

Lord Tell Me Why

Z-Ro

Lord tell me why
Ooh child, things are gonna get easier
Ooh boy things will get brighter

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After living through drive-by's got a nigga ready for war
500 push-ups everyday to keep my knock out punches up to par
Cause everybody want to test me, knocking them down punching
But they want to bust will I fight to jump so would the lord bless me
To keep on breathing leaving niggas unconscience
When I'm punching I'm going hard in the paint, so pack a lunch
To the niggas that we killing don't feel like you the only motherfucker
That really don't think we even love eachother
Gorilla till I die for real murdered by my right hand man
Or prosecuted by the white man's hand
I don't think I'm living to die, but I'm dying to live up under the stress
Fin to lose my cool so come out even to have you rest
All my sins are forgiven for living violently
With a gun in my hand, I'm creeping up on them moving silently
They left my people alone when my cutlass exploded on the side of the road
The motherfuckers thought I died in the load

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Am I the hunter or the most hunted
telling my people they don't need a high to get by
But I'm telling a lie cause I'm the most blunted
Hard to practice my preaching when I'm under the stress
And I'm walking around with a 12-gauge sawed off
and a suicide note up under my vest
I want to live in peace but drama won't allow me
That's why my mind is gone, I'm seeing x's and tylenol three
But do you really want to see a nigga with the vendetta
Make everybody kill somebody I'm a trend setter
First I was spending my time with family mobbing showing my brother's love
Never thought it would it happen to shoot first releasing my brother's blood
, uh
Why do these rookies want to rumble, got to do him in
Even if he's my kin that's the only way the cookies crumble
Calling up on your name in vain, this time I took a bow
But if there was ever a time I needed you god I need you now, lord oh mercy
Cause I don't wanto to die by the hands of my own kind
Really to get true to the overdose and free my own mind, hell yeah

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I no longer need the weed to reach another level, I'm on a natural high
But I looked the devil in his eye, thinking the song I'm a survivor
Things ain't what they seem my yellows are green
People are demons, demons are people in my dreams, what does it mean
I'm trying come out of this motherfucking nightmare
Going against all odds but mama said they never fight fair
Somebody put a price on my head for living dead
Hoes was capping but now they in my bed, but they choosing to giving me head
Rags to riches, sagging the creases in my breaches
66 Impala candy dancing playing with he switches
Finding away from righteousness and learning to sin
You'd be the same nigga that's kicking the door with me that's turning me in
Uh, why do the fiends buy dope from me they know they don't get high from me
Why do the fiends buy dope from me knowing that they gone die from me
A nigga was plexing with my partner why did he pull his gun
Now everybody related or cool with you can die that's on my son

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