# Z-RO, Block Bleeder

(\*talking\*)

Ż-Ro the Crooked, 2K motherfucking 1
This for all my motherfucking block bleeders
Fuck 9 to 5, know I'm saying
I'm talking to the niggas that gon survive
The motherfucking nine, nickels and dimes
Stracks, fifty pack, feel that, nigga get your paper

[Den Den]

Got me pissed off frustrated, you know you outta line Plus I'm trying to count you getting high, off this Alabama tie Falling short of my plans, so my anger is rising Let me take out I-10, while my pressure is climbing I can't mind on drank, so I'm in another mode Moving way too fast, down this one way road Let me catch my snap, before I roll another crap And regret what I done, I been really shaft Its a fact that my block, be hotter than the sun You can sco' anything there, from drank to marijuana And the corner, is for the stronger heart Separate the men from the boys, and the weak from the smart And apart, from all these hoe ass laws Its a 24 no tolerance, for those that crawl Through my block, you might get your busted Dick in the dust, for fucking with us on my block

#### [Chorus]

Block bleeder, surviving in the game I wanna live righteous, but I need to stack change I know I'm going through it, but I gotta maintain Block bleeder, surviving in the game My block is on fire, and I'm addicted to the flame Stain after stain, know what I'm talking mayn

#### [Z-Ro]

Judge me not, on what you see, nigga Don't you realize, this life of mine is killing me Straight from a Christian, to a heartless killa Innocent child raised by the guerillas Military minded, plus I'm starving for scrilla Affiliated with killas, that shermed out and tooted But we don't know no better, paper's got our mind polluted I repent for my sins, cause I know my number's coming up I'm paranoid my nigga, don't be running up Whether friends or foe, I really don't know That's why I'm warning you Ro, you need to just Back up a ski taste, or I'll be tagging your toe Since these punk ass individuals, drag my name through the mud I ain't got nothing to say to niggas, unless they after the bud Pumping pack after pack, barley missing a platinum plack HPD be on a nigga with no slack, I want executive money The CEA, Chief Executive Artist, instead of 36 ounces Pistol grip and a cartridge, a block bleeder

### [Chorus]

## [Z-Ro]

The block is hot as a clinic, but its profession to me
And like Juve I'm posted up, so I can watch for the sweet
I've been less fortunate, and had to hustle all my life
Listening to people say, its gon be alright all my life
I even got a lady that's been faithful, all my life
She's still my gavel, cause I can't afford to call her my wife
I should be thankful that Dennison Dre, done gave me some help

But I'm depending on grown men, and I'm a grown man myself Feeling lesser than nothing, and barely fucking with zones Its like an obstacle course of dynamite, under every corner I bob and weave through the hard time, my life is pain From struggle where niggas fired, the reason that I record mine Infrared, nigga you better protect your head On my block when we kill eachother, no tears get shed You take a front from a nigga, you better be quick to pay up Bring his feddy back on time, or he'll be quick to spray ya Twenty Fo' seven packing a Mac 11, on my turf Running away from the police, chunking evidence like a Nurf I'd rather sell my own records, Chief Executive Artist Instead of 36 ounces pistol grip and a cartridge, a block bleeder

[Chorus]