

It's A Shame

Z-Ro

Gotta make sure these words are understandable
Cause it's a motherfucking shame, all these short
Comings in the game, hoe ass niggas, hoe ass bitches
Know I'm saying

I'm still King of the Ghetto, ain't a damn thang changed
Still sip out the prescription bottle, with hydro on my brain
It help a nigga make it through the drama, swear to God
I be feeling like busting heads, and relocate to the Bahamas
But I don't wanna be a runaway, I love my block
But I can't seem to put my gun away, friends be killing friends
So I don't make no ends, with nobody I know
Cause if nobody gets nervous, then nobody's gotta go
That's the G-Code, and I will busting simply, then I will reload
Sick of all of this gun bumping, from you people
Turning a Christian into someone who is evil, Z-Ro
Motherfuckers all up in my business, broadcasting my life
Presidential Records suing Z-Ro, and his pockets ain't right
Why they wanna spread rumors, bout Ro Dog
Turn me to a menace to society like O-Dog

It's a shaa-aa-ame, the way they fuck around with my mind
It's a shaa-aa-ame, the way they try to hurt me
It's a shaa-aa-ame, the way they got me walking round with my nine
Raised on game, a soldier that's showing no mercy

When I wake up, I be wishing to find another way to make a living
Baking a cake, back in the kitchen got my palms itching
Scratch that with a fat stack, of Benjamin Franklin, y'all better
Back back trying to get my stack, I got a black mack in a black backpack
I know you jealous niggas, hate me cause I shine
They know I be rolling one deep, trying to follow behind
I gotta handle my business, by myself cause I'm alone
Really nothing to live fo', no more wife no more kids at home
Ain't that a shame, I'm losing everything I love
When they fuck up its okay, but when it's me they hold a grudge
You think I ain't know, you was fucking over Z-Ro
With Lil' Shannon around the time, your vehicle was reposed
My love for you was that of a mother, one I never had
I know we could never be again, I'm forever sad
But a hustler, gotta keep hustling
Until then, I-10 drug smuggling

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Sometimes I be wondering, if I'm ever gon make it
Ducking and dodging poverty, am I ever gon shake it
Every nigga I deal with, keeps saying they down
Why my money be funny, everytime it be coming round
I told him tell em 25 hundred, he told em three thousand
Making me miss out on money, Sam gon witness me clowning
When you give a nigga a inch, they try to take the whole ruler
After my inches, nothing but the forty-four ruger
Who am I, Z-Ro the Crooked I'm not a hoe

But instead of busting your head, I'ma go on and let you go
I'ma receive my blessing, better believe my weapon
Is a first, from the basic instructions before leaving earth
The bible, and if we follow it properly its survival
We gotta listen sometimes, even though we wanna all shine
And glisten sometimes, remember we on a heavenly mission sometimes

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One love to my motherfucking soldier niggas
J-Pimp, my nigga Rice aka sliding up under something
When they get outta line