

Scarface, Man Cry

(feat. Z-Ro)

[Z-Ro]

"King of Da Ghetto," whassup 'Face, big homey

I greet the Father on my knees, with a bowed head and humbled heart
My conversation is have mercy on me please
I just wanna be happy will it come to pass
Fresh out of my mind, been 27 years and every day I've seen is sad
Even though I've tried 'til I've cried I can't even stand
Feels like I've died a thousand times but just can't make it man
Ain't nuttin different about me doin dirt
Except I've never crept up on a come up maybe that's why the hustlin hurts
I remember just like it was yesterday I'm 16
Can't find no love can't find no peace I wonder what it means
Could it be because I didn't choose the devil all the time
I became an outcast to the hood, restricted to my rhyme
Where I could not just live my life without my talent makin danger
Jealousy is now state jail from friends that turned to strangers
They hate me, I don't understand why
I swear I never seen a man cry, 'til it was my own eye

[Z-Ro]

I'm 21 and think I finally got a grip on life
And how bills pay the apartment, a step-son and a step-wife
But without a vehicle it's kinda hard to get around
If I got weed I ride for free if not my partners let me down
So now I'm livin to be one deep so much I'm hatin people
Lookin at everybody, even babies like they Satan people
Nobody understand me, everybody's trippin with me
Wonder why when I gotta ride when none of my people flippin with me
Too many haters tryin to take a player off his game
Not tryin to be ballerific, I'm just tryin to have some thangs
They're just like crabs in a bucket, these people pull me down
If I didn't have so many obstacles think where I could be now
On MTV or BET or in some magazine
Instead I'm stressin, hooked on codeine, headed to tragedy
Sometimes I think it's better just to die
Because I never seen a man cry, 'til it was my own eye

[Z-Ro]

(What's happenin now)

In the year two thousand (six) ain't nothin changed for Ro
12 albums strong, lookin for dough and yet I'm still po'
Now I done had and I done lost and I done had again
On the verge of suicide, I deeply wish I had a friend
But even still a good samaritan is Z-Ro's way
And with that Christian attitude I caught a homeboy case
I done took too many blows, a punchin bag is how I feel
The deep depression starts to set, sanity's outta here
I start my mission tryin to find my fate
CDC #4 in name I'm feelin oh-so-helpless in this place
I want revenge it's heavy on my mind but ain't central
Say don't fight evil with evil, try to relax and do yo' time
I heard a voice say there wasn't no need in actin up
Realized I wasn't at peace with God and had to patch it up
Hopin that blessings fall out of the sky
Z-Ro ain't never seen a man cry until it was his own eye