

## Time

## Z-Ro

Uhhh thank the Lord for my fans 'cause they love Z-Ro  
I get mail but ain't no letters from nobody I know  
it's like I've been forgotton-every since I got locked  
down  
but when my feet hit the ground, that's when phony  
homies come back around  
I'm talkin fair weather friends  
that kick it with you when the sun shines on you, but  
when the fair weather ends  
It's over....nobody screamin free Z-Ro like Bun B was  
screamin' Free Pimp C  
accept Flipperachi and Pimp C  
but I'm still livin' and still pimpin' my pen  
I swear I'm surrounded by women-most offenders ain't  
men  
they gossip like they sittin in the beauty shop  
can't own nothin-too busy criticizin what the next man  
got  
and all I hear is I ain't gon' sack no groceries or  
work at fast food  
I would sweep the floor at MacDonalds if I had to  
fuck ridin' homie I'm tryna raise my daughter  
hopin' I make parole so I can work on bein' a father  
Another birthday came and went-still wearin' white  
I try to sleep all day long, so I can ride all night  
no visits or rec-the only time I get to leave my cell  
is at chow times and showers  
minutes feel as if there hours  
I read books, tryna put some fat on my head  
dreamin' about when I get back on my bread  
So many people want me to fall-I know they'd love to  
see me on lock  
but in a minute-I'll be back on top-in due time.....

Time waits for no one  
last year was a hard one but life goes on  
I bump my head against the wall, learnin' right from  
wrong  
I fall off every ten minutes on this mission I'm on  
Time waits for no one  
last year was a hard one but life goes on  
I never said I was perfect, man I come from the block  
if it wasn't for time, I'd be stuck in the same spot

I can breathe again-pass my a blunt that's fat  
plus my strap, so I can face my enemies again  
July 9th, ain't no more conversary-catch me at  
Pappadeux  
time to get tapped by free world clippers and choppa  
clothes  
plus I gotta leave some people alone  
that could determine if I go back to prison or stay at  
home  
bottom line-you ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time  
It ain't like it's hard to tell-I've reentered the game  
ain't nothin changed-accept the year  
when I left people dyin' and death is still here

as if we fear nothin' man enough to kill somethin  
but too coward to come together and build somethin  
violent crimes, the caskets are smaller in size  
how the hell a ten year old get shot-eleven times  
prison ain't changed me, I'm the same nigga  
not a trouble maker but ya'll know I'll never hesitate  
to pull-a-trigger  
they say my ghetto instrumental is influential to black  
I just confess how far I go, not to get put on my back  
I never made a man kill a man  
even if he was bumpin' my song at the time-murder is an  
original plan  
I understand it's a time to be born and a time to die  
time to laugh and a time to cry  
A time to look for somethin' and a time to consider it  
lost  
Time for sadness and a time for joy  
a time to build and a time to destroy  
a time for war and peace  
a time for silence and a time to speak  
And I think it's time we come together on these streets  
fill up churches Sunday mornin' like clubs-Saturday  
night  
and have a good worship service-just like we have a  
good fight  
'cause when the trumpet blows it's over, time is at  
it's end  
if you don't wanna burn, forever repent for all of  
you're sins  
and homie I don't give a fuck, if you blood or cuz  
get you're relationship right with the one above  
'cause it's almost time.....

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