

Z-Ro f/ H.A.W.K., Trae**"Still Livin'"**

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One deep until I die, so your help I refuse it - 4x

[Trae]

I hear some haters want me dead, but I ain't never
been a stranger to drama
The most hated around the world, just like my name
was Osama
Picture my Cheve riding low, boys watching me like the
FEDs
They'd rather see me dead, instead of watching me
get my bread
Some of my closest niggaz, wanna see me lose it all
But the love of my name is on, they can't get in my
shoes at all
I'm still hood with it still gangsta, still the Truth up in
these streets
And still all by my lone, incase they wanna think it's
something weak
Yeah I hear they like to talk, cause they hate that I'm in
my zone
My brother said if they don't hate me, then I'm doing
something wrong
I'm one of last of the real niggaz left, so they know that
I'm a target
But they know it ain't no stopping my gang, if I get it
started
My attitude on my shoulder, so respect it I ain't friendly
It don't take much to offend me, so don't go to fucking
with me
Unless you wanna be next, but I don't think that's what
you want
It's A.B.N. for life, and I'll take it to where these haters
don't

[Hook]

I know a lot of y'all niggaz, wanna see me dead
And a lot of y'all niggaz, wanna see me with no bread
I know, I might got a price on my head
It's alright I ain't scared, bitch I'm still living
I know a lot of y'all niggaz, wanna see me lose it
And don't want me to make it in nothing, selling drugs

or music

One deep until I die, so your help I refuse it
I'm alright, just as long as I'm still living

[H.A.W.K.]

See a friend in need, is a friend indeed
Not just being cool, cause I smoke good weed
Not sitting round me, with a trick up his sleeve
And does not believe, that H.A.W.K. will succeed
How dare, you feel like that
Thought you had my back, now see where your heart is
at
That hurt, like a heart attack
How fraud is that, when I use to front you quarter sacks
Damn, I miss Fat Pat
And I wouldn't have to ask, do these niggaz really got
my back
These niggaz, trying to get my stacks
Cause the guns gon splat, a few cats will be lying flat
Niggaz, wanna see me dead
Cause the same nigga who said, is the only
motherfucker who's scared
I'ma stay, chasing bread
And stay getting ahead, and fuck what another nigga
said I'm still living

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Now when you throw up the West upside down, it's my
side of town
I use to be a Y.G., but I'm a rider now
O.G. credentials and in like one of my rhymes, watch
me spit that lead
I murder for money half right now, the other half after I
get that bitch
I ain't gotta tell niggaz I'm Crippling, they know I'm
Hoover
But I got Blood homies that's cuz homies, they'll be the
ones to come do ya
When you see me out in public, most likely I'm by my
lonely
Trust nobody, it's just a plastic or the chrome only
When I beef I pick skeletons, I don't pick bones homie
Eliminating everybody, cause the last time a punk bitch
told on me
Just because I follow nobody, don't mean I'm trying to
leave niggaz
Most niggaz I see trying to rush ya, can't even feed
niggaz
All I need is God, to protect me from harm

And for the death of my enemies first twelve, the
hundred and forty third song
I've been stabbed shot, went to sleep and woke up in
prison
They said I'd be dead in a year, but that was two years
ago and I'm still living

[Hook]

(*talking*)

Real talk nigga, H-A-Dub-K baby
S.U.C. MVP baby, my nigga Z-Ro baby
Real talk baby, we still living
One deep for life nigga, S.U.C.

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