

ABN, Still Throwed

~Z-Ro~ (2x)

Still Hood, Still Paid, Still Throwed, Still Gangsta
Still a G, don't play me cause you'll see Asshole By Nature

~Z-Ro~

Uh I couldn't afford lobster, I couldn't afford steak
So a three piece chicken wing dinner that's what I ate
Most friends were broke, only a couple had cake
Sleepin outside, I had no where to take my dates
Walkin around everyday in the same ole clothes
Seein the same ole niggas, and the same ole hoes
Strippers at the club dancin on the same ole poles
Drug dealers tryna get you to cocaine yo nose
Police raided the block, everyday at the same time
Tryna catch us and cuff us for comittin the same crime
But we had us a vison like Jordan with Hang Time
Tryna make a million dollars off of nickels and dimes
Brotha that was eleven years ago and I'm still grindin
Straight up out of the ruff, I ain't nothin but a diamond
Use to do it for free now I'm paid for my rhymin'
The money too good I ain't thinkin about retirin'

~Trae~

I am the street dreams, still reppin for the south
But that wait until you get then they run up in yo house
Twenty four hours a day they forever runnin they mouth
Haters on dick but I'd rather run it in they spouse
It ain't hard to understand I'm on a different type of mission
Bein broke ain't even a option bitch I gotta glissen
I starved back then ain't nobody wanna listen
And that was way before I even had a pot to piss in
But what a nigga know I put the hood in the view
Now they greet me with the H everytime I come through
That's just out of respect cause I represent the realer
I been a G all of my life and never act brand new
Ain't no limit to the hustle cause I want it full time
I use to get head, now I want the full shine
Tryna make it to the top'll be my reason for rhyme
In the gutta guarantee me I'm a get it this time

~Z-Ro~

~Z-Ro~

My ass got Crown Holder jeans, my chest got Evisu, and my feet got Gator

But don't get it twisted, and play me for weak
I just wanna look good when I'm walkin over all ya'll haters
When I was on lock my nigga Trae was takin over this bitch
And when I came home we connected like the internet
Bitch I'm a veteran, I been around every since the beginnin
I've done a hell of alot but I'm not finished yet
I want a plaque but the bootleggers be makin it hard to do
Keep sellin this shit bitch we gon maab on you
My attitude is rude, I never gave a fuck and I never will
Maan I'm just tryna pay my bills, hol'up
Pimp C, P.A.trill nigga - polo fuck that Hilfiger
Rest In Peace I'm a see you when I get there bro
Even though you in the grave my nigga you still throwed

~Trae~

When it come to bein hood, hell yeah I'm in the zone
Never walk in nothin less then eight pools and a home
I'm the truth fuh real and ain't just in a song
Got e'm lookin at these hoes like they never seen chrome
When they pick up in the trunk it's a hundred percent slow
So throwed and you know Mr.Mcvey is so blowed
I'm cool but the whip wanna pose
Yeah the trunk got a mind of it's own all I do is let it glow
It's the king of the streets, and the king of the ghetto

Middle finger in the air when I wanna say hello
Call me what ya want I use to chase after hoes
Now they chasin after me till they break they stilettos
I'm still hood, still gangsta - A.B.N is on the top haters I'm a thank ya
Plus everywhere you go you gotta deal with us like it or not
Cause in the streets - or the rap we gon'out rank ya
(Till End)