

## And 2 My G's

Z-Ro

One of my partnas have been shot  
And all that's going through my mind  
Is he dead or alive, when I'm pacing the flo'  
And looking around 4-5  
Thinking of the worst, but nobody would tell me the drama  
But the silence is killing me, checking on his family  
Saying a prayer for him and his mama  
Come through sit at his bedside, and ease his pain  
Relieve my tension, I'm flinching when they mention name  
Big D, come G, I don't want you to die  
Remember when we use to dip  
In your day-day Coupe and get high  
Remember, when you use to think I was crazy and wouldn't chill with me  
You come to get me up the flip, and smoke some kill with me  
I really appreciate the love that was shown  
I'ma keep the faith and never leave you alone  
You can depend on me, got down on my knees  
And I prayed, until you recovered  
Then jumped your big ass, right back off in the game  
Because there's money to be made, and I won't knock you  
Just watch yourself when you in them streets  
And keep your heater, under your seat when you creep

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You use to call me G.I., but to me you was s soldier indeed  
Even though you dodged the cops daily, you would hit my crib up with weed  
Freestyling to beats, and smoking on fire sweet and parlay  
You should of got a purple heart, for living in a war everyday  
If he's really a friend, you would turn him in  
That's what the laws would tell us  
And fellas would talk about turning you in  
How could your hood be so jealous  
And ready to give out the location, of a G on the move  
Somebody tell me, is your partna's freedom worth some money to you  
But I know he's in the county jail stressed, fuck stabbing you in your back  
Cause they smile up in your face, and stab you in your chest  
And its kinda hard, to receive the swishas they pass me  
When I feel I got to watch the people, they call his still family  
Must a song be coming, cause it happened the way you said it would unfold  
My name is Grady, and they watch me like the Super Bowl  
Now that your not around, I'ma still put it down the way you told me to do  
And when I go gold its dedicated to you, and to my G's

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I'm still trying to figure out what happened  
One minute you here, then the next you was gone  
Just think quick, I lost my nigga  
Victimized to the game, and we still mourn  
But nigga hold on, cause I know its living life  
Trapped in this cell, trying to ease the pain  
But it still remains, every time I put you in jail  
And its hard to accept the fact, that you a cellmate my nigga  
Po' out some liquor, and sho' wish was here to light, up this swisha  
And I'll never forget the advice you gave me bout life, cause you were right  
Don't shake them dikes, cause the rules apply, ain't always precise  
I'm paying a price, my freedom been taken away  
And they threw away the key, trapped in misery  
Cause suffering forced me to run these streets so desperately  
And to my G's watch your back, cause it ain't no love in these streets  
It seems like each day, there's a different way, to fall victim to defeat  
Cause if you real with your boy, it don't hurt to see him fall off  
When a forty get low point to the curb, just letting you know you thought of  
No matter what when you get out, thangs'll still be the same  
But until then hold on nigga, and don't worry bout a damn thang

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This world is not my home, I'm just a passing through  
My treasures are laid out, somewhere beyond the blue  
The angels beckon me, from Heaven's open doors  
And a nigga can't feel at home in the this world no mo'  
Feel at home in this world no mo'