

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 bich 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)