

Happy Alone

Z-Ro

I know they don't, give a fuck about me
I promise, I'll be happy alone
Whether you see me on TV, or these streets
My attitude, is leave me the fuck alone
I know they don't, give a fuck about me
I promise, I'll be happy alone
Whether you see me on TV, or these streets
I'm not a rapper homie, I'm just a G

How the fuck can they love me
If they out there in the streets, talking dooown mayn
How they fuck can they love me
If they look at my money, like it's not miiiiine yeah
yeah
Homie I come from the street, live my life by the rules
If I owe ya I'm gon' get ya, might be ten years due
Guarantee it'll be a visit, if you fuck with my food
Smile in my face and stab me in my back, that's what
busters do
Me, I go it alone what the fuck is a crew
A bunch of people, that want me to do what they want me
to do
I don't take orders, if anythang I'ma give them bitches
You must of thought by having my child, you guaranteed
to get riches
Shit I told you last album, to go on 'head and file on
me
Hate me so bad, I know it hurt ya to see a smile on me
Bitch I'm a boss, you trying to talk to me like I'm a
trick
One hundred and twenty thousand a month, I guess I am
that bitch

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Trying to make it to heaven, is hard as hell
They out to get me baby mamas, and my boys as well
They say they love me but do they love me, it's hard to
tell
They love his freedom, but forget him when their boy's
in jail
I was driving, but the shit was where the passenger
ride
So now-a-days it ain't nobody, on my passenger side
Eating bullshit, wearing white and passing the time
I swear it wasn't no cotton, up in that mattress of
mine
So use to mean mugging, I swear I gotta practice to
smile
But I got that Hercules hustle, you can't challenge my

grind
My partnas had money, but got mad when I had to get
mine
That's why I took the time to tell em, to kiss my ass
in this rhyme
They said I didn't even rap good enough, to go get a
stack
But now I'm headlining a long way, from the opening act
They wanted to burn my dreams, I still smell the smoke
in the back
Even if they kill me I'll come back homie, to go and
get that that's right

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White boy Jimmy, he the reaslest nigga I know
It's because of him I'm walking the streets a free man,
and I appreciate that bro
God damn, I don't wanna go to prison no mo'
Beside T. Ferris and bitches, don't nobody visit no mo'
I'm not complaining my nigga, just saying how it is
They say it's lonely at the top, I guess that's how it
is
I swear I ain't seen nobody, in the last thirty days
Ro must of fell off, that's what them haters that can't
stand me say
But I ain't never been a bitch, don't know how to be a
hoe
Only thang I know how to do, is collect that dough
If you owe me money, pay me on time
And 7 tre fo' 2-4, death before dishonor on mine
Me be a punk, I would have to leave this world for that
Matter fact, my mama could of had a girl for that
I'm cool as a popsicle, in the freezer in the winter
time
But I'm a damn fool, and I have about respect so give
me mine

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