

Z-RO, R U Down

[Z-Ro]

Stained all broke ass niggas in my mix, mix

[Z-Ro]

I heard a stranger say geurilla till I die but motherfuckers be claiming
A name in vein nigga you ain't never witnessed the pain
But I got a diploma for making bitch niggas hold they jaw
When I pull a nine out, I'ma find out witch nigga told the law
When my homie was located incarcerated and simming on one
It's like going from heaven to slum, motherfucker now you know
This is dedicated to you, dear bitch
This is dedicated to the coward niggas of your click
Then jamming out killing to go and get the motherfuckers
but they fin to feel approach from behind
For the mighty motherfuckin power ranger danger becuae of my anger
Never been stranger to run in the chamber so run
Or I'll be coming across the chamber with my gun
No coming back, welcome to my world, I'll show you pain you never seen
Or slapping patches out of niggas and we mean it when we scream it
Never be given a good god damn so don't they go and get us started
Now it's time to show these niggas we the hardest
all I want to know is are you down

[Chorus - 2x]

How many niggas want to ride with me
They say my mob is a threat to society
Because we mobbing in masks
Get the gauge and we blast
And quick to put a motherfucker on his ass
Are you down

[Trae: Geurilla Maab]

Now which one of you niggas is fake
and tell me which one of you niggas are real
I might now find out now
but I guarantee if you cause me then I got your grill
Cause I don't feel, a nigga should chill, with me still
For me, smile in my face and stabbed me in my back seat
Obviously, that nigga ain't down with me
And he ain't who he claim to be, but it ain't no game to me
I take it seriously, and keep my eyes on my motherfucking enemies

[Geurilla Maab]

Got to keep my distance g, cause i know they plotting on me
To set me up for a homicide or robbery
But it ain't no thang to me, cause I got my family
Killa Klan and Geurilla Maab coming cotastraphy
You get snatched if we, feel you less than a man
I'm in a clan where niggas trained to kill with that by hand
But they don't understand, untill they been there
Are you down or what, cause if not than beware

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro}

Stained all broke ass niggas in my mix, mix

[Z-Ro]

Now most of the time I'm by myself cause all of my friends are fake
How many more chins willl have to check
untill the bones in my wrist and my fist finally break
But I was born, as a child of the corn
Now between heaven and hell I'm torn and trapped in a motherfucking storm
I'm ready to kill and I'm ready to die, my mind is constantly gone on fry

You laughed when I bumped you off
then I jumped you off thinking it's about time
To close shop, get the nine glock, put a nigga in a pop box
I need some gin, instead of rate
the murder death kill of a nigga that really won't breath again
But there ain't another nigga that's as cold as I
And I'm gone hold on to my geurillas untill I'm told to die
But motherfuckers be coming in sets when they be rolling by
But motherfuckers are horizontal with a swollen eye
I'ma keep me a lean on rubatussin, got to keep me a glock that I be busting
I got to to keep my eyes open wider, motherfuckers be thinking they Mckeiver
Pull a stunt got a trick up they sleeve
hate me motherfuckers don't like breathing
When a geurilla like me never be leaving
I got a man with a verse that I be reading but are you down

[Chorus - 4x]