

**Jimmy Cliff****"Plex"**

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[Z-Ro]

They say he was flipping out till, losing control of his  
mind

Moving fast, in a world that ain't ready for the pace  
focussed on his grind

Who am I to test, Z-Ro I bet everybody in Ridgemont 4  
know me

Feel what I say up under the evidence is still your  
homie

You must of forgot about the days until you be in 94  
When it was 72 where partners sagging creases to find  
a hoe

Now they can't look me in the eyes, cause they might  
tell on theyself

About having something to do with trying to riddle my  
number one partner to death

You want to get even with me boy clear you can see me  
with a rap

But I'm about gangsta shit so bow before you see me  
with a strap

Cause I've been silent for so long, it's about time I  
broke the ice

Nobody want to box me why everybody want to pull a  
trigger to take a life

I'm down with crews cause everybody else is fake to  
me

Niggas with plex against me, they all cakes to me  
And everybody want to be talking about they real and  
they got love

But motherfuckers don't love Z-Ro unless I got drink  
and I got bud so I got plex

(Chorus - 2x)

Who's next to plex you want to test

Better have your life right in the bottle of your vest  
Cause I'm also stressed, sometimes I wonder if I'm  
plexed

Thinking hit me will I have to put my homies to rest,  
plex

[Z-Ro]

Regular candy in river rain, we came to deliver pain  
One hitter quitters and eagle talons up in your liver  
man  
I came to bring the pain, all the way from the south to  
the west  
Every one of my bullets are looking residence so they  
gone house in your chest  
A nigga done been through so much shit the last five  
years of my living  
Now a days the bitches are realer than homeboys so  
here's to my women  
But then again I'm all alone I don't depend on a soul  
Independently made a million then I took my benz on a  
stroll  
Now everytime I come around my partners treat me like  
strangers  
Never thought it would come to this I got to keep one in  
the chamber  
What makes real niggas turn into hoes and make  
niggas go fraud  
When it comes to me whether rapping them off to see  
this nigga go hard  
Now everytime I come around my partners treat me like  
strangers  
Never thought it would come to this I got to keep one in  
the chamber  
What makes real niggas turn into hoes and make  
niggas go fraud  
When it comes to me whether rapping the gangsta shit  
this nigga goes hard, plex

(Chorus - 4x)

Plex, time to have plex  
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta from the barrel of me tech

[Z-Ro]

Rolling by my motherfucking self you don't want to plex  
my friend  
Fuck around with me and you might never breathe a  
breath again  
Cause a nigga might shoot you in a place where it  
takes longer to die  
And you know what they say no pain no gain  
I guess you fin to gain your heavenly high  
Marcus I see you when you shoved that pistol up in his  
nose  
Pulling the trigger my nigga blood was dripping all out  
on his clothes  
Do you think that I'm suppose to sit back and charge it  
to the game  
That's why your baby mama house went up in flames

you know my name  
I wish I would of been strapped cause my partner would  
of still been alive  
I would of ran up on your ass and I would of dumped  
and you would of died  
Since a nigga can't change the past I'ma knock your  
ass up out of the future  
I use to be down to dump side by side with you but you  
forced me to shoot you  
Too many of these boys be bulletproof, that's why they  
like to compete  
But run your badass over Ridgemont you be dead  
before you get to Ridgecrete  
You think it's a game, but I've been working on a  
straight aim I'm ready to kill  
If I can't get to myself when you want to get leid by set  
of bitch got skills

(Chorus - 2x)

Plex, time to have plex  
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta from the barrel of me tech  
Cause I'm also stressed, sometimes I wonder if I'm  
blessed  
Thinking deeply will I have to put my homies to rest

(Chorus - 4x)

Plex, time to have plex  
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta from the barrel of me tech

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