

Z-Ro & Trae f/ Mike D, Billy Cook, W.G.

"Gotta be a G"

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[Hook: Billy Cook - 2x]

I know, that I gotta be a G
Till the day, that I'm gone
Repping, for the Southside of town
Still swanging, on chrome

[Mike D]

I'm on 4-30, with the top on miss
Palimene got you stuttering, blades chopping and shit
Like the way the TV falling, trunk be popping and shit
Boo don't break your neck, make your nigga clock and shit
Cause I'm a straight up hog, that always keep a glock in my shit
And when these young'ns wanna try me, I'ma block em and shit
They way she staring at a nigga, he threw her out of his shit
So I had to bust a U, and re-ride to this bitch
She run up hollin' bout, this nigga dope and dollas and shit
See I'm a hog baby girl, I'll knock him out of his shit
It take a Southside nigga, to have power like this
And if you ain't pumping for your paper, you ain't talking bout shit

[Trae]

It ain't a damn thang changed, on the Southside of town
I'm a block bleeder for li', moving slow when I grind
But I'm full speed down the block, with the top let down
Leaving them haters a mile away, cause they hating my shine
Slow Loud And Bangin in my trunk, tap-tap when it bump
If you got plex nigga then jump, you finna be quick to get dumped
Cause Trae ain't gon never forget, what the game done got me
That's why I'm faithfully thugging, and these wanna-be's copy

But it'll never be another me, I'm one of the mob
Straight out the Southside of Houston, and I'm
physically hard
The way the Dub and the L, for the block that I'm
roaming
For my nigga Screw, you know I'm still swanging on my
chrome

[W.G.]

This a Southside classic, game done got drastic
Graduated from the deuce-deuce, to the plastic
Nine millimeter, on your corner taking aim
These white folks in my face, calling me the blame
For the drug sales, and these wanna be a baller
Gotta crawl 'fore you walk, gotta stand much taller
Fuck them Benzes and Lorenzes, and them shiny
thangs
We from Southside Houston Texas, and we grinding
mayn
We done waited our time, and lost some major figgas
Got boys in the game, trying to get a lil' bigger
R.I.P. to DJ Screw, and that F-A-T
Without them there's no me, but these boys can't see

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-fo'
It's Z-Ro the Crooked, taking over your radio
I'm a Southside veteran, hands been registered as a
weapon
But everytime I'm solo, I be two deep with Smith-N-
Wesson
Ain't taking no chances, that be dealing with the devil
My game is so deep, a motherfucker couldn't even dig
me with a shovel
Like a true blue running devil, throwing C's all day
Represent that and I meant that, sent that in the form
of a K
That'll open up your body, call me Z-Ron-Gotti
If these busters don't know, they better ask somebody
Either you can be a soldier, or get folded up like Levi's
Z-Ro been repping the South, ever since Z-Ro was
knee-high

[Hook - 2x]

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