

Z-Ro And Trae

"Payback"

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(*talking*)

Didn't I tell you motherfuckers, (yeah you told em Ro)
I'ma get you if I owe ya, (now they running)
That's real talking straight up, Z-Ro the Crooked
motherfucker
Know I'm tal'n bout (they know), T-R-A-E (kin folk)
No motherfucking game (none), keep a straight aim
(guns)
And hanging brains (yeah), S.U.C. for life

[Trae]

This one here is dedicated to the one, who put that slug
in my car
I ain't forgot I promised I'd get ya, let's take it to war
Too many close encounters with death, back then it
was funny
But now I got a son, and ain't nobody taking him from
me
You better have bulletproof, on that red Lac that you
swanging
Cause seventeen inside of my glock, about to leave
niggaz stinking
I know where you hanging, and lately I've been feeling
revenge
On the grounds of bitch niggaz, showing off with they
friends
Fuck y'all I'm a gorilla, that'll mob for life
And any nigga running up on me, get scarred tonight
How would you call a A.B.N., whenever be necessary
Read in the flesh, I'm bout to get the click and these
bitches scary
They don't want it with Trae, Ro, Boss and Jay'Ton
Lil' B, Dub-G and me be ready for Vietnam
Unloading the clip, on the next to talk shit
Lights out mask up, yelling out South Clique

[Z-Ro]

You can ride with a hundred niggaz, when you out in
the streets
That ain't enough, to keep you safe from me
Or you can live in a vest and a helmet, in the

Penitentiary

That ain't enough, to keep you safe from me
I use to call you my nigga, now I replaced him out with
bitch ass

Once you a hoe to Ro, you a bitch no longer roam the
side of my blast

But in the front, if you give me all of my money bitch
Fuck a rich man's anthem, this that homeless and that
hungry shit

I done cried so long, all my tears done dried up
Minus the revenge, get found murdered and tied up
Or seen slained with just a signal, Boss with the sawed
off

And Jay'Ton waiting on the right moment, to blow they
balls off

I ain't had a piece of pussy, like the nine I bust
So it's safe to say I'm pretending, everytime I fuck
Better remember that the trigga, got's no heart
If I was you, I would get my people out of the house it's
getting dark

(*talking*)

Your T. Jones, your uncle your Auntie, your grandma
Your granddaddy, with his dusty ass
All them hoes, gotta go nigga
You fucking with the Maab nigga
M double A-B for li' that's forever, ain't no hoe in our
blood nigga
From the West to Pud nigga straight up, motherfuckers
be burried
Ain't no love, for none of you hoe ass niggaz
P-A-spanage motherfuckers, strong enough for a man-
ass niggaz
But guess what, got this damn thang in my hand nigga
What the fuck you gon do, with this bitch in your mouth
nigga
Can you sing with it, can you pronounce a word with it
Na nigga, Z-Ro the Crooked Guerilla Maab nigga
Trae, Z-Ro my nigga Pot Belly in this bitch
No love for none of you niggaz, fuck y'all

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