

Continue 2 Roll

Z-Ro

Block to block corner to corner, looking at the devil
Making my brothers think, they got nine lives
They was so gangsta, until Lucifer got 'em caught up in a drive by
Lil' kids, witness father and uncles pass on
Then they grow up, to get they blast on
Everybody saying, that the black community is out control
Even in the suburbs, brains get blown
They blame rap, for the murder rate
But people go to the movies, and see murder for seven dollars then they imit
ate
What they done seen, on Terminator 1 through 3
Swarchengger's the Governor, we get L-I-F-E
Innocent victims, get a free ride to the grave
People that work hard get robbed, for every penny they save
It's like it ain't gon ever change, this world we live in cold
I hit my Hypnotic, then I continue to roll

La-la-la-la-la-la-la, as we con-tinue to roll
(2x)

Can't even ride, through the hood no mo'
Without police pulling us over, looking for ounces of do'
Just cause I'm black, and got diamonds on my gold teeth
Ain't enough evidence, to say I sold a quarter ki
But even still, that's the way it is
And the main reason homes are broken, and baby mamas shed tears
And have to raise, they kids one deep
In and out of relationships, looking for a man so people pardon creeps
But what I see, is just a soul trying to survive
The main reason why d-boys, hustle with twenties and dimes
Lil' mama I feel your pain, trying to get ahead
Don't let that be the reason, with 24 hour open legs
I know life, is hard nosed
Will we ever get our forty acres and our mule, only God knows
Ain't no love seem like it ain't gon ever change, this world we live in is c
old
Hit my gin and juice, and then I continue to roll

La-la-la-la-la-la-la, as we con-tinue to roll
(2x)

Ain't no love in the sex no mo', I see Bloods killing Bloods
And cuz killing cuz, I remember when it was
La familia, when we threw the sign
But brothers don't keep it gangsta, when brothers be doing time I ain't lyin
g
That's why everybody, be on they own
Talking to they partna baby mama, on they mobile phone
Hood ain't hood, it don't matter where you living
Somebody from your hood, will try to make you take their place in prison
Ask my partna Griffin, why they be snitching and telling
Watching your pocket getting jealous, cause they mail ain't swelling
Before you know it you a felon, waiting on a release
Thinking revenge, cause a friend got you took off the streets
And then they wonder, why I roll solo
When I'm in the hood, don't consider Z-Ro as your homie no mo'
Let Ro go loc seem like it ain't gon ever change, this world we live in is c

old

Hit my Mississippi Mud, and continue to roll