

What It Look Like

Z-Ro

Don't forget the drank and the weed nigga
Not so much on the hoes, but really the weed though for real

If you think that Bentley means I made it, then you sadly mistaken
That's just the money I saved up, another chance I was taking
So many more hustles besides rapping, my ass is Jamaican
Told y'all life was aight when the money came, truth is I was faking
I can't remember the last fifteen years, it's a cloud of kush smoke
Port 180 and Port 12, prescriptions for some good dope
Sued for this and sued for that, I made it up out my hood though
I don't feel I'm really appreciated, unless I'm in my hood though
Truth is, all them niggaz might hate me like a mo'fucker
Truth is, sometimes I even hate me like a mo'fucker
Cause no matter how far I get, away from the hating
Either it's fifteen minutes away from me, or it's right in my face
When the fuck a stranger show you more respect, than the person you lay down
with
Trying to tell the person you lay down with, I hope you drown bitch
When you see me without my jewelry on, in one of them foreign whips
I'm never ever smiling, cause I never ever learned how to enjoy this shit

I know what it look like, I'm on top and it's all good
Truth is, I'm fifteen minutes from living back in the hood
I know what it look like, I don't have a care in this world
Shit but I'm sick to my stomach, from worry I just might hurl
I know what it look like, I'm just having a good time
Can't concentrate on the money, cause I'm losing my mind
I know what it look like, I'm the man of steel
God done already let me know, I'm just a man for real

Now every time you see me, it look like I'm balling brah
But you don't see my pain mayn, and the problems I got piling up
I got police on my dick, now I gotta keep my antennas up
But I'ma keep getting rich, that's prolly why I don't give a fuck
And the streets say they need me, and this cash that I mash for
But these snitch niggaz so weak, they telling on they own kin folks
And you gotta watch your family, cause they could be your worst enemy
And we gon' make it out the hood, if you a real G then it's understood
And I'm steady choking on good, better yet a lit cigarette
Cause I can't take this pain mayn, letting all this stress that's on my neck
And much respect for my homies, that's caught off in the struggle
Keeping that tool for a fuck nigga, wan' flex his muscle
And you gotta keep hustling head up, and sent two steps
You think that you got it bad, my bro just for two and his kids arrest
Lock my up for my videos, the police say they too real
So when I see em I drop my top, and work my wood wheel
And it's R.I.P. to the Pimp, and much love to that Bun
That's just the life I chose, a trill nigga on the run
And this only for my family son, so when them props come
I'ma be a gangsta bout em, and let my hustle embrace em partna

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