

Shelter In The Storm

Z-Ro

Of course I'm thankful for another day, my Lord I can't lie
But everytime I wake up, seem like one of my people gotta die
Anthrax poisoning, Hussein and them blew up the Trade Center
Summer, Fall, Spring, Winter, people in the projects getting thinner
Barely enough government cheese, left to feed the rats
But we gotta get it how we live, and how we live is selling crack
How we live is kicking doors, how we live is pimping whores
How we live is what we do, so we don't live like this no more
How we live is wrapping em up, shipping em out wait to receive
An overloaded Houston Texas, niggaz make they own bleed
Every night another murder scene, that could of been prevented
But the truth is we most def, and the last soul tormented
Every now and then I duck my head, up in the sunday service
That's the only place where 5-0, won't burst us bust us
Nigga they don't love us, they wanna relocate us to the Penn
We wanna do right, but all we see is sin

In this land, we need you Jesus
Lord have mercy, we need shelter in the time of storm
Uh-huh, well, well, well

Yeah, Rostafar-i help me, help me
All the young picking them, living in a rush just to get wealthy (wealthy)
And in the ghetto, we struggle or we hustle till we bubble
On top, eliminating competition when we buck shot
Don't press that new, but a new clear shot
Fire, fire, fire, fire (fire)
Too many sickness and disease, under attack from overseas
Mighty job me and for God, please come save the day
If I should die before I wake, me leave a blessing for me people today
Mighty job me and for God upon you, take this pain away

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Now I lay me, down to sleep
I pray the Lord keep my body, as my enemies creep
Don't wanna be another statistic, living through c.d.'s
Either the graveyard or max. security, prison you'll see G's
Look at the homie's little girl, she ain't nothing but sixteen
Trying to support three kids, so she stay coming out her jeans
Getting pimped, by somebody that still live with they mama
But that's the only way she know, to get away from all the drama
As for books, the mind is a terrible thing to waste
As for crooks, the nine is a terrible thing to taste
Ask them niggaz that don bit the bullet, but they still here
My nigga we ain't seen God befo', but we still fear
I asked him for a blessing, and he sent me Eugene
Now I got two cars, a crib and everyday I dress clean
But it ain't no love, they wanna put a nigga in the Penn
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