

# 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)