

# Z-RO, Do You See?

[Hook]

Do you see, what I see  
All I do, is wanna be  
Somebody, can you feel what I feel  
I try my best, to keep it real  
And pay dues

[Z-Ro]

Extra extra read all about it, I'm going crazy  
Ro raging with motherfuckers smoking, going eighty  
Miles per hour, pass up the city gel on my collar  
Trying to locate and half of it, that will give a nigga some power  
Not saying that I'm weak, bullets gon hang when I speak  
I bust a brain if I reach, and get that thang off my seat  
I'm in love with selling, that's why I ain't winning that much  
Gas money looking funny, wheels ain't spinning that much  
But I'ma make it the way of the other, cause I can't stop  
People trying to trick me of my mission, but I can't drop  
Cause I can't fall, run up I'ma keep bumping my lead  
Before the game over I know, I'ma be dumping my lead  
Because I'm nervous by nature, the slightest move will get you shot  
I've been known to help niggas make it, to they burial plot  
Not my lifestyle, I love the way the feddy stack  
Record labels stealing Z-Ro, to CEO gon get it back

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Sometimes, I feel like doing myself  
Sixty percent of my body is drank, I ruin myself  
But I'm addicted, eyes fucked leaning and look inflicted  
With my facing revelations, tripping on what it predicted  
Cause it's happening, when the trumpet blow  
Ain't gon be no mo' laughing and, it's to the left or the right  
I hope I get to go to heaven, I hear heaven is tight  
Plus they tell me that hell is hot, and they won't give you no ice  
I need a cool wrist, most of these bitches be the devil trying to fool me  
Taking my kindness for weakness, and trying to use me  
Bitch fuck your hair and your nails, you bout to lose me  
I sleep with my uzi, cause she ain't gon steal from me if I nod off  
The only place I don't let her go, is in God house  
I'm a gangsta fa sho, you better believe me  
I bet I'll be on that doja, every time you see me

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I done made up my mind  
Hustle all alone, I'm trying to get up some mo' shine  
Every time I turn around, someone bringing me down  
Got tired of em pulling on me, started slanging them rounds  
And now they thinking I'm a crazy  
Scarred and stabbed and shot, I'm still a baby, I want my mama  
Cause I'm having bad dreams, and I die in em all  
Got me ain't friendly when you see me, ain't no smiling at all  
I live the thug life, heartless and hopeless  
Laying low ducking the law, with long you lusting and acting douches  
I'm connected, my best friend use to be I-10  
Until my out of town connect, put out your chest and took my ends  
Got me throwed off in the mind, retaliation's what I take  
Fears get blowed off with my nine, incarceration's what I face  
Feel me, I done lost my mind, but it's all gravy baby  
I get tipped for knocking bustas off daily

[Hook - 2x]