

Z-RO, Guerilla Till I Die

[Hook - 2x]

Guerilla till I die, mama don't cry
When they come for me, when I blast
We gon see how many of em run from me
Guerilla till I die, but I never shed a tear
Cause they don't love a nigga here

[Z-Ro]

American me, could it be my own
War is out to murder me
I'm ready to kill, and I'm ready to die
But have these cowards heard of me
The rumors are real, better keep your glock cocked
Leaving em stiffer than a statue
Ready to defend, like a guerilla, by any
Means that I'd murder if I have to
Heard my homie's working as an undercover
Ready to kiss my cheek, and earn your silver pieces
Could it be that I've seen my last supper
Mighty Jahova, please protect my spirit from the danger
And I know you said you would strike down upon the
With great vengeance and curious anger
But don't attempt to poison your brother
Was it nothing but the word of God
That kept a nigga, from taking the lives of so many others
And I'm trying to keep ways right, brothers and mothers
I'm falling around a grave sight, pu-punk I hate you to death
But yet I loved you so, wanted you to feel my pain since 91
So brother come with me, and die slow
I hate you to death, but yet I loved you so
Wanted you to feel my pain since 91
So brother come with me, and die slow

[Hook - 2x]

[Verse 2]

As my life flashes before my eyes
Visions of wicked ways, keep me puzzled
Wondering why I was introduced to a life
Filled with drama and trouble
And everyone's always got something to say
When I come around, when I clown
Armed a deal, smile in my face
And stab me in my back, when I turn around
And I can feel hateful eyes, watching plotting to get me
They under estimate me, hate me
But never approach, cause they can't fade me
And I'll be damned if I go softly, shouldn't of crossed me
Guerilla till I die, and I'ma blast when they come for me
Please tell me is there a place, where my guerillas could see refuge
Cause it seems this time we gain one, as one more elite
Whatever the rules, whatever you choose, whatever you give, I accept
Just let me twist up, let me smoke one for the world before my last breath
How can I go on, how can I take away my anguish
I put a frown on my face, cause now guerillas are strangers
And nobody knows my soul, so I show no fear
Mobbing till I die, cause they don't love a nigga here

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Could it be I'm too good for hell
Heaven don't want me, because I keep slippin'
Even though I got two clips, I still preach

Motherfuckers around had to be Christians
And I got a problem I suppose, but I know
I'm gon solve it with a 4-4, ten-six on fry
And I got 25's, hollin' I roll
But they tell me to keep my head up and finish my tape
Because its gon jam but I'm losing respect, my music can't hang
Around Z-Ro, just till we praying, I really don't know
All I can say, that I don't trust nobody on this earth
Been that away, ever since my birth
But its gotta stay that-a-away till I'm dying
Innocent niggas, risen up out of my business
Is something they better do, I'ma hit the I cut
When a fucker rolling rocks, sold em up even
Till I got rest, gotta put it down to the bullets
Dump a lot of bullets, till the job done
Till a nigga really wanna, kill myself
Nigga shut the fuck up, my record is spinning
I'm really trying to feel myself
Gotta get em all, gotta get em dead
When I'm filling the bed, put a infrared to the head
Everybody come up dead, better get on or get stole on
Nigga better get on, but I just can't hold on
Cause I'm ready to kill and I'm ready to die
But next to steal, living on the motherfucking edge
Nigga don't run up, because its real
Nigga can you feel me

[Hook - 4x]