

Stranger In The Midst

Z-Ro

I'm a stranger in the midst, a star
I'm dodging death with every breath, because my world is torn
You hate me now, but see me lay a pistol in my palm
It's a hustling team, but still we thugging on, my word is born

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They lay me down, lay the pistol in my palm, must thought
It was over, when they put two in my back plus put one in my arm
But I'm a soldier, ain't traveling toward no tunnel with no bright light
I kick it with murderers, steady busting gun shots
And a kin, of any one of my enemies
Drowning in marijuana, codeine, sherm and hennessy
I'm outside of my mind, but I'm not trying to find a way back
Cause I live by it and die by it, I'm talking about my strap
4-4, she be the only lady showing me love
Niggaz get nervous when they see us, cause they know we thug
Military minded, but I'm trying to mind my own
Niggaz running up on my ride, got me in a friense brandishing my weapon
Ain't no second guessing, release first live life
I'm busting on motherfuckers, and touching they wind pipe
I got a bullet up in the chamber, bullet up in the chamber
Run nigga run, cause your ass in some danger

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First things first off top, mama raised no fool
I was brought up in that South, in the swamps dropping too smooth
Hustling taking life, it ain't as trifling
Never will get caught dog, and corrupt snatching this
I be just, kicking the game while I'm young and
You should be thinking the same, don't be dumb
A small heart and a soft ass, that an't gon lasted
I'm watching all my niggaz, I grew up before in a casket
Some sad shit I seen in myself, pulling reefer
Black history, that was taught by my teacher
Go to Pimping Tina next do', I know she tweaking
But I ain't know she better hits know, until I be dead
Young nigga what you seeking, outside looking in
I'm here on this black top, confused with a flat top
They got dope in the streets, cause the game
I'm a stranger with no name, I'm for the fame my nigga

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I'm a stranger, cause I'm a nigga you ain't seen
Face to face with death, bitch nigga you can't scream
Better cherish this your last breath, cause you done walked
Into an unfed guerilla, nigga now witness your last step
I was creeping, with the sawed off
In a rage bo'guard, blowing niggaz balls off
I'm the reaper, touching fellas on madula-oblan-gatta
Will I ever regret it, I think nada

I got this evil balling up inside, riding with my 4-5
And it'll be in my blood, I hope it's gon before I die
Grown men we don't cry, about it
Just put our straps up real high, then we walk about it
Gon be about it till I'm gone, I'm a gator boy
Knock the tops off a hater, for that paper boy
I'm just a stranger ain't asking for shit, then ask for life
But the Lord gave in, and you know he sha'll take it away

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