

Z-Ro "Up In My Face"

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(*Talks*)Don't these niggas know we murder niggas
for real man?

(*Sings*)Fucking around with Z-Ro nigga ya dead
wrong (dead wrong) dead wrong (dead wrong)

(*Talks*)Know I'm saying, when I walk in the
motherfuckin club niggas be hatin, but guess what I
see though.

(*Sings*)I see some niggas tonight that should be
having they head stomped (head stomped) head
stomped (head stomped)

Z-Ro Verse:

Excuse me, get off my motherfuckin toes
I ain't got no love for you motherfuckin hoes
Raise up, 'fore a nigga blaze up
I'd be the nigga that'll tear yo face up
With a left, a right, I'm out-of-sight, I'm boss
I don't give a fuck, you see me flippin when I floss
Riding with the Trae, riding with the Jay'ton
Riding with my brother, brother, then we be on
On a money making mission, Stackin our feddy
The world ain't ready, so heavy like a Chevy
Slow it down going down, we gon put it up
If you talking shit to us bitch, we shoot it up
Talking bout yo block now, I be riding with my glock
now
It's non-stop now, around the clock now
Gotta get my motherfucker paper
Stacking up my chips like Lego
Hey ho, I just want some brain
That's that nigga Trae, that's my right-hand man.
Man, Nigga we gotta master plan.
Nothing but thousand dollars spreads up in our hands
Fuck going to jail, gotta make bail
We living in hell, so what the fuck oh well
And I don't give a damn, as long as a nigga stay free
Out here sippin codiene blowing on tree
At ease, motherfucker, just relax
In my pocket, I gotta bunch of green backs
And that's fact, I wouldn't tell no lie
If you run up, I put a swoll on your eye
Don't even try to run up on that water

I beat the nigga like a motherfuckin motor
Like a transmission, and I'm standing up hustlin
On the motherfuckin corner and I'm scufflin
To get my motherfuckin cheese my motherfucking
bread
And you get one up in yo head
If you running up, trying to take what mine.
And in my fucking pant's line, I got that iron.
Under my elastic, I'll put flowers up in a basket
For a bastard, to get his ass kicked
Try to fuck around with nigga that roll with plastic.
Yeeaaahh...

(*Talks*)Alright, Know I'm saying
(*Sings*)I don't know why motherfuckers up in my face
bumping they gums.
Lately...
(*Talks*)All that gum, and then he said here
(*Sings*)I don't know why motherfuckers up in my face
bumping they gums.
Yeeaaahh... Lately... What the fuck do you want with
me?
(*Talks*)Feel me
(*Sings*)S.U.C.
(*Talks*)That's my clique
(*Sings*)S.U.C...
(*Talks*)That's my fam.
(*Sings*)And it can't stop...
(*Talks*)Till I D-I-E
(*Sings*)Fuck around, In HTOWN...
(*Talks*)Texas
(*Sings*)OOOooo...

(*Talks*)Alright, that's how we gonna ride out with this
shit. Hos know, niggas know. Know I'm saying, we don't
give a damn. And I just did that off the top of my head.

(*Sings*)Leave a nigga dead...
From that Lead, (From that Lead), In his head (In his
head)
Put him underground (ground), where he can't make a
sound (can't make a sound)
We don't give fuck (We don't give fuck), cause we ride
on buck (we ride on buck)
In a trophy truck (trophy truck), leave a nigga stuck
(leave a nigga stuck).

... OOOooo...

(*Talks*)
Alright, and we gon ride out (ride out), slide out (slide

out), ride out (ride out), know I'm saying.
You gotta do it right when you do the ride out.
Yeah nigga, 2K3 we do our dirt but we hide it like a
bottle of cyanide.
We on the South-sill fa-lil, bitch.
Guess that's just how it is.
Fucking with us southside niggas.
Fuck it, I guess that's just how it is man.
We don't give a damn though.
Niggas gonna have to make way for us fool.
Cause guess what...
(*Sings*)You can... Keep watching, keep peeping, ya
still sleeping, on the weekend. But we be up and we be
woke...
(MUSIC CUTS)
(*Talks*)Damn the beat gone? Fuck the track, let's go
to the next one.

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