

Look What You Did to Me

Z-Ro

But the only thing I really seem to understand, is murda mo'
They tell me keep my trigga finger easy, I'll open up your body
Too many casualties around here, dead bodies around here
And I can't get caught up, preacher can you save me, save me

They said it was gonna get greater later
But now I can't help to think that it ain't
But a nigga was fed up with this life, thinking about running over to play
Cross my wrist, every last drop till I faint
Taken out there, pulling smith for the thangs that I never did
Coming up as a a young kid
Trying to get rid of all the animosity towards me
That was shown by the other kids, what do I do
And why do everybody wanna see a nigga fall
Mama and daddy can't be found
So when I'm stressed out, who the fuck can I call
All alone in my zone, with no friends
So I chose to make friends with drugs
Cause everyday, everybody around me
Trying to clown me, so I got afraid and I got buzzed
Out of frustration came aggravation
Depression coming down in my mind
Kept a nigga confused and straight crying
Dying, from sweet sticks in line
Threwed off in my my mind
Trying to wonder why do Jesus let this keep happening
To a nigga that's steady being on his knees
And I'm begging you please, have mercy on me
Find a nigga a better way, right about now I'm to the point
Somebody better take this infrared away
Cause if it go too long, and I got a piece of chrome
And I want to you to come and look and see
The monster that you've created, look at what you did to me

They tell me how the liquor ain't good for me
But it drowns out the vision of my casket
It's either my life or your life, that's right
I'm gon let you haaave it
Everyday haters, can't understand
The way I move my hands in ways, not known to man
Cause I can't get caught up
Preacher can you save me, save me

Could it be the invisible, individual nigga
That got to get more bigger
But big got a hand on one hitter, quarter I got bigger
Motherfucking bombs mo' skits with a trigga
Shoots gun missiles, dropping a bomb
Chucking hand grenades, C4's explode
When I be sleeping on the same bench, for nine days
Living off of hot water and cheerios
Here it goes, my click back gotta roll
Nigga mom was thinking throwed
A 24 fists apposed to those
They acting like nothing but bitches and hoes
Suppose, all a nigga wanted was the good life
Live in upper class, laying back on my ass

With a maid and a butler
Sipping on a ice cold glass
God damn it, I'ma do it but I had to start in the deuce
To em, nine plus one that's ten
Better think, many murders would of been avoided
I just wanted a friend, feel me
But they can't kill me, cause I don't give a fuck
If I bust with a gun, cause I don't give a damn no mo'
You ain't dealing with the same motherfucker from three years ago
When a nigga fight fair, knocking a patch out your hair
But it quickly, from a damn breaking, a nigga going crazy
Look at what civilization done made me
This is my era of terror, I am the man with the gun
That admitted never to miss, would of ever miss
When it be busting, a lot of you gonna be rushing
Cause a nigga war like this
Innocent child with a smile with a dream of advanced
To the top, but I got a gun in your mouth
You want to respect me now, should of
Respected a nigga when you had a chance
Haters, been making me into a punk trying to figure me weak
Better get ready, fore' them put zip-locs
And a whole of cops, and a whole lot of blood stained
Sheets, drunk a lot of beers, she'd a bunch of tears
When I reminisce on them years, when I see little boys and girls
Living the life that I wanted to live
Since I really couldn't live with it
It's gonna be hard for the other motherfuckers to try
Cause they dying, hey mama
I want my Tunker toys right now
Don't make me cry, I don't wanna have to kill again
I kill em out, till the world is empty
Look at the the album cover
That's what you did to me

If I done told you once
I done told you a thousand times
It's plain to see that you can't change me
Nigga cause I'ma forever be a nigga for life
A thug nigga, a Guerilla Maab nigga
A Killa Klan nigga, a Mo City nigga
Mo City mean mo killers, mo blood spillers
Mo burglars, mo murderers
Mo kick door burglars, mo niggas
That'll slap a patch out your motherfucking ass
For real, count on it, respect it
Trust it and believe it, we ain't no
Fake ass niggas we real, packing loaded steel
Ready to bust at will, we don't love you
Look at what you did to me