

Z-RO, Wonder If I'm Blessed

(*talking*)

Dear Lord, this is your boy Bam
Can't nobody do what you done done God
One of the ghetto graduates, three men in here
Ready to deliver, number one, all they internal sins
On pen and paper, and right now, they fin to let
You know how it is, it's a chance, God bless us
Allah, you number one

[Wood]

Well it's my return, and I've been gone for too long
I'm in a different state of mind, yeah Wood is in the zone
Demonstrate the arsenal head shots, with red dots and wet spots
Soaking shirts up, till my churf up with red spots
Bag of leaves and the chronic trees, South Texas ki's and let you weed
They jacking leaves for cake and cheese, I make the G's and you may believe
Shouldn't wish up on your clover leaf, wishing up on a star
Losing my memory behind a bar, all I want is drank out the jar
Locked in the Penn talking back to the guards, shooting the kite
Taking the back of my broad, pulling a candy Lac in my yard
Strapped up talking back to you boys, I'm armed alarmed and informed
And I'm hollin' on my own, for the rings to the pawn
Gotta pass up the coin, to the Tre where I was born
Wood, and I'm hot as a fire place, in a eskimo's house
You get the, you get the, you get the splinters in your mouth
Quinbrown my hardest hood close to downtown, round for round
And pound for pound, I'm making you bitch boys bow down

[Chorus]

I've been waiting patiently
I wonder if a nigga's really blessed, cause I'm still here
Niggas steady, hating me
I wonder if a nigga's really blessed, cause I'm still here
I've been waiting patiently
I wonder if a nigga's really blessed, cause I'm still here
Why does he forsaken me
I wonder if a nigga's really blessed

[Chill]

It ain't my fault, my Lord please forgive me for static
But I had that line in my T.V., and being broke and don't have it
I'm playing a deadly game of chess, over rugers and vests
Ride on hollow tips when I'm spitting, still into the flesh
Thug wounds got me paranoid, tattooed and scarred
Running away from the fraud, hiding behind tint in the car
I'm blowing sweet after sweet, real niggas in her feel me
Surrand wrapping the duffle bag, swang bitching to bust me
I'm bout my paper, my Lord please don't let it be in vein
I got a son two little girls, and they got hustle in they vein
Kamikaze with an infrared, scoping my mind
Puffing on lime swinging on 20's, bumping low on the ground
Satellite shaking bitches, putting cameras on cords
Puff the yay and pass the weed, cause everybody love marijuana
I'ma slap for you nigga, two hundred fifty on concrete
Moved patiently and silently, you dialing nigga

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

I watch my life pass me by, in the blink of an eye
Another stick of fry, cause the regular weed no longer get me high
Popping extasy like Aspirin, come down a nigga block blasting
You don't wanna meet that reaper nigga, you hoes come off my cash man
I'm trying to keep it holy, this thug life keep calling my name

Every now and then I take a loss, but see that's all in the game
Look at what you did to me, I'm free but I'm still living on lie
Everyday it's one mo' murder, one mo' partna that drop
I wonder if the sun shines on the other side
Cause I bet my mama ain't seen a rainy day, since she died
I'm a living legend still in the flesh, automatic assault rifle and a vest
Cause my partnas try to put me to rest
So I treat my pistol like a queen, as I fiend for the green
And I never put anyone before my bitch, I'm jealous as I service my beam
A murdering team, forgive me for my sins O'Lord
But I'm trying to make it, cause this ghetto life is so hard

[Chorus]

(*talking*)