

# Z-RO, S.u.c. 4 Life

(talking)

Southside for live, aka Southside for life  
Z-Ro, K.T., recognize my motherfucking team

[Z-Ro]

Let me introduce myself, I'm Z-Ro the Crooked, Mo City block  
The place that you don't want to go cause you'll get no pity block  
With drug dealers when we need some paper  
Get on the corner and we bleed till we fifty keep avoiding them haters  
Cause they keep dropping salt in the game  
Bumping they gums so they end up getting caught in the game, don't maintain  
Handle my business on the low-low, hit a lick and go to Akapoko  
Sipping on moet and smoking ball bat to that dro and doe-doe  
Jesus let me ball till I fall in the grave, doing it my way  
As a rich nigga and call it a day, I play with my K  
Cause it ain't no people where I stay  
Nothing but memories and blood stains of yesterday  
How can I make it to heaven if I be chilling in hell  
If they can make a million you can make a million as well  
Until then, I'ma be making deals with the Jamaicans  
S.U.C. to the finish until he call me in

(Chorus)

Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone represent  
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life  
All I want is money chasing paper after dead presidents  
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life

[K.T.]

You bet it's me, K.T., new S-U-S-P-E-C-T  
Living better and cutting and trying to stack my currencies  
Stay alive, survive, the lord knows my soul purified  
And make a way for my family although I know they tried  
I'm doing bad, wishing for things that I never had  
It's my dad, drops and blue over gray rag  
Until I make a million or more, I'ma smoke and lean  
And stack my green, until a player hit the floor  
Waking up calling shots, beam glocks, and doing shows  
Getting lifted on flows, six hundred, and hydro  
K.T. and Z-Ro, on a smash for cream  
Searching for dead politicians if y'all know what I mean  
A murdering team, spit my guillotine at you busters  
On the grind getting mine with the watch full of bezzels  
M-O-B I would of team until my time is foul  
Stack my paper, scream Presidential smoke weed and get high

(Chorus)

Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone represent  
Presidential Player for life, I'm a Presidential Player for life  
All I want is money chasing paper after dead presidents  
Presidential Player for life, I'm a Presidential Player for life

[Z-Ro]

Ain't shit changed, my life is still about drugs and slugs  
You could keep your lights on, you've got to get your fight on, and mean mug  
Early birds get the worm, but motherfuckers tend to shortstop  
The Ro I aim my pistol played a deadly burn  
Z-Ro the Crooked and my routine will never change  
Hust-I-ing and bust-I-ing to keep my fingers on some pocket change  
Got to go stay the same until, I die nigga  
When I make the tactics of a Mo City then stay high nigga  
We bleed blocks from seven to seven to seven again  
Holding scratch, peeping packs, slowed then and three for tens  
I got what you need, living in this gutter daily

Even though I bleed the block it's like I can't eat because this life pay me  
Ducking the police when they be sliding by  
And I swang low on a sweet chariot as I'm riding high  
I'm paranoid everytime you see me, cause I be smoking niggas  
Regular and it's fucking with my conscience so I bust freely  
Wake up in the morning and I caught my tip  
And get ready for another day of this gangsta shit

(talking)

Y'all know nigga, every motherfucking day  
You got to get that pay, it's the only way

(Chorus - 2x)

Recognize my team cause we got players that's gone represent  
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life  
All I want is money chasing paper after dead presidents  
Screwed Up Click for life, S.U.C. Screwed Up Click for life