

# Z-RO, Still Standing

[Z-Ro talking]

Yes indeed, H-Town, it go down Lil' Flex, Z-Ro, Big Mello  
Know what I'm saying, you boys can't stop us man  
Unstoppable, feel me, yeah  
They got to feel us till they kill us, this for the radio

[Lil' Flex]

Ain't nothing but a g thang baby  
Turnel sets dried yellow bones crazy  
Can't fade me, died lately  
Pulling out the escallade or a mercedes  
Trunk popper, show stopper, drank sipper  
Rule number one is to never tip a stripper  
And I know a lot of y'all want to wish me trouble  
Went from swanging hoo-doo's to a bentley bubble  
Image is everything, diamonds in every ring  
Piece and chains that hang down low to my dang-a-lang  
Stop that, cop that, I'm a baller baby  
Got the rims that poke out on the prowler baby  
I'm the same young cat that dropped the jewels on them  
Next year I'm about to drop 22's on them  
From the Mo to the Fo, back to airport landing  
Diamonds speak for theyself, Flex so outstanding

[Chorus]

Still standing, and you know we represent the south  
And ya know ya know we represent the south  
Still standing, we in the door and these haters can't keep us out

[Big Mello]

I represent that S-O-U-T-H to the S-I-D-E  
Drop screens you can see me completely  
Off the heezy, fa sheezy I'm breezy  
Cause my diamonds they be known to blind hoes like Stevie  
Believe me, outstanding with my family  
From me and Z-Ro and Lil' Flex at the grammy  
Boss player from Texas, you could tell by the necklace  
We gone break these hoes on four's now we frozen the Lexus  
My protected, move around, get around  
Come through show some round when we hit your town  
It go down, whoa now, school slow down  
Watch these fours roll down crawl down your block  
Top drop, trunk knock, glock cocked  
And these shops gone bop, it don't stop  
Won't stop, how it go down  
Harm clock, Mo City, south west still shine, woood

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Screwed up representer these fellas don't want none  
From the land of the trunk poppers where ballers blow tons  
We stacking funds, and living our life out on the run  
In search of a platinum plack trying to get stacks it just begun  
If you talking down move around we ain't having that  
East and West took it before but see we came to grab it back  
Can't see us like cataracts, off in our natural habitat  
That's the studio and bro you know ain't no more selling crack  
Ain't nothing but rocking trash talking on down to the ain't that  
Cause I'm a veteran to this here ever since the days of the Wave Band  
When I was knee high to a grass hopper but now we roll on chppers  
Me and Gene hovering over the ground in candy helicopters  
Now we platinum status without driving a dodge stratus  
Keeping it gangsta energy instinct with a heater to protect us

Man it's third coast, to me our music mean the most  
Big Mello and Lil' Flex and Z-Ro the crooked as your folks and we

[Chorus - 2x]