Yung Ro
"When Ya Think Of Me"

[Talking:]
Yung Ro, Podina Sensei yeah
2004 already, (Yung Ro) say

[Big Pokey:]
Watch out for Sensei, make way for Yung Ro
Y'all hear that shotty blast, that's how my gun go
I let off one mo', Ro got the calico
I got the 4-5, y'all better hit the flo'
Stop drop and roll, niggaz call me rock and roll
Cause I cop that heavy metal, closet like a gun show
Hardest Pit in the sto', then I gave em Dope Game
Backdo' with Sky's Da Limit, followed up with Hurricane
S.U.C. changed the game, M.O.B. stained your brain
Crock bull bloodline, uncut cocaine
Dog you better lace your boots, slippers count you know it's real
Men get touched like that boy Tony Touch, Hollyfield hold your grill
Chop till you drop roll the field, get stopped on the block in a old
Deville
Live wire one deep, drive by trying to hold the wheel
These niggaz in the street like road kill, Main Street to Mobille
Sensei signing off, bust your gun you know the deal

[Hook:]
(When you think of me), you think of a headache
A bus losing control, and speeding with bad breaks
(When you think of me), you think of a great dane
Charging at full speed, and hit like a freight train
(When you think of me), you think of a wad of bricks
Won't budge for shit, won't stop or quit
(When you think of me), you think of a disease
Traveling through your speakers, to hit you when you breathe

[Yung Ro:]
I snatch niggaz tongues out, walk with my guns out
And I'ma smoke weed, till my fucking lungs out

You get your ass rung out, hung out to dry
Puffing on fry, the opposite of dry
If niggaz wanna try, we'll duck they mate
Have her bruised and duct taped, fucked and raped
Kidnap your kids and hold em, for ransom do'
You think of a nightmare, when you think of Ro

[Hook]

[Talking:]
Yeah Sensei, Yung Ro
We right back at ya mayn, already ha-ha