

# My Life

Z-Ro

Who is my friend who is my foe, I just can't tell no mo'  
Cause seem like everywhere I go, somebody got a problem with Ro  
It might be somebody from the past, or somebody I don't know  
Bottom line I ain't never fucked with nobody, why y'all fucking with me fo'  
It's a trip, to see how all these people scream my name  
Cause I could remember whole lot of em, that said I'd never make it in the rap game  
Look at me now though, I got cars and cash  
And since I'm able to say fuck regular weed, I get hydro by the bag  
I'm the same nigga white tennis shoes, blue jeans and a white t-shirt  
24/7 all day and night, around the clock that's how we work  
I could give a fuck, about these niggaz wanting beef  
They been muted by my paper chase, interrupt me you might come up deceased  
Bitch I'm a product, of the streets  
Plus I'm an animal that seem raw and untamed, and J. Prince got me off the leash  
I'm a motherfucking beast, when it come down to my bread  
Hey red you pull the cover back, it's time to lay in your bed

In my life, don't nobody wanna see me win  
In my life, they'd rather see me disgusted with no ends  
In my life, everyday another friend turn to a foe  
That's why my motto is fuck friends, hand me my do'  
In my life, I still struggle to make ends meet  
It ain't gravy just cause you see me on TV, I'm almost back on the streets  
In my life, bitch I done seen and heard it all  
So I'm one deep till my casket, I ain't fucking with y'all

I use to ride or die for you, like you was my gal or something  
Simply cause you gave a damn about me, when I had nothing  
When all the homies use to laugh at me, because I was broke  
You would make a plate for me, and we might sip a six or a fo'  
And even though you had a nigga, you said I could spend the night  
But out of respect for both of y'all, I chose to kick it under the street light  
Hell yeah I was attracted to ya baby, and you know that  
I still feel like we look good, together on a Kodak  
But a lot of bullshit, been floating round in the air  
I 'sposed to said some disrespectful shit, now you hate a playa  
And to that skinny bitch with the rigid gold, you need to shut the hell up  
Tal'n bout I made you suck my dick for a ride, yeah I made your throat swell up  
But tell it, how it really went down  
Cause we was coming from the studio, and you leaned over from the passenger side  
Yeah you was trying to get me, to let you spend the night  
But since I turned you down, you throwing mo' salt in my life

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Life is hard but it's fair, and even though it might rain  
I got my galoshes plus my umbrella, ain't no stopping me mayn  
Whenever seen my way I'ma deal with it, then send it right back  
I been the underdog all my life, that's why I bark like that  
And fuck a friend nigga, y'all wasn't trying to kick it when I didn't have n  
o ends nigga  
Y'all must think, I'm a fool  
Proolly just wanna flip in my whip, and have me pay for the weed  
But I'll be damned if I blow my hard earned money, on anyone else but me  
I came to this bitch one deep, and that's how I'm gon go  
And the way I see it I owe nobody nothing, ain't nobody gon get no do'  
Z-Ro King of the Ghetto, and the Mo City Don  
Everybody around me is strapped, that's why you never see me with a gun  
I get my funds, cause it's the time of the month to pay bills  
I ain't rich, ain't no difference between me and the people across the stree  
t for real  
Homie, I'm just trying to pay bills  
I ain't rich, ain't no difference between me and the people across the stree  
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