

Z-Ro**"Type Of Nigga I Am"**

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[Verse 1:]

Every morning I wake up I start my day off wrong.
Firin' 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 tryin' to get me for my
riches.
I used to leave 'em' in stitches now I leave they ass in
ditches
I don't love bitches, I don't love niggas, I don't love
nothin'.
It's gon' take my mama comin' back from the grave for
me to love somethin'.
I let my temper get the best of me & I go off for no
reason.
This is the beginning of kickin' in your door season.
I met a couple of niggas in hell 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 your bitch ass out & that's the Type Of Nigga I
Am.

[Hook:]

N.I.G.G.A. I'm a get drunk & smoke weed all day. That's
the Type Of Nigga I Am.
N.I.G.G.A. I'm a get drunk & smoke weed all day. That's
the Type Of Nigga I Am.
N.I.G.G.A. I'm a get drunk & 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:]

Alot of niggas mumble under they breath about what
they gon' do.

Runnin' up on Z-Ro The Crooked is what they won't do.
Yeah I'm cool, calm & collective but I ain't got it all.
That's why I go from how you doin' to fuck all y'all.
My attitude is rude enough to be a crooked cop.
But it ain't no red or blue lights flashin' on the top of my
drop top.
I'm a gangsta & I spit nuttin' but gangsta shit.
That's comin' from a 5 deuce Hover gangsta Crip.
Bangin' Street Military, Point Blank & Klondike Kat.
The shit they were talkin' about I grew up just like that.
My hood was full of thugs, money, guns & dope.
Findin' 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 & I'm a dump until the trigger jam.
Muthafucker 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 muthafucker.
I'll open my hand & slap muthafucker.
Guess they shouldn't have been stupid ass dumb
muthafucker.
Nigga don't piss me off unless your ready to run
muthafucker.
And fellas just be runnin' off at the mouth like hoes.
But in reality you faker than a foot with 4 big toes.
But me? I'm gon' shoot it up & shut it down straight like
that.
Or keep blowin' combination's until 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
loc's.
Hell naw, you can't roll with me, I roll alone.
Ain't no use in callin' me either I can't seem to hear my
phone.
Fuck the promoter 'cause he ain't tryin' to pay me what
I'm worth.

I'll run away with his deposit & it ain't gon' be no
concert.
Free Fairo, my nigga doin' 50 aggravated in the slam.
My criminal record show that's were The Type Of Nigga
I Am.

[Hook:]

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