

Z-RO, Will I Go Crazy

[Z-Ro]

My mind just goes off and wonders, cause it ain't stable
See I be fantasizing, bout putting food on the table
Cause in the ghetto my hood, prison is promised to us
Some of us let jail teach us, some let college do it
They think I'm nothing, cause I don't get up and get a job
But I be trying the only thing I get, is getting hard
I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired, holla if you hear me
And you with me now, got my life right with God
You hata come and get me now, fifty rounds
Is what I'ma destrand, that's on my mama God rest her soul
Nigga picture me playing, foes gon read and deed follow my lead
When I'm sober I can't focus, pass that weed to me
And dedications all day long, seem like when I'm going
Through it my partnas stay gone, but its all gravy baby
Cause I want you to hate me, calico gon stay off safety
Murder motherfuckers, if they make me

[Chorus]

Will I go crazy, I don't know
The pain is fucking with me lately, but it don't show
I can't let it faze me, cause I can't stop
I'm more than just a ghetto baby, cause I'ma reach the top

[Miss Dameanor]

Like Pac, I'll be the last motherfucker in this bitch freezing
And feel me money over niggas, be my pledge of allegiance
Whether I sang or I heat you, I'ma wait till I'm sinking
No dirt inside my credentials, bitches gon have they own reasons
This how we up in the game, I'm bout my paper fuck fame
The last day you gon see, we roll down feeling shame
This how the lessons gangstafied, paper chasing since youth
Bet not go squabbling for respect, to see who got the most juice
I been a witness to the struggle, days and spots have been missed
The devil huffing like a wolf, that's why I'm building with bricks
I seen and heard plenty shit, from ghetto baby to woman
Its either keep your head above the water, or get swept under
Been a guerilla in the midst, this matching soldier be marching
Now valet and curb service, more sauce for handicap parking
When more days get brighter, my tribulations get lighter
More shalant about my life, now I'm a Southern street fighter

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Don't be telling me bout no riff-raff, I'm busta-free
All about my wealthy, don't need nobody to fuck with me
I'ma keep my twelve gauge, the only company I need
Can't forget about hydro, and a pint of codeine
Flipping to Austin from Houston, on a mission to make feddy
Either stop fucking with some of my people, cause they wasn't ready
But the whole wide world, its just me and my dreams
And anybody roll glock, is gon be seeing my beam

[Miss Dameanor]

Went from dirt packs to platinum, watch the jealous one hating
To see who's real from the fake, and thank the Lord what I make
Hard times brought tears, misery if you last
Realize I wasn't gon be shit, if I didn't get off my ass
For the ones who was there, anticipated my fall
I cry still on death field, but I can ball and stood tall
Now Miss Dameanor live lavage, went from broke to hood rich
Plan to live to the fullest, then I'm up outta this bitch

[Chorus - 2x]