

# Z-RO, Life Story

[Z-Ro]

Nobody seems to understand that my brain ain't stable  
They got me out on the ledge  
feel like I'm falling off the edge it ain't no fable  
It's reality, feel like I'm on the offensive, they trying to tackle me  
That's why I keep popping fists  
So rather relative or stranger, better keep your distance  
I can't determine friend or foe so you in danger  
Chemical imbalances of the weed and cocaine, but it really  
Don't matter to society, a nigga that got no face and no name  
Deserving more, but I'm a mob until I ain't got nothing left  
And the only thing that's promised to me is more problems and death  
Cause there's some niggas looking for me and they might be near  
And if they kill me don't shed a tear, remember I'm not happy here  
Even still, got to keep my eyes on the prize  
Although my vision is blurry I'm losing life in a hurry  
Even my girlfriend don't understand, didn't want to  
Witness the wicked so please find yourself another man, haters feel me

(Chorus - 2x)

This is my lllllllllife  
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

[Verse 2]

My opposition and proposition is scheming for cash  
And if you bitches is scandalous, I get in that ass  
So let's reliviate the pressure  
Don't try to run it's guaranteed these slugs'll catch you  
Oh yeah, I keeps a problem solver  
A pistol grip, a automatic and revolver  
Check it, and I'ma handle up baby  
It's in my nature it's a must it ain't a maybe, peep game  
The feds taking pictures, and tapping my phones  
But if I catch you bitches snitching best believe me it's on  
I analyze of this realize and open fire on bitches  
And if I catch you bastards slipping I'm leaving bodies in ditches, huh  
I bet that ass can pass it  
Your life span it ain't long, you in a casket, check it  
Niggas rushing your ass, mob deep with ski masks  
Busting shots on the road trying to make your car crash, this is my life

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]

These boys be telling me they got love, giving me false-i-fied tapping, but  
I know they wouldn't give a fuck about me if there wasn't no money in rapping  
See I know they want to get rich off me understand, even if I was  
To die I still can talk they still put a mic in my hand  
For trying to copy my style of life, pretending like they from my block  
While I survive on willing to live while they depend on mom and pops  
Before you make your move, check yourself and giving me for the millions  
For the love of the struggle and just can't take it cause you not real  
You want to be dead, there's gone be a dentist to see  
When a nigga be scream and hollering I'm godfather  
But I guess it's just the menace in me, plus  
The only nigga that's skipping me from clicking is Herman Fisher  
Relocated the killers and gats and drinking and if and burning swishers  
Why they want to play with my life, they got families, nigga I don't  
The only thing between me and them hoes  
Is I'ma keep thugging they timid ass won't  
Will they mind they own god damn business and keep they self out of mine  
Because of a thin line, between handling business  
and boo yeah coward a nine baby

(Chorus - 4x)