

Z-Ro f/ Billy Cook "Hate"

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(*talking*)

Z-Ro, boy I will come down
And make my pistol, hit y'all niggaz boy
Y'all don't wanna mess with me nigga
Bitches come down now nigga

[Z-Ro]

Hey why they hate me like I stole something, that make
a nigga wanna roll something
But I'm they closest partna, if I let em hold something
Good for nothing, but making me hate my peers
So let the whole world, taste my tears
When they roll they represent anger, paranoid with one
in the chamber
Deliver heads shots to my foes, and make them do a
gainer
And when they splash it's a blood bath
And I trust no one ain't no more chunking up the deuce,
when my thugs pass
Live my life in silentary confinement, away from y'all
If I needed artillery, could I even get the K from y'all
I'm all alone in the ways of the wicked, since I can't
stand you hoes
Forever lonely when I kick it, in the lumino
With straps and shells, my life is murder and mail
See opposition see me coming, and they blast they self
This for my homies they don't know me, when I'm broke
Swear to God I hope you motherfuckers choke, when
my gun smoke hate

[Hook: Billy Cook - 2x]

The H, is for these hoe niggas that's all in my face
And the A, is for the actions that these bitch niggas
take
And the T, is for the tommy gun that's bout to blast
And the E, is for eternal cause I ever last

[Z-Ro]

I be feeling like Pac, because I wonder if they still down
Facing homicide from haters, but my homies didn't
even spill rounds

Fuck y'all, I hate you motherfuckers to death
Remember times, when I stopped niggaz from
touching your chest
I live in bulletproof vests, but it seems
The only time I got family, is when a nigga dream
So fuck sleep, I'm on a 24 hour grind
Look at your darling son, now mama I'm out of my
mind
I don't know how to be happy, and I can't smile
And fuck a bitch cause she be plotting on how to get
you, when y'all walking down the isle
The same motherfuckers, that you care for
Look how they do you, they don't love you pick up your
pistol and therefor
Represent yourself, with the plastic
Cause me myself, wanna put all of you motherfuckers
in caskets
Fuck love, 'less it's coming from the heaven up above
My hatred being written in blood, hate

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

It ain't no telling if a nigga make it, I might be stuck in
the slums
A walking target, steady ducking the gun
Believe in me and you, can keep your wife
There'll be no hostages, just give me what I'm looking
for and keep your life
I'm military minded, you can ask Klondike Kat
Even if they bomb first, Z-Ro about to bomb right back
I give a fuck about your life now, slugs hitting your
windpipe now
Guess you could say, I'm living shife now
All about my fetty, till I bubble like some champagne
Z-Ro the Crooked, the most valuable player up in this
rap game
So back back-back back, be sure to give me more than
fifty
Automatic rounds, bound to pass that
Murder my foes, then I murder my friends
Because they turned on a nigga, when I ain't have no
ends hate
Murder my foes, then I murder my friends
Because they turned on a nigga, when a nigga wasn't
chopping a Benz hate

[Hook - 4x]

(*Billy Cook*)

Yeeeeeeeah, I everlast I'm a R&B gangsta

Oooooh, Z-Ro Billy Cook R&B gangsta
Whooooo, yeeeeeah

(*talking*)

Feel that, Z-Ro the Crooked nigga
Z-Ro, the motherfucking Mo City Don
And it go down (*gun shot*)

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