## Z-RO, Ghetto Crisis

(talking)

Brass knuckle knife, Mafia me and my family Jail, hell or paradise, am I my brother's keeper Forever twice, what's none of the dark will Come to the street life, zero tolerance Taking no shorts, it's a ghetto crisis out here

[Z-Ro]

Who's that peeking in my window, who's that peeking in my window Me drop a miss crop, and vome-vomer, they better recognize Me just uh sit back rolling up me indo I'ma not the guillotine warrior and the ghetto must survive

(Chorus)

Stop playa hating, I am the murder you don't know me Another life I'm taking, evil boy when me ra-ta-ta-ta Stop playa hating, I am the murder you don't know me Another life I'm taking, me give em a left, me give em a right Me start to boxing up their ass

[Z-Ro]

Serve in me cut, me straight balling, me balling me balling now Me run up they cut with me gun and drugs, nigga come to test me now Me pull the trigger back, look at the boy that's falling him Another day another death, I'll have to murder one, one more grave I am done

(Chorus)

Stop playa hating, I am the murder you don't know me Another life I'm taking, evil boy when me ra-ta-ta-ta I am the son of satan, the easy lies are non killing a man slowly Cruising man I'm Jamaican, or American contest and gonna feel my wrath

[Verse 3]

Is this the way it's suppose to be the lord to hear my prayers are you listening Forgive me for saying I'm trapped in a world that's got a grudge against me living What happened to the good old days when unity was a must, when you Could put trust in your own people, without our own people trying to get us And I could see the rules of the game are still the same, cause days are shorter And times are harder, I'm fighting to keep my head above water Cause I got to protect myself from the evil of my own people The only person fear is God and through his eyes we're all created equal And I can't understand how black on black crime hitting as hard as it did Cause the half the niggas that you did you use to roll with as kids Father forgive me for being favorless and hopeless But in this cruel world, it's hard to stay focused if you haven't noticed No one seems to want to follow the rules If we can't live as brothers and sisters than we'll parish as fools And to the youngsters coming up never sell your soul, cause Life is priceless, stay strong and try to make it through this ghetto crisis

[Z-Ro]

Don't violate me stressed don't cross the knife Now I promote no argument me conversate when I won't come nice Paranoid, paranoid, when I be coming on down fawn Ever ball, approach me swinging make a man fall Me serious with the fists one touch could make a fool die Them turned heads and one could see the devil in me eye But I'm off and, and rub the coffin, that's one interrogation Scream heartless when I violate me rule and regulation Me get the sawed off buckshot from the killing

Who plex me or plex cause me ready and me willing
Me ready for the battle, drink a gallon wanting the sexual healing
Ghetto life is nothing nice we have the cap peeling
We are the true jumping and you moving over
The ghettos I live cross the line, far from moving over
And eye of light, when me get the pistol and me brighter
Tell me this, who shall save the white man's idol

## (outro)

Who shall save the white man's idol (president)
Who shall save the white man's idol (national guard)
Who shall save the white man's idol (police)
Who shall save the white man's idol (priest)
Who shall save the white man's idol (dope)
Who shall save the white man's idol (tank dogs)
Who shall save the white man's idol (your soul)
Who shall save the white man's idol (God)

## (talking)

Who gone save your ass when we blast Who gone get the last laugh, coming up out of this ghetto crisis Coming up out of this ghetto gas, uh ha, yeah It's wicked in the mushroom cloud, nuclear niggas It's a ghetto crisis