

Z-RO, Let Me Live My Life

[Z-Ro]

My life is like a mercy game, ducking and dodging crooked cops
On a mission fishing for feddy, ready to make a knot
I'm use to having less, and I just can't deal with the stress
And it seems like everywhere I go, another nigga wanna test
Brother don't disrespect yourself and get yourself up in a, vine
Cause I'm a maniac with a mac, and a black back-pack
Smoking up on the urban fat sack, I'm trying to keep from going off
But niggas be trying to make me starve, when I need groceries in my house
Wicked niggas say they be friends, but end up trying to kill your friends
Always turn to foes, that's saying it's over millions
Dealing with dirty niggas on a daily basis
Don't really wanna fuck with em, but see they baby faces
I gotta survive

[Chorus - 2x]

Let me live my life, nigga don't fuck with me
To deal out these deeds, then you die
And when it's my time hope I don't, cry

[Z-Ro]

Living in the ghetto, day by day
I'm bumping trying to make a profit, cause I gotta get my pay
You better, keep watching me and
Pretty soon, you'll see man
That I'm a real rich nigga from the Houston streets
Fried out licking, looking for something to eat
I'm on a mission, whipping birds like they stole something
Pain, it make me wanna roll something
I'm a soldier, and I'm outta my mind
Voice mail beeping for days, cause I'm out on the grind
Guess my daddy didn't love me, cause he turned his back
Therefor the streets is my people, a nigga learned like that
And I haaaad to get up, and bleed the block
And it don't stop

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

My nigga Herman Fisher doing fed time
I remember like it was yesterday, it made the headlines, damn
I had to start all over, but it didn't matter cause I was a soldier
Walking around with a king size chip on my shoulder
Missing my mama while I lay down, on benches to sleep
Snatching purses and hopping fences just to eat
Still I maintain, I'm still in the same game chasing paper
Bitch niggas be up in my business, like oops I'm erasing haters
I'm S.U.C. for life, KMJ until I'm finished
Like Popeye from the ghetto, but a nigga don't need no spinach
All I need is my Nina when I be flipping birds
Cause all I have in this world, is my balls and my word

[Chorus 4x]