

K-Ci & Jojo

"Under the Floor"

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(*talking*)

Yo, Z-Ro the motherfucking Crooked, 2K1
This is dedicated to all them hoe ass niggas
And then again, this is dedicated to all my real dogs
We gon get them niggas, you feel me
You weasel ass niggas, you snake in the grass ass
niggas
Die slow nigga, feel the Z-Ro nigga

[Z-Ro]

Huh, I reminisce about the past time
Me and Mafio in class putting together to get our hands
down
Destined to be a living legend, spitting game on tracks
Now we popping it with the DJ Screw, they all want on
wax
Now who that man, who that talking down
Nigga look at what you did to me, I'm about to lose my
mind
I'm on a coaster grind, trying to shine like that boy 2Pac
Aggravated and I know I'm hated, so I roll with two
glocks
Never hesitate to put one of these pussies in line
Cause I'm tired of talking to my roll dogs, in the back of
my mind
Another day another murder, seeing another homie
gone
Got me paranoid bout kin folk, till I put something in
they dome
What was once a Christian, now I'll be living violently
Retaliation for my niggas moving silently
We S.U.C. Screwed Up Click, now boot up bitch
I'm ready for war, bout to suit up bitch

[Chorus - 2x]

We sick of you bitches putting our niggas under the
floor
So I came to let you know, we gon kill you hoes
Fa sho, till this barrel 3-57 be busting, mean mugging
They cussing busting, busting, busting

[Z-Ro]

Hey Mr. Fat to the Pat, how the fuck they gon act
Still living out your ghetto dreams, with hands on our
strap
Why the fuck niggas be bombing on, ghetto rap stars
Taking the lives of real g's, straight bitches is what you
are
As a superstar, never be tricking my money on hoes
Affiliated with pimps, pushers and basketball pros
I never be going up my nose, and plus I stopped
puffing sherm
Automatic weapon up on my side, and aim as straight
as a bird
My brains dripping, my ruger ripping from missing my
dogs
That's why I'm sucking up the rap game, cause I'm a
hog
Poetically inclined, and get on the corner and grind
I'm about to let my light shine, cause the henchman got
attention of homie
dying
I'ma stop, drop, roll, on eighty fours
Keep my finger on the trigger, cause I don't love you
hoes
So move around, all this tripping with yourself stressed
out
Fuck around and click and make Z-Ro, pull the black
smith and wess out

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

We all in, steady breaking these boys off again and
again
Pimping a pen, living in sin trying to get dividends
Tired of being broke in this bitch, kicking it with DJ
Screw
Sipping drinking and smoking that shit
And since I bought a blue over gray, my nigga didn't
play
DVD and a c.d. looking at the S.U.C. on T.V.
But now he's gone, he made me then he left me alone
At least my nigga didn't get taken out by a shot to the
dome
I got the call on the phone, from Den-Den
Nigga your ass just taken, but first let me tell you about
your kin
We lost Eazy-E, P-A-C, B.I.G. and Big Pun
That was a nigga that was close to me, man this thug
life ain't no fun
That's fucked up, with a platinum feel my true to life is

outie

Put a sadness on the world, cause the sun didn't shine
It stayed cloudy for three days, tears running down my
face like relays
Z-Ro the Crooked, the ghetto rap star that he made

[Chorus - 2x]

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