

Z-RO, Eyes On Niggas

(*talking*)

Ha, S.U.C. to the motherfucking fullest
Me and my nigga Trae and Duwan
Steady everyday dump bullets, on you hoe ass
Bitch made niggas, I got my switchblade nigga

[Hook - 2x]

We ride on niggas, and disguise on niggas
Glock cocked we hop out, and surprise on niggas
Fiending to pull another homicide, on niggas
So I keep my enemies close, and my eyes on niggas

[Z-Ro]

I keep my eyes on niggas, cause they watching me
Setting up road blocks, planning on stopping me
But they can't stop me G, cause I'm way too throwed
Blowing on dro, so I'm way too blowed
I'm way too dranked out, sipping on bar
Don't matter who you is, don't matter who you are
I flip with my kin folk, Jay'Ton
Got my motherfucking, AK on
Your motherfucking fo'head
Like Darrel Burton, I'll be leaving many mo' dead
Up in the motherfucking bushes, nigga don't push me
I'll leave the scene red and gushy, like pussy
Don't give a fuck about nothing, but my paper
Holla at you later, me and Trae and Jay about to pull a caper
Running up in your motherfucking house, today and tomorr-a
Taking your TV, and your V-C to the R-a

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

I don't give a fuck, no mo'
It's the nigga Ro, and I stay on dro
Gotta have a crease, in my motherfucking clothes
Standing on the stage, rock a crucified show
Holla at the Trae, holla at the Jay'Ton
I can make the season change, at the wave of a wand
We don't give a damn about nothing, but stacking
Renegade packing, steady bad ac'ing
Ask Lil' C, cause he's a bad actor
That's my damn partna, man and we after
Nothing but the platinum placks, gold placks and all of that
Fatter stack, cause we don't know how to act
We don't jack, nigga we get it legal
I'ma have a bitch barking, that's my desert eagle
Once it bark, everybody gon listen
Everytime I smile, my gold and diamond glissen

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

We ride on niggas, then we glide on niggas
Popping trunk on 4's, and look fly on niggas
If a nigga talking down, I'm fin to slide me a nigga
Put his ass six feet, then I'll be a grave digger
That's the Trae, the nigga from the Maab
And I don't give a damn, you see me strutting in my dob
I'm looking so playa in a throwback, with a black Lac
Grab a gat where the haters at, time to push back
Like I'm Fat Pat doing em raw, I put it down
One more time for the shine, when I put it on I'm blind
Have they ever seen a G, like Trae

Coming through sideways, flip the Few Quay
Repping for the blue and the gray, all day
You ever see my mug, get to mean that I don't play
I'm quick to spray, I'm with a K and a Mack 1-0
I'm fin to leave a bitch dead, with a tag on the toe

[Hook - 2x]