

Still Livin'

Z-Ro

One deep until I die, so your help I refuse it (4x)

I hear some haters want me dead, but I ain't never been a stranger to drama
The most hated around the world, just like my name was Osama
Picture my Cheve riding low, boys watching me like the FEDs
They'd rather see me dead, instead of watching me get my bread
Some of my closest niggaz, wanna see me lose it all
But the love of my name is on, they can't get in my shoes at all
I'm still hood with it still gangsta, still the Truth up in these streets
And still all by my lone, incase they wanna think it's something weak
Yeah I hear they like to talk, cause they hate that I'm in my zone
My brother said if they don't hate me, then I'm doing something wrong
I'm one of last of the real niggaz left, so they know that I'm a target
But they know it ain't no stopping my gang, if I get it started
My attitude on my shoulder, so respect it I ain't friendly
It don't take much to offend me, so don't go to fucking with me
Unless you wanna be next, but I don't think that's what you want
It's A.B.N. for life, and I'll take it to where these haters don't

I know a lot of y'all niggaz, wanna see me dead
And a lot of y'all niggaz, wanna see me with no bread
I know, I might got a price on my head
It's alright I ain't scared, bitch I'm still living
I know a lot of y'all niggaz, wanna see me lose it
And don't want me to make it in nothing, selling drugs or music
One deep until I die, so your help I refuse it
I'm alright, just as long as I'm still living

See a friend in need, is a friend indeed
Not just being cool, cause I smoke good weed
Not sitting round me, with a trick up his sleeve
And does not believe, that H.A.W.K. will succeed
How dare, you feel like that
Thought you had my back, now see where your heart is at
That hurt, like a heart attack
How fraud is that, when I use to front you quarter sacks
Damn, I miss Fat Pat
And I wouldn't have to ask, do these niggaz really got my back
These niggaz, trying to get my stacks
Cause the guns gon splat, a few cats will be lying flat
Niggaz, wanna see me dead
Cause the same nigga who said, is the only motherfucker who's scared
I'ma stay, chasing bread
And stay getting ahead, and fuck what another nigga said I'm still living

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Now when you throw up the West upside down, it's my side of town
I use to be a Y.G., but I'm a rider now
O.G. credentials and in like one of my rhymes, watch me spit that lead

I murder for money half right now, the other half after I get that bitch
I ain't gotta tell niggaz I'm Crippling, they know I'm Hoover
But I got Blood homies that's cuz homies, they'll be the ones to come do ya
When you see me out in public, most likely I'm by my lonely
Trust nobody, it's just a plastic or the chrome only
When I beef I pick skeletons, I don't pick bones homie
Eliminating everybody, cause the last time a punk bitch told on me
Just because I follow nobody, don't mean I'm trying to leave niggaz
Most niggaz I see trying to rush ya, can't even feed niggaz
All I need is God, to protect me from harm
And for the death of my enemies first twelve, the hundred and forty third so
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I've been stabbed shot, went to sleep and woke up in prison
They said I'd be dead in a year, but that was two years ago and I'm still li
ving

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Real talk nigga, H-A-Dub-K baby
S.U.C. MVP baby, my nigga Z-Ro baby
Real talk baby, we still living
One deep for life nigga, S.U.C.