

# Lord Tell Me Why

Z-Ro

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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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