

# Z-RO, My Momma

[Hook - 2x]

My mama use to tell me, bout these  
Broke hoaching ass niggaz, in these streets  
So many people, wanna see me fall  
And then they wonder, why my attitude is fuck em all

[Trae]

You still running up, better peep my attitude  
Cause I don't give a fuck about, you or the next dude  
Hitting the block top down, waving the boulevard  
Run on side of my Range, and your feet get scarred  
I ain't never leave the house, without me packing a gun  
And I ain't never leave the block, without collecting my funds  
A lot of niggaz wanna hate, but they ain't fading us  
So everytime I show my teeth, I shine like the sun  
Breaking the game, and niggaz wanna hate my fame  
And take my change, but never will they get my change  
I'm quick to aim, and leave a red dot on your brain  
You heard the bang, and niggaz gon respect the name  
I'm telling you dog, my mama use to tell me y'all  
Don't be fake, fraud keeping me behind the wall  
But never ever will I let a, motherfucker block me  
I'ma run through that bitch, hit up and don't fall  
So it's best to vacate, for your sake  
The Maab up in this bitch, and I'ma regulate  
Disrespect me and mine, I'ma retaliate  
They don't really wanna go to war, with a heavyweight  
Dirty South veteran, Dirty Third glider  
Underground, wrecking a nigga till they retire  
For my T. Jones, I'ma set it on fire  
Busting they neck and back, like they Khia

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Dorothy Marie McVey, this your son  
I've been on top of my cash, till the last of my funds  
Even though I haven't seen you, since I was six  
I know you keep me with a weapon, when I'm out in the mix  
You use to tell me, to never talk back and respect  
Now that I'm grown, a nigga be cashing chin checks  
I'm a guerilla, with a motherfucking attitude  
And whether broke or pain, I'ma be in a bad mood  
This is low life, motherfuckers can't go nowhere to roll lights  
Struggling to make it, cause this industry is so shife  
Niggaz'll take your name, and break your name  
And try to give you ten percent, of the change  
But, my mama use to tell me about these  
Broke hoaching, ass niggaz in these streets  
So I'ma be busting, a .50 caliber  
Retaliation with bitches, until they stacking up  
I know, Z-Ro don't wanna go to the county jail no mo'  
But I know, you don't wanna be doing that  
It's either that or the graveyard Ro, because I'm a killa  
And so many people, wanna see a nigga fall  
Want me at the table, if they don't want me to eat it all  
And then they wonder, why my attitude is fuck y'all

[Hook - 2x]