

Man Cry

Z-Ro

I greet the Father, on my knees
With a bowed head and a humbled heart, my conversation is have mercy on me please

I just wanna be happy, will it come to bad
Fresh out of my mind been 27 years, and every day I've seen is sad
Even though I've tried till I've cried, I can't even stand
Feels like I've died a thousand times, but just can't make it man
Ain't nothing different about me, doing dirt
Except I've never crept up on a come up, maybe that's why the hustling hurts

I remember just like it was yesterday, I'm 16
Can't find no love can't find no peace, I wonder what it means
Could it be because, I didn't choose the devil all the time
I became an outcast to the hood, restricted to my rhyme
Why couldn't I just live my life, without my talent making danger
Jealousy is now state jail, from friends that turned to strangers
They hate me, I don't understand why
I swear I never seen a man cry, till it was my own eye

I'm 21, and think I finally got a grip on life
And all bills paid apartment, a step-son and a step-wife
But without a vehicle, it's kinda hard to get around
If I got weed I ride for free, if not my partners let me down
So now I'm loving to be one deep so much, I'm hating people
Lookin at everybody, even babies like they Satan people
Nobody understand me, everybody's tripping with me
Wonder why when I gotta ride, were none of my people flipping with me
Too many haters, trying to take a player off his game
Not trying to be ballerific, I'm just trying to have some thangs
They're just like crabs in a bucket, these people pull me down
If I didn't have so many obstacles, think where I could be now
On MTV or BET, or in some magazine
Instead I'm stressing, hooked on codeine headed to tragedy
Sometimes I think, it's better just to die
Because I never seen a man cry, till it was my own eye

(what's happening now) in the year 2006, ain't nothing changed for Ro
12 albums strong looking for do', but yet I'm still po'
Now I done had and I done lost, and I done had again
On the verge of suicide, I deeply wish I had a friend
But even still a good samaritan, is Z-Ro's way
And with that Christian attitude, I caught a homeboy case
I done took too many blows, a punching bag is how I feel
The deep depression starts to set, sanity's outta here
I start my mission, trying to find my faith
CDC number four in name, I'm feeling oh so helpless in this place
I want revenge, it's heavy on my mind
But Aunt Sandra say don't fight evil with evil, try to relax and do your time
I heard a voice, and felt there wasn't no need in acting up
Realized I wasn't at peace with God, and had to patch it up
Hopin that blessings, fall out of the sky
Z-Ro ain't never seen a man cry, until it was his own eye