

# 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