

## Z-Ro "Type Of Ni\*\*a I Am"

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[Verse 1:]

Every morning I wake up I start my day off wrong firing  
up that kush before I even put my clothes on  
Load my Glock 40 before I even wash my face I do  
these types of things so I won't be a murder case  
When I'm rollin in my ride there be a look on my face so  
cold starin at your ass so hard I  
Can see straight through to your soul  
Ain't no tellin when somebody tryna get me for my  
riches I used to leave em' in stiches now I leave they  
ass in ditches  
I don't love bitches I don't love niggas I don't love  
nothing it's gonna take my momma comin back from  
the grave for me to love sumthin  
I let my temper get the best of me and go off for no  
reason this is the beginning of kickin in your door  
season  
I met a couple niggas in jail they were all screamin they  
were real but Joseph was the only one I could feel  
You don't like it call the law fuck you hoes I don't give a  
damn I'll knock yo bitch ass out and that's the type of  
nigga I am

[Hook:]

N.I.G.G.A I'm a get drunk and smoke weed all day,  
that's the type of nigga I am  
N.I.G.G.A I'm a get drunk and smoke weed all day,  
that's the type of nigga I am  
N.I.G.G.A I'm a get drunk and smoke weed all day,  
that's the type of nigga I am  
N.I.G.G.A Tell me who gon fuck around with Joseph  
Wayne Mcvey

[Verse 2:]

A lot of niggas mumble under there breath about what  
they gon do running up on Z-Ro The Crooked is what  
they won't do  
Yea I'm cool, calm, and colletive but I ain't got it all  
that's why I go from how you doing to fuck all ya'll  
My attitude is rude enough to be a crooked cop but  
there ain't no red or blue lights flashin on the top of my  
drop top

I'm a gangsta and I spit nuttin but gangsta shit that's  
comin from a 5 deuce Hover gangsta Crip  
Bangin Street Military, Point Blank and Klondike Kat the  
shit they were talkin about I grew up just like that  
My hood was full of thugs, money, guns, and dope  
finding my stomach full of liquor my lungs full of  
smoke  
I had a pocket full of stones out there chasin that  
money and once I got it I'd be damn if somebody could  
take it from me  
Run on up and I'm a dump untill the trigga jam  
motherfucker you better realize that's the type of nigga  
I am

[Hook:]

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[Verse 3:]

The King Of The Ghetto ain't no punk muthafucka I'll  
open my hand and slap muthafucka guess they  
shouldn't have been stupid ass dumb muthafucka  
nigga don't piss me off unless you ready to run  
muthafucka  
And fellas just be running off at the mouth like hoes but  
in reality your faker then a foot with four big toes  
But me I'm a shoot it up and shut it down straight like  
that keep blowing combinations untill you can't fight  
back  
From the city where everybody go for broke it's so  
crucial I can be murdered by one of my own locs  
Hell naw you can't roll with me I roll alone ain't no use in  
calling me either I can't seem to hear my phone  
Fuck the promoter cause he ain't tryna pay me what I'm  
worth I'll run away with his deposit and there won't be a  
concert (haha)  
Free Fairo my nigga doing 50 agravated in the slame  
my criminal record show that's were the type of nigga I  
am

[Hook:]

N.I.G.G.A I'm a get drunk and smoke weed all day,  
that's the type of nigga I am  
N.I.G.G.A I'm a get drunk and smoke weed all day,  
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