Z-RO, In My City

[Hook - 2x]
The things, that's on my mind
When I be sliding by, in my city (in my city)
It's the things, that's on my mind
When I be sliding by, in my city (in my city)

[Z-Ro]
I bet you wanna know what's on my mind, when I be sliding by
Mean mugging, relieving some of this stress don't fuck with me
You'll get this beam, cause I ain't trying to look in the rearview
Cause if I done passed it, it's forward march tired of living in the past bitch
Wearing pain like it's cologne, y'all niggaz tell me to be strong
But y'all niggaz don't even know, what the fuck is really going's on
After done-datta, searching for my throne I reign someday
Heartless motherfucker, celebrate Black Sunday
I blow dro, as the dirt covers the coffin up
Life is so fucking hard, Jesus will it ever soften up
I'm tired of crying tears in my eyes, when I roll through
And I don't trust nobody, that's why I act like I don't know you fools
Y'all niggaz might fuck around, and jack your dog
That's the reason why when we be chilling, my pistol still up in my palm
Cause I done seen some fucked up shit, at the red light
Quickly pass on get my ass on, and keep my head right

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil Boss Hogg]
I'm on a gangsta roll, in my two do' Regal
With four 12's in my trunk, that'll bump like a beetle
Under the seat is the desert eagle, for you and your people
Think you seen it the first time, this ain't nothing but a sequel
Niggaz is hating my G's, keep skating my plates stay scraping
I get most of my product, from Eses to Jamaicans
Bandanas on my left antenna, and they can't standing
The scene is abandoned, when the first shot is fired and landed
Two deep sliding my mask on, really get my blast on
Creeping on cowards cocked up in a Coupe, getting my sag on
Lift the front end up, let the ass end just drag on
Me and a couple of loc niggaz, up in a rag rome
Five deuce and six zones, six treys and six fo's
BMG B's down moves, tree tops and windows
Penitentiary poems on fo' do's, dipping in low low's
Finger fucking my 4-4, on a bitch made nigga fo' do'

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]
Slow mo', when on the block 4's glide so gangsta
Trunk banging and screens raining, let my top down tailored
Nothing but money to make, sliding through the West
Niggaz left me for dead, so now I be equipped with a vest
I got my mug on mind frame, on leave me alone
I ain't gotta explain shit, you niggaz better get the fuck on
I done beat the game, just like my brother would say
If you keep them niggaz away, you live to see another day
I had a hater watching me, (what happened to that boy)
I caught him slipping, and committsed a clapping through that boy
I'm in hella-fied zone, trying to get my rhyme on
If I can't fuck it, I'ma still be breaking down zones
From the bottom to the top, from the top back to the bottom
Whatever they want whatever they need, believe I got em
It ain't no slowing down my hustle, with the block dried out
I'ma bleed every section, until the block bleed out

[Hook - 2x]

[Hook - 2x]