

# Z-RO, How Does It Feel

[Z-Ro]

How does it feel, when they don't believe anything you say  
Always, got to show and prove yourself every single day  
Man this ain't living, nothing but drama all through the week  
And if they don't respect my words, why they want me to speak  
I'm feeling worse, even though I put my family first  
I'm shedding tears cause I feel as if I'm headed to the dirt  
Ghetto on me, stressed out my mama buried ain't dead  
Ain't got no partners cause my partners put a price on my head  
Have you ever told a lie to make the drama stop  
Watch the world you love turn against you no more family problems  
How does it feel to be the black sheep, how does it feel to  
Victimized yourself for one time and evermore after the g  
And focus on the dresser bad, liquor approaching fast  
Sitting around, waiting on death to come, watching time pass  
My life, my life, falls under the wicked and shife  
I wonder where I got to sleep tonight, my nigga, how does it feel

(Chorus - 2x)

When you can't make the pain stop  
Walking in the rain so your tears can blend in with the rain drops  
When your kin people done turned they back  
Every family that I know is just like that, my nigga how does it feel

[Z-Ro]

I could of sworn I wasn't the only person on this earth  
But it seems, that I've been one deep ever since the day of my birth  
I'm sick and tired of being lonely in this crooked land, people think  
I'm tripping cause of my facial expressions but they don't understand  
24 years old and use to frowning daily, trying to figure out  
Who was the friend, who was the foes, you know it's bout to drive me crazy  
Mama, tell Jesus I can't handle the pressure, look at  
The way they do me down here, my vision is Z-Ro on the stretcher  
Can't I breed in peace, won't y'all leave me alone  
Like Makavelli I close my eyes and picture home  
Bout a Mo City block, a place that ain't no glocks, and it ain't no sin  
No longer watching my back for the retaliation  
How does it feel to wish that you was dead, I can  
Answer that cause many of nights my pistol's to my head  
But I'm so scared, my life, my life, 360 degrees  
Of being neglected stressing enemies, my nigga, how does it feel

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]

How does it feel, when these busters try to take your life  
Lord knows I don't want to pull my 45  
But see I'ma survive, nigga don't make me use my tool  
Get some of that bomb green from Tom 'fore I lose my cool  
How can I make to it to the top I'm like a crab in a bucket  
It got me hostile, I see my pistol grab it and bust it  
Nigga get off me, I don't love nan one of y'all  
I'm coming forward you pen and killing every one of y'all  
Call me ceaser, get em while they sleeping, I'm grim reaping  
Bust and never saw me coming left him with his blood seeping  
I'm a soldier, recognize the signs of the time  
It seems it's kill or be killed up in this stony life of mine  
Can you feel it, when it's hard to rub against a real nigga  
How does it feel, to see my blood spill my nigga  
My life, my life, feel like I'm running out of time  
Till it's over catch me running with my nine, how does it feel

(Chorus - 4x)