

My Sermon

Z-Ro

Just a bunch of bags receiving blows, trying to maintain
Dealing with insanity, probably dumping demanding me
Started out at a slow pace, now I'm losing it rapidly
Trying to keep my faith in God, but my spirit is scarred
I wanna do it but if I do it, I won't wake up to the Lord
I'm living hard, ain't nobody giving me no handouts
Since I'm one deep I get all the attention, therefor I stand out
Now everybody know, I don't socialize keeping
To myself, cause partnas might be bad to my health
Coming around, when I got a few ends when a nigga broke
They chunk the deuce, that's what they grooving
Mr. Z-Ro staying home alone, kicking it with my plastic or chrome
Until I find peace, I continue to roam
I just wanna be left alone, let me make it 'fore I snap this is my sermon
I'm a preacher, bitch this is deeper than rap

Sinning tripping, on this ghetto life
No one understands the life of the fast
Ain't no sense in, trying to close my eyes
Cause out this ghetto, I know that I must rise

Let me clear throat, so I can tell you about this life of sin
I hope that you can cope, we killing eachother to make some divid-ends
I don't wanna sound crazy, but I'll make you push up daisies
You better give it up give it up, give it to me
Let me clear throat, even though I don't want to I'm hustling all night long
I had to learn the ropes, I got nickels and dimes
And 20's and halves, and even whole zones
I won't sell to no undercover, I'm gonna let my mack 10 stutter
You better give it up give it up, I gotta stay free

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I done lost all of my old school fools, to the bullet
Trigga happy motherfuckers, catch a beatdown grip the trigger and pull it
Staying high, elevated above the stress
Hoping God blessed a familiar face, might slug my vest
And ever since the days, of a little child
Sported a frown, like it was going out of style
Adolescence to juvenile, to a grown man
Innocent Christian, till I woke up with the blood on my on hand
God please forgive me for sinning, I'm on a mission
Gotta do something about it, fuck bitching with a vivid vision of prison
I'm paranoid, walking through the graveyard
On my knees screaming, release me from the demon
Mighty savior, the pain is major I've been hurting so long
I'd rather be wet when I'm depressed, cause I don't even know what's wrong
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(2x)

Sinning tripping, sinning tripping

Z-Ro, Z-Ro - (2x)

Sinning tripping, sinning tripping

Yeeeeeeah

Cause out this ghetto, I know that I must rise

No one understands the life of the fast

Z-Ro, Z-Ro, Z-Ro