

# 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  
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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 peole, 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 buisiness  
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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