

Jimmy Cliff

"King of the Ghetto"

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[Hook - 2x]

This is my woooooorld
Z-Ro, king of the ghettooooo

[Z-Ro]

Once upon a time, not long ago
There was a hustling motherfucker, with a cold ass flow
Everytime he hit the studio, his beeper go off
He left the beef to get his cheese, by selling people
that raw
With a pistol on his right side, and one in his back
I-10 again and again, from running that crack
Girlfriend kept complaining, cause he never at home
So he told her deal with it bitch, or get the fuck on
It was money over bitches, on his mind
Plus all of his partnas, thought that he would never
shine
The number be 15 and 5, up in the kitchen
He could do it straight up, or he could do it with a
whipping
But then came a drought, and then he put his first
album out
Decided to do it full time, cause record stores kept
selling out
Still in the game, cocaine on top of the brain
From the studio to the streets, Z-Ro is everything

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

King of the ghetto, I'm sitting on my throne
Got a red light, sitting on my chrome
Ridgemont Texas, representing
With a taper fade, sitting on my dome
I mash niggaz, and I trash niggaz
When it come down, to the cash nigga
Beat that ass, in a flash nigga
Pistol play, and I'ma blast nigga
Gangstafied, from Goderhead
All day long, I chase my bread
But on the low, I don't fuck with FED's

Cause a snitch nigga, get dressed in red
Shut up bitch, she look so lie
But they don't know, she'll take your life
Not giving a fuck, or get fucked up
And end up dead, with your dick in the sky
Go my way, we gon have fun
Instead of happiness, we have done
About our business, corrupting our kidneys
All that codeine, weed and drugs
I'm leaning over, but still a soldier
Pimp my pen, like I'm suppose to
Nothing but the finest, light green doja
Got it from C-Note, from the Clover
Animal thug, I thug for life
So I ain't going, to the club tonight
Block is bleeding, I'm here for the eating
And supervising, my funds tonight
I scuffle and hustle, on my grind
No matter the weather, no matter the time
Roll out the red carpet for Z-Ro, this world is mine

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Who that bumping, who that beefing
Hope you brought something, to put your chief in
Interrupting me, while I'm reefer chiefing
I'm a gangsta, not Erkle Steven
Cause I don't laugh, and I don't play
And no, is something that I don't say
I don't give a motherfuck, about your day
Hoe, get the fuck out of my way
I'm lean as fuck, and don't like nobody
My style of rap, is I'm like nobody
I let off fo' shots, and hit fo' bodies
OG with it, like Amas Rodney
Still in the game, as a MVP
Dealing with haters, that envy me
Fuck fabricated, and commercializing
I'ma bring my block, to MTV
Show love, and do all I can
For all my people, and all my fans
But motherfuckers, be hating me
For the life of me, I can't understand
Cause I'm cool as hell, till a hater get bold
Step out of line, fuck around get stoled
I must be, their motherfucking issue
Cause all these niggaz, getting drove
Up a lot, like a Volkswagon
I get a commission, for toe tagging
A slim killa, with a wide body

Polo top, and Polo sagging
I live my life, like I don't care
But every night, I be deep in prayer
Then I get off, my knees
And hustle, straight like that there

[Hook - 2x]

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