

Z-RO, Final Curtain Call

(talking)

I could feel it, ain't no more thinking bout
The sun gone shine

[Z-Ro]

Dj Screw, Fat Mafio, and Gator are gone
I want to be strong but lately the pain won't leave me alone
For myself, crawl down and get away from this drama
No understanding by my father can't even talk to my mama
Got the world on my shoulders and it's too heavy to hold
Thinking suicide, but that won't be too good for my soul
Started out as a christian but sinning took over my mind
Time after time just for show that I resort to the crime
Where my real niggas at, the ones I helped in the past
Now that I'm doing bad and I ain't got no cash to make me laugh
I done got you where I want but holler if I roll
They want to know how many big faces a Mo City don fold
Want to jack me when I'm through and do my niggas for life
It's deja vue for me to be face to face with triggers tonight
I know your bad movs are swift really soon I'll be gone
Now try to cover up together just want some love before I'm gone
Still thinking of best free, no better person on the planet
Steady be driving away people I love and I can't understand it
God damn it how can I love without loving myself
Having visions of me pulling the trigger slugging myself
I done went from rags to riches, riches to rags now I'm stuck
Plus my boo is acting nautios because I'm bout to truck
And I ain't did nothing, when I grab something and start dumping
Ain't got no time for pussy just pimping a pen and bumping
On the hottest block, making sure the bills stay paid
Pick it up and drop it now flossing until I'm down in the grave
When it happen let it happen cause I won't bust back
Retaliation from busters trying to get they nuts back
I take it like a man, knowing I gave this life my all
No more hooks, no more verses this is my final curtain call

(Chorus: Bettye Sterling)

After the rain, after the rain
I still feel the pain, feel the pain
My final curtain call, asking y'all
Let me pray for my dogs, all of y'all

[Pup]

Living a thug life in blood it's like hell at home
So many cops around my hood it's like jail at home
But still I roam, on the block, with a pocket full of sweets
So much sales, so much smoke I got to get lifted out my feet
Cause if I wasn't some of y'all niggas would be dead round here
And pull par, we give you hot lead round here
And niggas scared round here, cause I'm a natural born killer
Ridgemont gorilla give you more chills than thrillers
I'm bone hard, you better open up your chest at will
The only investment that I receive was a talented deal
This life is real, and it ain't having no mercy man
So you still struggle seem like a nigga be thirsty for pain
I'm going insane, but to maintain it's really the key
But it's hard to do that when these hoe niggas is pressuring me
It ain't no lecture in me, I'm gone remain a g
This for weed, come to port that's for P-U-P cause I'm a

(Chorus - 2x)