

# Z-RO, Dedicated 2 U

[Z-Ro]

Nigga you ain't my partna, but you never been  
Just wanted to get in the club, free you little low yellow bitch  
You ain't never been real, but it's evident  
You be looking to get your chest blown (boo-ya)  
Or are you use to walking the hallways  
Of your home, with a vest on  
Talking you come real, with the black steal  
But you ain't never seen no glock  
That's why Grady, checked your ass up out your hat  
Cause you never lived on our block  
But niggas be going off at the mouth  
And I'm so sick of these hoes acting shife  
Nigga really fin to lose, more than your teeth  
Fuck around and be looking for your life  
Cause I'm the nigga that showed you love  
It's best you keep your distance from me  
Even though we once was throwing up the same sign  
I'll put your bitch ass to sleep, remember  
I started the click you claim  
And you wanted to trip when I left  
Trying to catch me slipping in the truck on the titty  
You niggas to put one scar on my chest  
And a nigga would try to erase me, and that's a fact  
But if I gotta go, really I'ma be  
God damned, if my trigga finger, isn't pulling back  
Even if they fuck around and murder me, for the the thangs I spoke on  
I'm gonna be in the depths of hell, hollin' out fuck you as I smoke on

[Hook]

This is dedicated to you, dear bitch  
This is dedicated to the coward niggas of your click  
Welcome to my world, I'll show you pain you never seen it  
Slapping patches out of niggas, and I mean it, remember

[Chris Ward]

I know you smile in my face, full of jealousy and anger  
But the minute I turn my back, I know you shoot me the finger  
Whether you wanted to be my friend or foe, I know you ain't like me  
But when I refused to sign your contract, niggas started to call me shiesty  
But now one one of you niggas would fight me, even if you was jumping me  
You won't be to the end, I take your life and crumble your company  
When you first started off, I did all of your production for free  
But for the show date, you got everybody in the club except me  
What kind of hoe could you be, a bitch to the third degree  
That's why me and 3, ran up in your crib  
And wouldn't play, let you live  
If it wasn't for your cousin, cause for him I got love  
But Midas please quit fucking with them scrub ass  
Never show love ass, selling fake drug ass  
Fin to catch a slug ass niggas, and I bet I be the one behind the trigga  
Fin to put you in the dirt, till you get hurt, fucking around with the Network  
Deserve a motherfucking slug in the chamber  
And when I blast I'm screaming

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

When I be played up in my back, but in my face or ear to ear  
You must of heard of all the murders that we doing here  
Cause I could smell your fear  
And watch you coming, you can't fuck with a nigga from bud  
I'll leave laying on your back, with your body wide open  
Choking on your blood, I signed a contract that was about a year long

But now its expired, how the hell you gon get some points off my song  
Bitch made nigga, show yo' face, even yo' nephew as well  
Fuck around and pistol play with me, and you won't live to tell  
Oh well, all I could say is I told you so  
Should of stuck with a bench nigga like me, just got plex  
You can't take it, talking bout what your pistol gon do to my chest  
Hold that down, you don't wanna fuck around, I'm quick to pull chrome  
But I'm more than words, up under your breath  
And run tell chickens what's going on  
Don't make me murder you nigga, you looking for me here I stand  
About six feet even, cocked and meant built twin glocks in my hand  
And to the niggas, that pulling the triggas on niggas like me  
Sho' nuff gon stall, but I'm ready for the match  
That's killing one more, one fall I'm killing on y'all  
Nigga, let's get ready to rumble

[Hook - 6x]