

## Z-Ro f/ Killa Kyleon, Mike D "Here We Go"

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(Killa Kyleon) It's boss hogg Kyleon, and I'm fuckin' wit the king we bout to drop a fo' in a twenty ounce blue cream I place the order out in cali. for the p.t. we get money while you niggas still asleep, and a it's three in the morning, in the kitchen cooking oz.s block to bleed, niggas to feed, if I drop' em on 12 comin back 21 it's 80 sippers out the book, I move' em one by one see my hands is fast, my cook game raw I don't need no pyrex, gimme a coffe mug jar and I whip it to the left, whip it to the right move it all around till they cook it air tight let it dry, pop it out the jar, straight to the scale wrap it up in plastic, straight to the mail It's boss hogg Kyleon, nigga Mike D bleeds the block cuz I am the streets (Chorus: Z-Ro)2x Here we go Kyleon and the King of the Ghetto nigga we ain't got no love for you hoes all we tryna do is keep collecting dough go get it, and come back get that white as snow candied doors, yeah they open up and close run up on us bitch you won't run up no more cuz we will slide yo bitch ass across the flo, flo, flo (Z-Ro) I know y'all rappers can't stand the fact that I'm back fresh outta jail also focused on nothin but makin my mail ain't got no time to waste, cuz the rap game is damn near dead Kyleon and the King of the Ghetto, came to raise rap from it's death bed every song they play on the radio is bullshit homie them niggas got they blow up, but we got that good shit homie matter fact you might even overdose cuz I've been known to cause blood clots I should been known to be a killa, but a bitch killa I never was not I've always kept it real, even when everbody around me was fake they don't make like me no more, my kind don't break under pressure it's death before dishonor nigga so that means before a rat, like mickey mouse I'll be another job for the grave digger I ain't going back behind the fences with the razors if I'm locked up in the penitentiary, I can't make no paper so the last time I went, was the last time I'm ever gone be in instead of a 5 by 6 cell then a big brick home, thats what I live in.... (Chorus: Z-Ro)2x Here we go, Kyleon and the King of the Ghetto nigga we ain't got no love for you hoes all we tryna do is keep collecting dough go get it, and

come back get that white as snow candied doors, yeah  
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flo, flo (Z-Ro) Now every time I ride, I got a pistol on my  
side Screwed Up Click until it's over on the Southside I  
keep my mind on my money, and money on my mind I  
ain't got no time no play, I'm on a 24 hour grind Haters  
wanna see me fallin off of my game They hatin' cuz  
when they see me I'm havin thangs Dig these blues, if  
you jack me, I'm jacking you back 24/7 on my clothes, I  
keep my hand on my strap... (Killa Kyleon) See I'm  
somethin like a playa, somethin like a pimp Gangsta  
strut on when when I limp like this Is re-turn of rapper  
slash the hood fella Lookin for a rap to get my groove  
back like Stella Still got a sack of that A-1 good yella  
with a baby glock, ready to rock up out fellas hit me on  
the cella, ain't a damn thang change yeah,(you know  
me) nigga I'm still the drank man... (Chorus: Z-Ro)2x  
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