

## Struggling to Change

Z-Ro

Keeping crack out my pocket, a pistol but I don't cock it  
All I wanna do is get paid, but the legal way  
I use to be selling drugs, running up and down the boulevard  
Better respect, whatever the desert eagle say  
5-2 due for Z-Ro, with a mad super ego  
Couldn't nobody, tell a nigga nothing about life  
Till I started tripping too hard, smoking them sherms in the dark  
And was a witness to my people, being shot twice  
I had to get my mind right, stop gripping that iron tight  
Everybody, ain't out to get a nigga for bread  
But I promise it wasn't nothing, but niggaz be gum bumping  
My pistol'll come jumping, nothing but infrared  
32 grams up, and this killer could be a veteran not a rookie  
Z-Ro is that nigga, that'll see thoed 'fore it's over with  
Dealing with haters and perpetrators, trying to fade us  
But I'm cooking up something major, wait till they get a load of it

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Trying to find, an exit out of the game  
Looking for a better way, to make change  
Daily decisions, bout to make a brother break mayn  
All I ever did, was wanna shine  
Make enough money, just so I could support mine  
All the days of my life, I been on my grind  
Laws trying to lock me down, for a lifetime

We use to be pimping broads, Mo City to Clinton Park  
They tell us we went too hard, trying to make us a million  
But look what we living in, gotta get us some dividends  
Rolling over ridiculous niggaz, that be screaming out many men  
Wishing death on you, when they pull or take on you  
Tell me, what you gon do now  
I'm really trying to change, don't make me get up and get that thang mayn  
Close range, I will blow you down  
Everyday, I'm banging Screw  
Your slab just ain't no slab, if Robert Davis ain't in it  
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Listen it's hard to think, when your mind goes blank  
Leaning on these cake ass niggaz, like a pint  
I write what I feel, and I feel what I write  
Fuck if a nigga don't like it, and bitch wanna fight  
The struggle ingrade in my skin, by the tip of a dull knife  
One verse from Jay-Z, got me doing a hard knock life  
Listen I try to stay focused, sometime my vision get blurry  
And distracted, why all these people keep on fucking with me  
I move swiftly through the vultures, rats and roaches

Playing chess, with these toy soldiers  
But you can't complain, when you carrying the whole world on your shoulders  
Cause people depending on you, niggaz gotta eat  
Now how you gon look, big pimping and big living  
And all the click that run with you, sleeping on the streets  
I do the best I can, I bust my ass  
If the next man can't do the same, I wash my hands I'm struggling to change

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