

# Z-RO, All Night Long

(Billy Cook)

Yeah, yeah, Z-Ro, DP, Billy Cook lay it down  
All night long, smoked all fire, yeah yeah

[Z-Ro]

We can ball all day, four play in the hallway  
Taking trips overseas, France, England, and my way  
I'm the Don Datta, but you can't be my baby mama  
Let me save you the drama, roll on like a Yokohama  
We can, go half on the room, and half on a sack  
And while you breaking the buzz down, I'ma be hitting it from the back  
Bend over baby, I got something to show you baby  
Turn around on your back toes up on the shoulders baby  
Steady deep stroking don't mind me, just keep smoking  
Bust a lot to break the serve and the soda water open  
But you ain't my may thang, just a little something to the side  
So don't talk when I'm talking on the phone, you keep quiet  
Just open your mouth wide and let me put it inside  
Smoke a sweet and to finish my cup and then it's time to slide  
Don't worry about nothing cause it's confidential  
Open up your runway for my ?con? to dent you

(Chorus - 2x (Billy Cook vocalizing in background))

All night long, all night  
We be smoked all night  
All night long, all night  
As we flip and sip pink sprite

[Z-Ro]

Put a six in a Cris we gone sip on that  
It's harder than a roll of quarters put your hips on that  
Removing your thong, penetrate the pick and it's on  
Still sipping and smoking stroking steady making you moan  
I'm number 0 City Don, got a cottage by the barn  
Automatic gauges vicious dogs roaming the lawn  
You got to worry about nothing except for keeping me happy  
And if it's with you than a bitch steady tapping and nappy

[DP]

Steady tapping and nappy, getting the headboards clapping  
Hell shot, pussy with your man asking what happened  
And no excuses out your mouth cause you've been riding with me  
Arrange my soldiers, T-H-U-G  
See you can tell from the smile and the way that you strip  
Something ain't right, though nigga been all up in the guts  
Better soak on some alcohol, and leave me alone  
Bitch ask for the cash I get it

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]

I need a thug bitch, a shop lift and sell drug bitch  
But don't be tripping when I'm pimping in the club bitch  
We can hit the telly and get under the sheets  
Knocking you down till I move around back on the streets  
And keep rolling, got to keep my benjamins folding  
Then I'm coming back to beat it up until it's swollen  
Baby it's non stopping fix a nigga a plate  
So don't worry I be coming to your house real late  
Meanwhile I'm a soldier in the battlefield  
I'm on a mission trying to get it, I'ma make a mill  
With or without you, but if you down  
Then we can do it together, drank rubbers and automatic rounds  
But don't be tripping when I say I need space

I ain't cheating but it's some reason it's a knee case  
I'm a block bleeder, you got to share me with the drugs and shit  
But when I'm fucking you it's beautiful I love the shit

(Chorus - 4x)