

# Z-RO, Burbans & Lacs

[Lil' Flip]

Rest in peace Big Mello, we gon miss you nigga  
Man I done lost so many homies, I need tissue nigga  
Taking million dolla pictures, me and all of my niggaz  
In three years, I plan to have stacks like Jigga  
Aw naw hell naw man, y'all done up and done it  
We chiefig like everyday, smoking bluebonic chronic  
I did it I done it, this rap beef you know who won it  
I'm five million worldwide, I got mo' money  
Europe paid me eighty G's, for a hour show  
And any nigga would be a damn fool, not to go  
You rap about Amsterdam nigga, I really been  
And over there, you could get ten blunts for ten  
I smoke over and over again, God forgive me  
Cause I'm a young thug, with tattoos in my skin  
Four hundred thousand dolla Benz, with my name on my rims  
And when I pull up hoes be like, I know that's him

[Z-Ro]

Sometime I flip in a cream Caddy, sometime I flip in a Fleetwood  
You know the one with the platinum skin and the chrome spinning shoes, that fill the feet good  
Might slide in my Dodge Intrepid, or the limousine tint over 83's and fresh meat  
Garunteed to squeeze when enemies test me, I'ma empty the clip and reload again  
Ain't got no gal ain't got no friends, only thing I give a damn about is my ends  
I wish Screw-Zoo was alive, so I could watch him make another Dub again  
I'm mad at the world fuck love again, cause my so called partnas think I'm capping  
Bitch I've earned the right to live the good life, y'all know how long I've been rapping

[Hook - 2x]

We ride Burbans and Lacs, black yellow or blue  
That's the only way we ride, chopping blades like Screw  
I'm the King of the Clover, Z-Ro the Mo City Don  
And all we do is get money, (where I'm from)

[Lil' Flip]

You know, I'm thinking of a master plan  
I got chrome fans, on my promotional van  
I'm the new Liberraci, look at how this shit got me  
I fuck with D-Block, and the Dip Set posse  
My spinners don't stop, y'all rappers don't shop  
Cause your jeweler told me, you be wearing fake rocks  
And if I catch you in my hood homie, you can't leave  
Cause I do niggaz like Fabolous, man they can't breathe  
I got a trick up my sleeve, don't ever pick up my weed  
And I don't tell my hoes bye, I fuck 'em get up and leave  
And when I pass by the laws, I gotta switch up my speed  
Cause my spider on the highway, doing 153

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Every morning I wake up, and give my praises to God  
Just for letting me see another sunrise, cause sometime making it through the night is hard  
Living in a place where cheering kills, cheering and police be the civilian  
Lord I've been calling you so long, I wonder if you even hear me  
Even though I can call a whole heep a burdans, I know there's a bunch of blessings as well  
I remember when I had to sleep on benches, straight rob motherfuckers and leap over fences  
In a single bound, I wish my mama could see me now  
Ain't no detectives trying to see me now, with no rival gangs trying to beat me down  
It's MTV and BET now, and ain't no mo' regular weed ain't nothing but the best herb  
With a granddaddy size cup of codiene, straight eight over ice nigga yes sir  
I'm leaning like I need a V8, representing for the 3rd Coast  
Look respect the South, and we gon see straight see straight

[Hook - 2x]