

# Z-RO, Dirty Work

(Z-Ro talking)

All you sure ass niggas out here, got the game fucked up  
All this old friendly ass shit, nigga  
Ain't nothing friendly about the motherfucking game  
You understand me, if you listen I'ma tell you right  
Open your motherfucking ears  
Shit, it ain't fair but somebody got to do it, know I'm saying

[Black Mike]

I came from underground, where my hood resigned  
Nothing left but the bad and ugly cause the good done died  
We tried laying low niggas want to cross them lines  
So when I'm saying so you getting bumped off this time  
Fuck a throw away, I'm looking for the gun in your house  
To kill your family for some shit they ain't know nothing about  
We running the south, while other niggas running they mouth  
If you smart, you'll take cover cause we come in your route  
Cause when we ride you could best believe there's guns in sight  
How many times mama cried cause her sons done died  
I pull my nine out, all of my barrels are fouled out  
So the bullets that I bust the feds don't find out  
Which gun, which nigga, which figga points to the trigger man  
Still well connected not worried about who's the bigger man  
Z-Ro, my nigga man, Pharoah, the Killa Klan  
I'm Black Mike, Network for life, ain't no realer jam

(Chorus)

We make sure the dirty work get done  
Real gun, popping them although it weighs a ton  
Scratch makers, nigga we killers  
Aggravated guerillas, been pimping in this bitch for scrilla  
We make sure the dirty work get done  
Real gun, popping them although it weighs a ton  
Scratch makers, nigga we killers  
Putting heads on pillows  
Fuck around and weep like a willow, we cap peelers

[Pharoah]

King shots, killer greed penn, money hard  
Nigga to sleep, murdering a kingpin  
My composer, a soldier, you can call me one  
When it's time to ride you know I'm ready to activate my gun  
Straight head shots, toe tagged in a body bag  
And the outcome you stuck with, if I got to blast  
I'm coming to get you, pull your punk ass out the picture  
And fix the braids on your head, that means I'ma get richer  
P-H-A-R-O-A-H, now you know  
My motherfucking name I never play fake  
Easy does it, do it easy when I execute  
To that nigga and the darkside when my weapon shoot  
Shoot again and feel like I just made boy  
With no evidence, to be found I remain calm  
Murdering edition, I make a motherfucker disappear  
Slip the clip in, open fire then dripping him

(Chorus)

[Z-Ro]

I put stitches in the general son of a bitch nigga when he bump up  
Running to the trunk for the pump, I'm already ready to dump  
I've been working dirty, knocking busters for being surety  
So I'm at your dome cussing like James, you ain't worthy  
Like a little old girly perpetrating a man  
Dude we taking over this bitch and here to demonstrate demands

And bitch the down south gangsta R-A-P, 1990  
Started with Street Military and K-A-G  
We toe tagging, body bagging, sagging and bragging  
Weed it up inflate it down, you damn shot and flipped the meat wagon  
So save me some son of a guns, when it's over  
We one of the ones on the top, haters smell it and running to come  
Trying to drop a dime on us, or trying to take us out  
After we deal with it we rap about it and then it make us hot  
Fuck your crime rate and murder rate, running up on Houston Texas  
Well it be fuck y'all for trying to funk us on a burning day

(Chorus - 2x)