

Z-RO, Why?

[Hook]

Why, do they worry me
Because the game, ain't what it use to be
Where did all the G's go, uh-huh

[Z-Ro]

I be beeping niggaz with cell phones
So why the fuck, the call back take so long
If I depended on my niggaz, I'd stay stranded at home
But everytime I got a show, my telephone ring
They wanna fuck with me when, I'm in the spotlight
Trying to get in friends, smoke and lean
Feel me when a nigga say that, I don't love nobody
The same person you call a partna, might try to slug your body
Never ever underestimate, the next man's greed
And it ain't no love if it come down to it, second and first cousins even bleed
Losing love for my partnas, because they treat me like a stranger
Plus my nigga for life, is headed straight for the gas chamber
I took an oath, and said you didn't do it
But when the judge winked at the prosecutor, we knew we blew it

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

And it ain't no such thang, as a faithful broad
But I've been blessed to peep the game, that's why I'm thankful Lord
So all the love letters and roses that you send her, she won't even much feel
Cause all the while, the bitch be phonier than a fo' dolla bill
Some niggaz got mo' bitch in em than bitches, always pulling a strap
Sending mo' chicks up out they boxing game, but hiding behind a gat
If you pull the thang on me, I might provoke you to use it
Cause my life-my life is painful, and I ain't scared to lose it
Even though it's brightly lit I live in darkness, keep a pistol
With an extra cartridge, they mistake my paranoia for being heartless
I wanna live in peace, but drama won't allow me
That's why my mind is gone, I'm seeing X's and ounces to tree
I know I've called up on your name in vein, but I'm humble when I bow
If there was ever a time I needed you God, I need you now
Lord have mercy too many suicidal thoughts, so I sold my piece
But what's worse, knowing you live in hell or being a lost soul in the streets

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

And I will never understand why, the Governor
Know innocent people living on death row and all he do is stand by
No evidence on Dinkie, so we feeling the stress
But you gotta satisfy public, when in arrest
Whatever happened, to innocent until proven otherwise
I promised I been dramatized, ever since the day that my mama died
I'm running away from righteousness, and learning to sin
But the same niggaz I kicked the do' with, facing five to ten
So I've been blessed to a certain extent, and given a privilage
Where if a sentenced committed, I'm forgiven when I repent
When the police pull us over, they wonder why we're nervous
Too many jobs defy with homicides, and funeral services
And if I die please make it quick, no pain
At least I know, I left a stain in they brain
If it's time to die I won't cry, just make it quick with no pain
At least I know, I left a motherfucking stain

[Hook]

(*singing*)

