if I have to  
Nothing but Benjamin faces I be after, then I get ghost  
like casper  
Don't work then don't eat, play the game but don't  
cheat  
Cause trying to get it up out my stash, I'll have you  
falling to your knees  
Please, respect all of us less fortunate G's  
Cause we coming up from selling ki's, to straight  
selling c.d.'s

[Chorus:] [2x]

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[Lil' Keke]

I get it how I live, that's why I'm thugging to death  
I'm one deep up in the houpe, cause I ain't gon tell on  
myself  
Houston Texas is my city, and I love it the most  
And when the FEDs come to town, you know a nigga get  
ghost  
I'm still on my post, cause I can sleep when I'm dead  
I got the hustle going strong, when you niggaz in bed  
They scared, but homie ain't no future in that  
I'm a G from the streets, so I don't run with a pack  
Different strokes for different folks, purple drink and  
the smoke  
And you know I grind for the cash, when you at home  
broke  
I work for the feddy, I push it and stay ready  
The frame on the slab, is wide and real heavy  
Niggaz in the hood, I'ma pass em the torch  
I been a motherfucking fool, since I jumped off the  
porch  
For real, I'm going to the top this year  
Dirty South is a beast, it go down round here

[Chorus:] [2x]

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[Z-Ro]

Go on and put me for a show, I want ten grand plus half  
the do'  
No sub in the front just plain Z-Ro, not a substitute  
cause I ain't gone go  
Nowhere life is hard but it's fair, living my life like I  
don't care  
Look at my feelings when they get wet, they tend to  
stare  
Don't make no sudden move, just might be a sudden  
death  
These characters think they bulletproof, but evidently  
cat must not of been blessed  
A victory for me, another victim of the mighty  
Southside  
Got everybody running back off in the house, and  
scared to come back outside

Radio stations recognize, getting my regular thousand  
times  
Hate me off that corner, Z-Ro tired of feeling nickels  
and dimes  
The definition of a hustler, Houston Texas we bleed the  
block  
Ain't no way in hell it's ever gone stop, can't stop

[Chorus:] [2x]

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