

# Z-RO, Shelter In The Storm

[Z-Ro]

Of course I'm thankful for another day, my Lord I can't lie  
But everytime I wake up, seem like one of my people gotta die  
Anthrax poisoning, Hussein and them blew up the Trade Center  
Summer, Fall, Spring, Winter, people in the projects getting thinner  
Barely enough government cheese, left to feed the rats  
But we gotta get it how we live, and how we live is selling crack  
How we live is kicking doors, how we live is pimping whores  
How we live is what we do, so we don't live like this no more  
How we live is wrapping em up, shipping em out wait to receive  
An overloaded Houston Texas, niggaz make they own bleed  
Every night another murder scene, that could of been prevented  
But the truth is we most def, and the last soul tormented  
Every now and then I duck my head, up in the sunday service  
That's the only place where 5-0, won't burst us bust us  
Nigga they don't love us, they wanna relocate us to the Penn  
We wanna do right, but all we see is sin

[Hook]

In this land, we need you Jesus  
Lord have mercy, we need shelter in the time of storm  
Uh-huh, well, well, well

[Z-Ro]

Yeah, Rostafar-i help me, help me  
All the young picking them, living in a rush just to get wealthy (wealthy)  
And in the ghetto, we struggle or we hustle till we bubble  
On top, eliminating competition when we buck shot  
Don't press that new, but a new clear shot  
Fire, fire, fire, fire (fire)  
Too many sickness and disease, under attack from overseas  
Mighty job me and for God, please come save the day  
If I should die before I wake, me leave a blessing for me people today  
Mighty job me and for God upon you, take this pain away

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Now I lay me, down to sleep  
I pray the Lord keep my body, as my enemies creep  
Don't wanna be another statistic, living through c.d.'s  
Either the graveyard or max. security, prison you'll see G's  
Look at the homie's little girl, she ain't nothing but sixteen  
Trying to support three kids, so she stay coming out her jeans  
Getting pimped, by somebody that still live with they mama  
But that's the only way she know, to get away from all the drama  
As for books, the mind is a terrible thing to waste  
As for crooks, the nine is a terrible thing to taste  
Ask them niggaz that don bit the bullet, but they still here  
My nigga we ain't seen God befo', but we still fear  
I asked him for a blessing, and he sent me Eugene  
Now I got two cars, a crib and everyday I dress clean  
But it ain't no love, they wanna put a nigga in the Penn  
I wanna do right, but all I see is sin

[Hook - 2x]