

Z-RO, The Dirty 3rd

Shirt off at the Kappa, (trousers on)
Dirty Third, Dirty Third

[Z-Ro]

24/7 and around the clock, I'ma keep
My fingas around the glock, when I bust
I be giving no mercy for no damn body
That's gonna get around the shot
I'm the 007 outta Ridgemont 4, with W double O-D
Can't take no ill to the eye, we come so fly
Don't get it twisted I swear I'm fly, I split up jaws
When I spit out rounds, and I really don't give a damn
When a nigga pull the trick up outta my sleeve
I'm making a deuce to the pistol pad
But I'm figgering that hoe, and she call me hurt
Whatever take yourself, or the blood gon squirt
Give me my money for shots or first
When I lick my shots, I clear the concerts
Jay-Jay and the Den-Den, we gon make a mill in the end then
Going overseas, in the jabos and fresh benefits
Decked out to Europe in outfits, steady stacking chips
Slanging birds, with a pen and beat the shit out these verbs
Vocabulary spit nothing but words
Drop mo' songs, than a bird do terds
Riding Excursions, no more 'Burbans, steal them niggas SUV
Screwed Up Click cause my family name, abbreviated like S.U.C.
Cause in the Dirty Third, niggas put prices up on our heads
Cause our cars, be running and haunting
Bitches lose weight, like Jenny Craig

[Hook - 2x]

Its the Dirty Third, slanging rings stacking chips
Quick to pull a strap, empty clips if you trip
Its the Dirty Third, slanging rings stacking chips
We killas with pistol grip, steady letting our rugas rip

[Wood]

We ain't burning the home grown, and Dirty Third where I roam
Slanging birds flipping zones, sipping syrup out our styrofoams
Quick to pull a strap empty clips, if you trip
We killas with pistol grip, steady letting our rugas rip
At the peak of my game I'm gets the grain, I'm leaving a stain
Piece and chain its bezeltaine, bracelets watch and pinky rings
Twenty inches to roll, played and stole and pulling hoes
Serve drank by the four, blowing bud in studios
Its paying me feddy and cheese, triple beams and doja cream
Chop on blades and swang on threes, SUV's and Humvees
The W double O-D, Z-Ro and Enjoli
He said it once befo', look at what you done to me
Thought it was over but it ain't, I separate the real and the fake
You sugar coated bustas, you put the filling in the cake
I'm still balling while moving J-A-T's, SKA no AMG's
In the Dirty Third we shipping ki's and, platinum c.d.'s nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Enjoli]

Little figga to you hoes, and all my foes
I done squashed the plex so what's next, I rose
From the bottom to the top, Third Coast won't stop
Southsive for live, when trunks knocking tops drop
And the G's body rock, I ride to these
Looking good gripping wood, with a ounce of the tweed
Having fun in the sun, making money by the tons

Stacking papas pulling capas, staying sharp for the evil ones
So lay it down 'fore the sparks fly
S.U.C. full of moves, niggas we on the rise
Hopping outta wide bodies, and it don't stop
Enjoli be the queen, and you bout's to ride (say what)
It be so lovely it be so nice, being twice
Stay blinding you hoes, six figgas and reunite
Moving state to state, pushing albums like weight
Better regulate, and still screeeeaming

[Hook - 3x]