

# 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