

Z-RO, T.H.U.G.

[Z-Ro]

24/7, I'm in trouble for nothing
To the laws on the topic, of they daily discussion
Blood pumping and rushing, I gotta struggle to survive
I be rapping, but I can do with a nine to five
Long as it be legal, I be will to try
All I need is a pair of wings, I be willing to fly
Trying to get a piece of the pie, and ain't I taking I work for it
I be doing right, but I'm being punished on earth for it
What else can I do, to make it on this scene
Seem like whatever I do, will get me up in prison
Never see me on the corner, never caught me with crack
Got a dream of leaving the ghetto, and ain't coming back
Homicide detectives, trying to threaten me with some time
Only thing I ever murdered, was college ruled lines
It's a patent punishment, in America's design
Arrested and incarcerated for other peoples crimes, it's so amazing

[Hook]

Sometime one time, stereotype me
The jewelry, and gold teeth
They swear, I've got to be running drugs
But I am just a man, trying to Satan free
Through hell, is where they're taking me
I swear it's so amazing, to be a thug
A True Hero Under God's sight, from above

[Z-Ro]

Everyday, I see my people in poverty
And when I say my people, I mean everybody I see
And no discrimination, on Caucasian or Asian
Or Mexican Samoan, lesbians or the gay men
Everybody got a day to die, and they won't miss it
Better be ready for company, when death come visit
Man I wish Adam and Eve, wouldn't been in the garden
Now the devil swinging at me, got me weaving and bobbing
Homies are being murdered, by lieutenants to sergeants
Like Weez, we uprooted just as soon we harvest
Searching for sunshines, overcated by darkness
Looking for protection, in God's heavenly fortress
They tell me when I make it, there'll be no more pain
Ain't gotta be nervous, about somebody knowing your name
Everybody is your family, it's love around you
Even on earth, God is your upper when people down you so amazing

[Hook]

Am I cursed, while on this earth
Cause I can't find, better days
But still, I give the Lord praise
Even though, these pirates request my blood
But I am just a man, trying to stay Satan free
Through hell, is where they're taking me
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[Z-Ro]

The weight of my stress, is like a fifty ton boulder
Making my head heavy, can't be lifted by my shoulders
No wonder why my head down, I be thinking too hard
And be smoking like a tail pipe, and drinking too hard
I decided to give it up, and give it to God
Instead of living in the world, I'ma live in the Lord
Gave up cussing this time, while I'm spitting my bars
With a vision of me in prison, that vision is fraud

Investigators cooking the case, cooking too hard
I know they know I didn't do it, cause they looking for Claude
Nobody hollin' at me, got me feeling like an outlaw
Had a case against a brother, but I broke it apart
No weapon formed against me sha'll prosper, if it's written
Even though michettis be cutting, and guns be spitting
I got a Satan proof vest on, stopping the devil head on
With Jesus I'ma stop him, that's someing you can bet on amazing

[Hook]

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Thanks to young1 for these lyrics

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