

Everyday, Samethang

Z-Ro

When the fetti be rollin' setty, won't nobody be home
When the money start lookin' funny, all my friends get gone
Concerts and studio times, they love to come and kick it
But without gas money Z-ro gone miss it
I thought to myself, this feels like nobody hear me
Even though I screamin' I must be a demon cuz won't nobody come near me
People laugh at me because I ain' got respect like faith
F**k respect I do this to keep a ride and a place
Will I survive cuz God is watchin'
Satan takin' my sanity please God stop it
Im feelin' like Snoop cuz murder is the case that they gave me
They knew I ain' do it, but just to they permission they wanna hang me
I'm feelin' like Jesus when he was about to be crucified
Please everyone if you don't help me then you could die
Suicide is safety, but it's definite hell
Somebody dead and I'm stressin' in jail
I'm sangin' the blues

Everyday I'm still goin' through the samethang
I'm tryin' so hard just to maitain
All I ever wanted was just to make a lil' change
I'm real but niggas still talk downon my name
Everyday I'm still goin' through the samethang
I'm tryin' so hard just to maitain
All I ever wanted was to be in the rap game
Cuz my people step on me like I'ma flow mad fame

I'm used to mother organizations, and locs of my own
Evaporate like brillo, when fiends smokin' that stones
That's the way we live in the ghetto, if we could we'd change
But don't nobody love us but trouble, so that's why we bang
Many funerals to go to, I don't go to none
Never look in a pinebox, until I see Z-ro in one
Ain' no future in front, and I'm scared to be decease
But it seems like the only way a guerilla-mobb gangsta gone see peace
Cuz mama waitin' on me, her grandma Bezzy
Tellin' me ain' no hatas in heaven, or detectives to sweat me
And a mansion a home in the ground, that'll be mine
Hand ready singin' praises to God that'll be fine
Plus they tell me the streets made of gold
Here people murder people, the webbin' in heaven is under your toes
It ain' hard doin' right, it's just hard to succeed
I wanna live but it's hard to breathe
It got me singin' blues

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I came along way, but it's still alot of road up ahead
To be honest I'm feelin' like I'm suppose to be dead
People feelin' like I suppose be happy cuz I'm makin' some ends

But I'm lonely cuz I cannot communicate with my friends
Niggas I grew up with, be actin' like we ain' grow up together
F**k hoes, and po' up together
Nigga you cried on my shoulders and I cried on yours
Yeah you rode on my enemies, so I ride on yours
But it's a different day and time
And we don't even kick it
Ain' nobody got to holla no mo' it's strictly buisness
But I tell you this, I will always have love for ya
The same nigga bitch I still shed blood for ya
The same nigga blood bitch I love ya
I went to school to fight niggas for you,
Even though we wasn't blood brothers
F**k that, we was brothers
What we is now
I can't do nothin' but continue my years out
But it's all gravy, ain' nobody gotta chill with
Only thing I ask nigga keep it real with me

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