Z-RO, Gonna Get Easier

(talking)
This that boy Sinner Tone, better known to y'all
And essay is cocked strong, giving you something
To ride and get high to, I'm chilling in the studio
With H-Town's finest a nigga they call Z-Ro
So go on and bump this shit, and to all you
Niggas who I done jacked in the game
Fuck y'all I got my beams on your ass, right

[Z-Ro]
Everytime you see me I'm a different nigga, but don't worry
About my aim, I'm consistently accurate with the trigger
My nigga don't count your chickens 'fore they hatch
If you owe me some feddy you better pay me I'm ignorant bout my scratch
I don't trust nan nigga cause nothing but hate they be sending me
Can't determine my friends from my enemies
I done had partners that done helped me when my life was on the line
Talking about hitting me right back I'm trying to knock this bitch down
Putting pussy before your partners disrespecting the game
What about you broke in them titty bars be collecting your change
Trick, nigga with all these bitch niggas are made to bleed
Since you giving me another reason to blaze the weed
And I don't want to do another killing, another bid
They've been trying to give me the crack since I was a kid
But I remain calm, pill popping smoking and leaning if I wasn't high
I'd leave these niggas choking and screaming

(Chorus - 2x)
Ooh child, things are gonna get easier
Ooh boy things will get brighter

[Z-Ro]
I keep my middle finger pointed out at all times, lyrically
Abuse somebody in all rhymes, indodging in felonious to the small crime
Everybody want to do a song with Ro, but none
Of these niggas want to get down on a couple of zones with Ro
Fuck rapping, I need some right now money, it's getting crucial
I'll be jacking for some right now money
Niggas ain't ready for the episodes that I supply
PCP influenced, I'm relentless nigga you can die
Fuck all these niggas and these white folks, I'm all alone
No friends cause in the fucking end a nigga dies all alone
About to meet my maker, I hope my life is right
But it's hard to focus when killers try to murder me every night
I guess this life is really hard now, fiending for the day that this war stops
Pulling my pistol everytime a car stops
Live by the sword, die by the sword, nigga my time is borrowed
I paint this for another tomorrow

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]
I'm crucified by the media because I'm loved by the public
Even though I'm rated number one keep your thumbs up and shove it
They said I'm trying to sound like Pac is my confession to that
Bitch I can't help it if I sound similar when I be stressing the fact
See I'm gone scream it cause I mean it anything less ain't excepted
The fact that I'm dark and I'm restless is no resort of living reckless
Rest in peace to my niggas that got caught up in the struggle
But I'm showing love to the niggas that don't want to see me bubble
But I take that back, fuck you, I made it to the top ten on my own
And every bitch in every city is singing my song
Imagine that I use to sleep on a corner
Even in year two triple O, fuck working I'm selling marijuana

Pulling the bull up over my eyes you just can never tell
But I know if I'm faking I try to rap now one of tapes gone sell
I predicted being real by staying true to myself
Now suicide is something I don't want to do to myself

(talking)
Year two tripple O, Z-Ro, the new motherfucking don
Feel that, my nigga Cocked Strong from Sinner Tone
Day one my nigga, knowI'msaying
We gone put it down

(Chorus - 2x)