

# Z-RO, Hatin Me

(\*talking\*)

Say Q, man feel this here, I don't know why  
These motherfuckers be hating us the way they do  
Every motherfucking day, all motherfucking day long  
Nigga can't get no motherfucking rest, that's why  
I drink and smoke so motherfucking much  
You feel me, get off my dick

[Chorus]

Why you be hating me  
Day and night, baby  
Mad at me, cause I don't buy  
The dreams that you selling lately

[Z-Ro]

I needed to get up off my rump, and stack something  
I was tired of walking around, ready to plack something  
Big heads, screwdrivers, spark plugs to break the glass  
Hold my bases of selling dope, anything to get that cash  
I was getting grown faster, than average niggas  
Bills and mouths to feed, I needed cabbage nigga  
Did a little rapping on the side, but I was full time grind  
Till they ran up and 50 one eleven, and shut it down  
When I got out, I wanted to get some work and do it over  
Instead I picked up a pen, and got to jotting in a folder  
Niggas was bobbing they head, bitches was bobbing they head  
The first time in my life, I didn't worry bout no feds  
But I wasn't out the woods yet, round shife too  
Niggas be killing eachother over lime light fool  
Ain't with it fuck a million, I just want what I earn  
But they don't like it when I holler KMJ because it burn

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

If you wanna jam, you can grab a hold of my funk  
But if you plan to take me off of my game, like I'm a chump  
I won't punk about it, I'ma do my thang  
Dumping on niggas from the turning lane  
But it's burning man, cause that's how it go down  
Niggas be trying to get you, when you live in H-Town  
And you throwed, in the game  
Wanna get you for your mouthpiece or your name  
Have you giving up hits, having no change  
Having more overdue bills, no strings  
Not me, no more, it's a new day  
I'm in a new ride, and it's looking too gray  
Remember if you sew it, it'll read right back  
So when you treat a nigga wrong, the heavens'll handle that

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Got a name for myself now, selling them tapes  
I still be traveling I-10, but I ain't selling no weight  
No more, blue over gray four do', in and out the lanes  
Steady keeping my melodies, running in and out your brain  
But I need my money, cause ain't no working for free  
If it ain't twenty-five hundred, no appearances from the Z  
Man, got to get my feet man, got to be treated fair  
Trying to put me on a back burner, I'm out of there  
A veteran to the game, you can't do me like no hoe  
When my crib got flooded, you didn't help me you let me float  
Now you wanna exercise your contractual right

But if you fuck me the first time, there ain't gon be a twice  
Recognize ain't no hate in my heart, cause I'm a guard  
I don't hate nobody, just hate it when times get hard  
In my new situation, I'm having rich-nigga troubles  
Without the switch, I'd have in a ditch-nigga troubles

[Chorus]