

Zebrahead, Check

Coming hard core looking like a gangster bitch

Trying to front like you ain't rolling filthy rich

Laguna Hills you were born and raised

But you're claiming South Central is where you spent your days

Coming out hard talking crazy

Knowing in your mind that you really don't fit

Standing up straight with a ganster lean

Talking ganster slang about what you seen

Take a chance kid, don't fall down hard again

You better think twice before you come at me

Right through your dome I can clearly see

Hey little dog, you gonna bark all day?

Cause toe to toe, in the ring, is where I play

So you better step back and check yourself

Stop fronting and just be yourself

Cause no one cares what set your claiming

Till someone grabs their gun and starts their aiming

At you!

Tripping out cause you got no clout

Cause it ain't about how hard you are

Try using your brain and you will go far

Be true to the color that you were born with

Not the color that you're adorned with

So keep it real and always be true

And be yourself in all that you do

Stand up tall and get some respect

And always remember, keep yourself in check