

## 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  
ng  
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.