

# Z-RO, Plex

[Z-Ro]

They say he was flipping out till, losing control of his mind  
Moving fast, in a world that ain't ready for the pace focussed on his grind  
Who am I to test, Z-Ro I bet everybody in Ridgemont 4 know me  
Feel what I say up under the evidence is still your homie  
You must of forgot about the days until you be in 94  
When it was 72 where partners sagging creases to find a hoe  
Now they can't look me in the eyes, cause they might tell on theyself  
About having something to do with trying to riddle my number one partner to death  
You want to get even with me boy clear you can see me with a rap  
But I'm about gangsta shit so bow before you see me with a strap  
Cause I've been silent for so long, it's about time I broke the ice  
Nobody want to box me why everybody want to pull a trigger to take a life  
I'm down with crews cause everybody else is fake to me  
Niggas with plex against me, they all cakes to me  
And everybody want to be talking about they real and they got love  
But motherfuckers don't love Z-Ro unless I got drink and I got bud so I got plex

(Chorus - 2x)

Who's next to plex you want to test  
Better have your life right in the bottle of your vest  
Cause I'm also stressed, sometimes I wonder if I'm plexed  
Thinking hit me will I have to put my homies to rest, plex

[Z-Ro]

Regular candy in river rain, we came to deliver pain  
One hitter quitters and eagle talons up in your liver man  
I came to bring the pain, all the way from the south to the west  
Every one of my bullets are looking residence so they gone house in your chest  
A nigga done been through so much shit the last five years of my living  
Now a days the bitches are realer than homeboys so here's to my women  
But then again I'm all alone I don't depend on a soul  
Independently made a million then I took my benz on a stroll  
Now everytime I come around my partners treat me like strangers  
Never thought it would come to this I got to keep one in the chamber  
What makes real niggas turn into hoes and make niggas go fraud  
When it comes to me whether rapping them off to see this nigga go hard  
Now everytime I come around my partners treat me like strangers  
Never thought it would come to this I got to keep one in the chamber  
What makes real niggas turn into hoes and make niggas go fraud  
When it comes to me whether rapping the gangsta shit this nigga goes hard, plex

(Chorus - 4x)

Plex, time to have plex  
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta from the barrel of me tech

[Z-Ro]

Rolling by my motherfucking self you don't want to plex my friend  
Fuck around with me and you might never breathe a breath again  
Cause a nigga might shoot you in a place where it takes longer to die  
And you know what they say no pain no gain  
I guess you fin to gain your heavenly high  
Marcus I see you when you shoved that pistol up in his nose  
Pulling the trigger my nigga blood was dripping all out on his clothes  
Do you think that I'm suppose to sit back and charge it to the game  
That's why your baby mama house went up in flames you know my name  
I wish I would of been strapped cause my partner would of still been alive  
I would of ran up on your ass and I would of dumped and you would of died  
Since a nigga can't change the past I'ma knock your ass up out of the future  
I use to be down to dump side by side with you but you forced me to shoot you  
Too many of these boys be bulletproof, that's why they like to compete  
But run your badass over Ridgemont you be dead before you get to Ridgecrete  
You think it's a game, but I've been working on a straight aim I'm ready to kill  
If I can't get to myself when you want to get leid by set of bitch got skills

(Chorus - 2x)

Plex, time to have plex

Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta from the barrel of me tech

Cause I'm also stressed, sometimes I wonder if I'm blessed

Thinking deeply will I have to put my homies to rest

(Chorus - 4x)

Plex, time to have plex

Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta from the barrel of me tech