

# Z-RO, Creepin'

[Hook - 2x]

Creeping, with the sawed off  
In a rage, bo'gaurd blowing niggaz balls off  
I'm the reaper, touching fellas on they lifeline  
Ain't no running to the trunk, I got my pistol right now

[Z-Ro]

Creeping with my automatic, running round  
Laying motherfuckers down, straight up causing havoc any day  
I done gone insane in the brain, motherfuckers in my face  
Claiming that I owe them something mayn, don't let me catch no case  
I don't really give a damn about nothing, but my Nina and my sawed off  
You can call me Deadly Head, cause I'm blowing they balls off  
Anybody bitch nigga don't test me, move across your jaw like a jet ski  
Quick jab (opening up like), Big Sab aw naw  
Pulling a gun on all y'all, disrespect me and fall down  
This here my neck of the woods, where you gon go who you gon call now  
Military minded, I's a motherfucking soldier  
And I don't need nothing, but murder music and doja

[Hook - 2x]

[Cl'Che]

Right now I got the shit, that'll blow your balls off  
And all this hating talking down, make a bitch wanna snatch your tongue out  
I'm creepin with the sawed off, creepin on hoes and careful what they tal'n bout  
I'm hitting the industry with tricks, magicians can't figure out, uh-huh  
I'm from the South, I'm breaking these bitches off  
Making the news with headlines, she's dangerous and she's out  
In your tape deck, these motherfuckers been duty click and rest  
I'm touching hoes on they lifeline, now they can't pass my check  
That's why I'm creeping with my nigga, Z-Ro a dirt dirty killa  
You heard them guerillas, we hurt you to make you feel us  
Through all this fraud in you, you need to stay away  
Cause you don't wanna fuck with Z-Ro and Cl'Che, when we ride now

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Ain't no running to the trunk, I got my pistol on me  
Cause ain't no telling when a bitch nigga, try to tun up on me  
I'm coming after your camp, me and my O.G. Darrel Burton  
Thirty odd beam on the drive card, that there gon have em hurting  
In need of medical attention, lifting up motherfuckers like I'm bench pressing  
Put everybody to bed, write S.U.C. on the wall and then I'm ditching  
Out the do', firing it up with B.J. and Fo'  
Nickel and D slide in the do', that nigga there my nigga heart Lil' Ro  
Picking me bitch I'm a real one, it's gonna be hard to be takin me off the map  
Determine the real ones from the fake ones, by the way they give me dap  
Beg your pardon, if you didn't know I'm a soldier  
Military minded, clicking with the sawed off murder music and doja

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Creeping deep, see how we rough in the Houston streets  
Me keep me sawed off, right next to me  
Watching a set of bitches, show they breasts to me  
With M.O.E., that be Money Over Everything  
Bet I could hit a home run, nigga let me swing  
Swinging wide, with me sawed off shotgun  
And when I pull it, that's to show you that I got one