

## Z-Ro f/ Mussilini "For My Gangsta's"

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(\*talking\*)

Gangstas G's, (gangstas)  
This for my gangstas, my gangstas  
For my gangstas, my G's  
This for my gangstas

[Z-Ro]

Hell naw you can't hit my weed, cause to me smoking is  
like breathing  
So a nigga stay smoking and flipping, in a Intrepid  
when I'm bleeding  
The block it can't stop, I gotta keep paper stacking  
Mo'fuckers be whispering, there go Z-Ro and I can't  
wait to jack him  
But, I got news for ya  
They gon be picking out a suit and shoes for ya, cause  
I'm bout to get rude with ya  
They better mind, cause I'll whoop me a woman ass  
nigga real quick  
Plus I got niggaz on the Southwest and the Southeast,  
my click is real thick  
But I be rolling solo, place to place like a hobo  
Full time entertainer, I left my block to make fa sho do'  
I'ma keep these hoods on fire, get rotation like tires  
Gotta show love to my people, cause they are my  
album buyers  
I'ma rep for the real niggaz and the real bitches, that's  
struggling all day  
Fuck going to class, parlay all day in the hallway  
They got me fucked up, for no reason at all  
Everybody get that feddy, it's the season to ball

[Hook]

This one for my gangstas, rolling on 4's  
Sipping promethazyme, and blowing on dro  
Trying to make it in this game, play hard when we play  
Gaurunteed to clear the whole boulevard, when we  
spray  
This one for my gangsta bitches, that keep it real  
Everyday they case paper, in they purse pack a steel  
Trying to make it in this game, play hard when we play

And they down to shake that ass, when a real nigga say

[Mussilini]

Gangstas, G's

How many of us have niggaz, that's down in the streets  
From fighting eachother, to hustling on the late night  
and grinding brothers

Trying to bake a cake right, ready to shake them haters  
Burning up the dead line, grandpa did them get out's  
From hitting stangs on pages, to I-10 skating blazing  
This game like a razor, hell I ain't no fazing  
Sitting on leather creation, left on the wheel ride on the  
steel

Thet Government will kill us here, glossing and flossing  
all day in Devilles

God forgive us influence the kids, to hop on the blocks  
and do what we did

But now in reverse, this how the ghetto world spins  
Sitting back in foreign cars, with the screens falling  
Purple juice is how we ride and play, let's ride today  
T-shirts with starches on, cause we G's anyway  
Yep, this is for my ballers that ain't worried bout  
nothing

On swangas and robbers, straight leathers

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

This one for my niggaz, that be bleeding the block until  
the block dry

Empty clips off at the police, everytime they pass by  
Even every bitch I know, is thuggish ruggish and thoed  
No reason at all, ready to run up on a motherfucker  
and unload

Fuck that MTV shit, this the real world

So bitch that go in her purse, is gon get the steel girl  
Mussilini and that Z-Ro, getting money describes our  
ego

Fuck with us lose your life, it'll be waiting six feet be low

[Mussilini]

This one for my gangstas, rolling on 4's and 3's

Or anything that's chromey, stacking G's

Bucking boys up like a rhino, this one for my youngster  
5-0

Gotta put it in perspective, or let that King of Da Ghetto  
nod though

I'm bout to break this here, how much change we gon  
make this here

Come on Ro we gon make this clear, the world gon love  
this gangsta shit

Coast to coast them boys gon feel, living laid with a  
house on hill  
Presidential millennium, on the real on the real

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

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This for my gangstas

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