

# Gonna Get Easier

Z-Ro

And essay is cocked strong, giving you something  
To ride and get high to, I'm chilling in the studio  
With H-Town's finest a nigga they call Z-Ro  
So go on and bump this shit, and to all you  
Niggas who I done jacked in the game  
Fuck y'all I got my beams on your ass, right

Everytime you see me I'm a different nigga, but don't worry  
About my aim, I'm consistently accurate with the trigger  
My nigga don't count your chickens 'fore they hatch  
If you owe me some feddy you better pay me I'm ignorant bout my scratch  
I don't trust nan nigga cause nothing but hate they be sending me  
Can't determine my friends from my enemies  
I done had partners that done helped me when my life was on the line  
Talking about hitting me right back I'm trying to knock this bitch down  
Putting pussy before your partners disrespecting the game  
What about you broke in them titty bars be collecting your change  
Trick, nigga with all these bitch niggas are made to bleed  
Since you  
But I remain calm, pill popping smoking and leaning if I wasn't high  
I'd leave these niggas choking and screaming

Ooh child, things are gonna get easier  
Ooh boy things will get brighter  
(2x)

I keep my middle finger pointed out at all times, lyrically  
Abuse somebody in all rhymes, indodging in felonious to the small crime  
Everybody want to do a song with Ro, but none  
Of these niggas want to get down on a couple of zones with Ro  
Fuck rapping, I need some right now money, it's getting crucial  
I'll be jacking for some right now money  
Niggas ain't ready for the episodes that I supply  
PCP influenced, I'm relentless nigga you can die  
Fuck all these niggas and these white folks, I'm all alone  
No friends cause in the fucking end a nigga dies all alone  
About to meet my maker, I hope my life is right  
But it's hard to focus when killers try to murder me every night  
I guess this life is really hard now, fiending for the day that this war sto  
ps  
Pulling my pistol everytime a car stops  
Live by the sword, die by the sword, nigga my time is borrowed  
I paint this for another tomorrow

Ooh child, things are gonna get easier  
Ooh boy things will get brighter  
(2x)

I'm crucified by the media because I'm loved by the public  
Even though I'm rated number one keep your thumbs up and shove it  
They said I'm trying to sound like Pac is my confession to that  
Bitch I can't help it if I sound similar when I be stressing the fact  
See I'm gone scream it cause I mean it anything less ain't excepted  
The fact that I'm dark and I'm restless is no resort of living reckless  
Rest in peace to my niggas that got caught up in the struggle  
But I'm showing love to the niggas that don't want to see me bubble  
But I take that back, fuck you, I made it to the top ten on my own

And every bitch in every city is singing my song  
Imagine that I use to sleep on a corner  
Even in year two triple O, fuck working I'm selling marijuana  
Pulling the bull up over my eyes you just can never tell  
But I know if I'm faking I try to rap now one of tapes gone sell  
I predicted being real by staying true to myself  
Now suicide is something I don't want to do to myself

Year two tripple O, Z-Ro, the new motherfucking don  
Feel that, my nigga Cocked Strong from Sinner Tone  
Day one my nigga, know I'm saying  
We gone put it down

Ooh child, things are gonna get easier  
Ooh boy things will get brighter  
(2x)